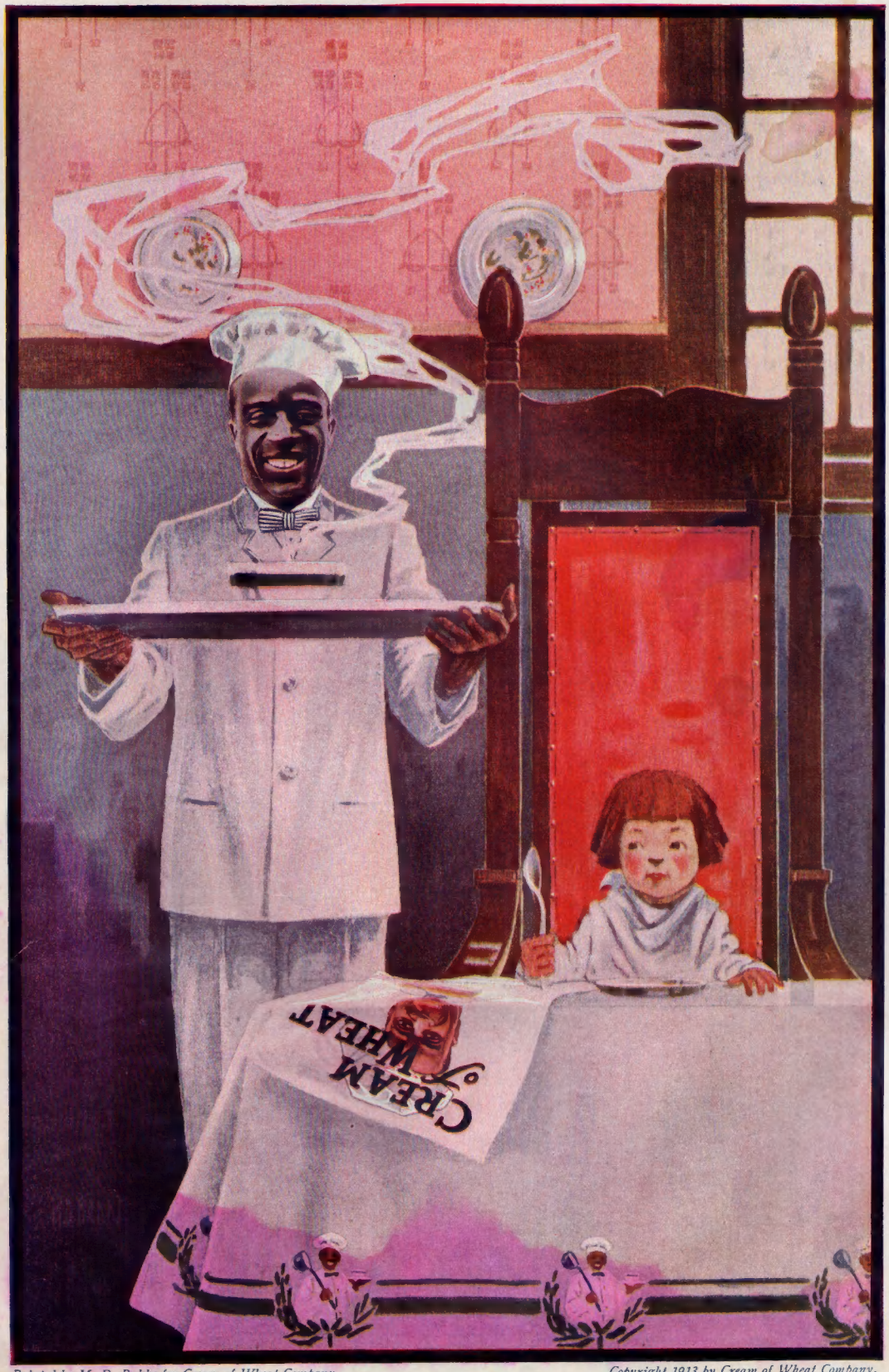
PICTORIAL REVIEW

MARCH 1913 FIFTEEN CENTS

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY NEW YORK

Bessie Pease Gutmann



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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY,
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EVERY mother knows exactly what is the matter with The Crying Baby on our cover this month. He is not sick, nor is he lonesome. He is just plain mad. But you have to love the little tyrant just the same—he is so human. The original painting is the work of Bessie Pease Gutmann, one of the foremost painters of babies that the present day has produced, and this tiny bit of furious humanity represents perhaps her masterpiece. It is the cover hit not only of this season but of many seasons past, and we dare almost to predict of seasons to come.

But here is where the shoe pinches. For just thirty days we are allowed to furnish our readers with reproductions of this famous Crying Baby picture at the nominal price of fifteen cents, and any order which comes into our hands later than March twentieth cannot be filled. It is a case of "He who hesitates is lost." As long as they last you can have them within that time; but March twentieth is absolutely the last date that any order will be filled.

IT is only once in a while that a magazine is fortunate enough to discover a human, appealing baby picture like this, and PICTORIAL REVIEW was the lucky magazine this time. We appreciate it and we want you to appreciate it along with us. What is the use of thinking about it? You want this picture for your nursery, or if you have no nursery you want it for your own room. You just *have* to love the mad little fellow with tears streaming down his face. Every one loves him and so must you.

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Let the folks at your table say what they like best—Van Camp's or common beans.

Three sizes:
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Mrs
Woodrow Wilson
The New Mistress of the White House
Drawn by A. G. Learned

PICTORIAL REVIEW

EDITED BY ARTHUR T. VANCE

VOL. XIV—No. 6 MARCH, 1913

AN EDITORIAL DECLARATION

THE Editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW believes in Equal Suffrage. This declaration of opinion is no snap judgment, but is made after careful consideration of the pros and cons of the most momentous question before the nation to-day.

We have yet to hear an argument against woman suffrage that doesn't apply with equal force against man suffrage. After all the half of the human race to whom we trust the management of our homes and the bringing up of our children might just as well be entrusted with National Housekeeping and National Housecleaning. Why should the ballot for women lead them to neglect their home duties any more than the ballot for men leads them to neglect their business? We believe when all is said and done, that if we recognize women to be human, it follows as a matter of simple justice that they have as much right to a voice in governmental affairs as the men.

We say these things with a lively appreciation of the fact that woman suffrage will be no panacea, that there will still be political jobs and jobbers, that the problem of good government will not be immediately solved by extending the suffrage; but we also believe that it will be a step in the right direction and a help toward obtaining better laws and better government. We recognize also the danger of giving the ballot to unprepared voters. The nation has had one lamentable experience in this line. But we give the ballot to the ignorant man, and why not to the unprepared woman? There is this saving grace—that in every State in the Union where American women have the right to vote they have most diligently set out to prepare themselves to use it intelligently.

Woman suffrage is not only coming; it is coming fast. At the November election three more states granted women the ballot, thus making nine states in which there is genuine democracy. One great political party has already declared for equal suffrage. In five states, including New York and New Jersey, all political parties have equal suffrage planks in their platforms. Labor organizations in twenty states have endorsed equal suffrage by overwhelming votes. The movement cannot be stayed.

So the pertinent question is not, "Will they vote?" Rather it is, "How will they vote?" To answer that question PICTORIAL REVIEW sent Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Edwin Theiss to the states where women have been voting, where they spent many weeks watching the workings of woman suffrage. They saw the women preparing for the presidential election. They saw the women vote at that election. They saw them—note this—keep right on working after election. Mr. and Mrs. Theiss report that the women of the West are as busy with politics as other women are with church sociables, bridge whist and pink teas. Women everywhere are banding together to study civic questions. The very air is resonant with the hum of political activity. And the things the women are working for are such measures as juvenile courts, eight-hour laws for workers, prohibition of child labor, better schools, mothers' pensions, workingmen's compensations, pure food, clean cities, better health and marriage laws and other issues that make for better children, better homes and a better nation.

Mr. and Mrs. Theiss have found by 10,000 miles of travel and months of observation just how the women vote and what they vote for. And in the following article they begin a series in which they will show something of the working of equal suffrage in America.

WHAT CALIFORNIA'S WOMEN DID WITH THEIR BALLOTS

By Lewis and Mary Theiss

WITHOUT doubt you have been in a theater sometime when a sudden shift in the scenery left you gasping with astonishment, so complete was the change in the setting. Somewhat like that was our experience in San Francisco on November 5th—the day on which the last-made voters in the Union were to cast their first vote at a national election. The days preceding the election had shown us San Francisco as she is reputed to be—the care-free, joyous, bustling mistress of the West, half Oriental in her love of life and color. We watched the care-free crowds on Election eve, we saw the streets swarming with the devotees of pleasure and we awoke on Election morn to find the city like New England on a Thanksgiving day.

The streets lay dumb. There was no traffic of either man or beast. The stores were closed, and even the saloons which ordinarily are open twenty-four hours every day of the 365 were shut tight. Even the sky was gray and lowering, and the very air "a solemn stillness held." And though people came abroad as the day wore on and the city took on more of an air of life it never lost that quiet hush that marked the day as different from other days.

To us, who had come 3,000 miles to see the women cast their vote, it was at first distinctly disappointing. On the days before election we had gone from one political headquarters to another, from one suffrage body to another, and had seen the newly franchised voters swarming about with all the buzz and busyness of a beehive. We had seen them working for their candidates and receiving printed matter for distribution at the polls and instructions as to the rights of "pickets," and we had expected something "lively"—something at least interesting if not even exciting. What we saw was as tame as a church service. As we passed from poll to poll we found no excitement whatever, nothing militant, nothing unladylike. We saw instead quiet women working quietly for the good of their homes and city and country. We saw men made thoughtful by this very attitude and voting the more conscientiously on account of it. We saw men and women voters going to the polls as they might have gone to prayer meeting, and we saw voting place after voting place as quietly and decorously conducted as a church would be. And our observations were verified when the newspapers announced that the election was the "quietest ever held in San Francisco." At first it was disappointing. But it became more than interesting as the significance of the thing gradually grew upon us, for San Francisco's vote on Election day showed that the women of that city take their politics as they do their housework. And just as they clean their own domiciles, so, quietly, conscientiously, determinedly, without fuss or fury, they were putting their political house in order.

Some of these women served as election officials, and some did "picket duty" at the polls; but the vast majority of course merely voted. Twelve hundred women were employed as clerks at the polls. Almost without exception they were prompt and efficient, though one woman lost her job through tardiness. They were there to help "run" the election and they did it. One thing was noticeable. Having fought for and obtained equal rights they were willing to accept equal burdens and responsibilities. They asked no favors. That of course was as it should be. Mrs. M. S. Patton for instance was a judge of elections in the first precinct. The election supplies for her voting booth were left at her house by an express wagon on Election eve. When the hour came for opening the polls next morning she was confronted by the problem of transporting these supplies, a great weight of ballots and so forth, to the voting booth—a distance of several blocks. It was so early that she could find no one to assist her. Undismayed she got a wheelbarrow and trundled her supplies to the booth in time for the opening hour.

These booths by the way were a distinct improvement upon voting places in the East—at least in our own New York. In San Francisco the voters cast their ballots in specially made, water-proofed tents about 15 x 20 feet in size. This was the first election in which they had been used. There were about 600 of these booths, and the atmosphere around them was decidedly different from that of the voting places that we knew in the East. San Franciscans said that the atmosphere was decidedly different from that of their own polling places a few years ago. There were no cigar butts and cuspidors in evidence. There was no smell of stale tobacco smoke. In a day's automobile journey from booth to booth we saw only one intoxicated election official. There were two reasons for this. In the first place 1,200 women—more than one-quarter of the entire force—were in the polling places as election clerks, and it was a rare thing to see one of the men

San Francisco Women Voting. The Woman Seated at the Right Is One of the 1,200 Women Election Clerks

Mrs. Austin Sperry Who Has Worked Thirty Years for Suffrage

clerks smoking. In the second place—due to the warm climate—the tents were open to the fresh air. Although the tables and booths were made of plain, unpainted boards everything about the polls was clean and wholesome. They presented a striking contrast to the dirty cigar stores in which the electorate cast their ballot "back home."

Of those registered a third were women. Of those voting it is likely that more than a third were women, though there are no statistics on the matter. But of those doing "picket duty" at the polls far and away the greater number were women. The polls opened at six o'clock. Six o'clock saw most of these women on the job, and although the day was damp and raw and rain set in soon after noon all of them stuck to their posts for many hours and some of them the greater part of the day.

For instance Mrs. Jane M. Beatty and another woman had volunteered to work in the Italian district against a race-track bill. They reached their post in the dark of the early morning but found none of the promised dodgers awaiting them for distribution. The minutes rolled by and no dodgers came. Meantime the early voters, those who cast their ballots before going to work, were flocking to the polls. With them time was precious. They could not stop to listen to oral appeals. The women felt that they must do something to reach these voters. Inability to do so meant loss of votes. The women met the situation by purchasing some colored chalk and printing on the sidewalk for five blocks around the polls the legend: "Vote NO on the race-track amendment." There was more in this than appears on the surface, for the race-track bill, as we shall see later, was a trick bill. And the handwriting on the sidewalk was more than an exhortation; it was information of which all well-meaning voters stood in need. Advocates of the racing bill understood that. One saloon-keeper tried to sweep away the enlightening legend. Another placed a stack of kegs over the inscription in front of his place. But their efforts were like Mrs. Partington's. For every sign they effaced the women wrote another, and the sidewalk signs attracted more attention than the dodgers did when they finally arrived.

These women in the Italian district and hundreds of other women in other districts of the city were there for conscience' sake. For conscience' sake they stood on their feet through the long hours, endeavoring to persuade voters to their way of thinking. "Their way" is used advisedly, for—and this is the interesting thing about the way the women voted in California—these women workers though divided on national issues were practically a unit on local questions, the issues that touched their own homes. And these were the things the San Francisco women contended for most. First of all they wanted to defeat the proposed amendment reestablishing horse racing and gambling in California. Secondly they wanted to reelect Judge W. P. Lawlor. Finally they wanted to prevent the reelection of State Senator Edward I. Wolfe.

The race-track amendment was a trick bill. It was "an act to prohibit bookmaking and pool selling, and to provide for the appointment of a state racing commission to grant licenses for horse racing in the state of California for a limited period, and the permitting of wagering upon such races by the Paris Mutual and Auction Pool systems only, and repealing all acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act." The full text of the bill was a mass of verbiage which few people would take the trouble to read through. Glancing casually at the bill you would get the idea that it was a meritorious act, for on its face the measure apparently prohibited all forms of race-track gambling. As a matter of fact it was meant to legalize race-track gambling. It was purposely worded so as to deceive. Thousands of persons who were opposed to race-track gambling had signed the initiative petition for this bill—and many of them were women—upon the representation of the initiators that it was a bill to prohibit gambling. And the backers of the bill trusted that the deceptive phraseology employed would carry the bill to victory.

To defeat this bill was the first task the women set themselves. Republicans, Democrats, Bull Moosers, all joined hands against the race-track measure. A state-wide campaign of education was carried on against the bill by the California Civic League and scores of allied women's clubs. In season and out they urged the voters not to be misled by trickery, but to vote "No" against the bill "to prohibit bookmaking and pool selling." And for distribution at the polls, as a final effort against the measure, they prepared a clever little dodger which the hurried voter could read as he walked and which he could take with him into the voting booth. These dodgers, for which of necessity Mrs. Beatty had substituted written messages on the sidewalk, were worded as follows:

VOTE
NO
ON THE RACE-TRACK MEASURE
Do not be deceived by its title.
It is not "An Act to Prohibit"——
It is a bill to relicense race-track gambling.

THIS MEASURE IS DENOUNCED BY

The California Anti-Race-Track-Gambling League
The Democratic Party
The Republican Party
The Socialist Party
The State Federation of Labor

MARK YOUR BALLOT THUS:

Initiative Measure to be Submitted Directly to the Electors An act to prohibit bookmaking and pool selling, and to provide for the appointment of a state racing commission to grant licenses for horse racing in the State of California, for a limited period, and the permitting of wagering upon such races by the Paris Mutual and Auction Pool systems only, and repealing all acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act.	Yes	
	No	X

Mrs. Austin Sperry (on the Left) Is Explaining the Register of Voters to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt in Front of a Voting Booth

The desire of the women to reelect Judge Lawlor was based upon a single reason—his conspicuous fitness for the judiciary. He is an able lawyer, a just judge and an arbiter without partiality. He is the man who presided at the San Francisco graft trials. He is a man who believes that a criminal is a criminal and that justice for the high should be the same as justice for the low. As a journalistic defender of "the interests" explained the situation: "Lawlor treated the officials of the United Rail Roads (which corporation was charged with wholesale bribery of councilmen) as though they were criminals." For that offense "the interests" of San Francisco were solidly against him. This meant that all the pressure of money and influence that could be brought to bear was used to compass his defeat. This man the women set out to reelect.

As one of the San Francisco newspapers put it: "The fight to return Judge Lawlor to the bench found the women lined up against the Union Rail Roads' machine, the moneyed interests of the city and "the gang.' The word went out to beat Lawlor at any cost. The instructions were not, 'We want So-and-so,' but 'We don't want Lawlor.' The Lawlor fight was led by a band of women who stood by him in the days of the graft prosecution and have been ready to fight for him ever since on the ground that he put his belief in justice above all the considerations of wealth and power and social distinction."

The women's objection to State Senator Wolfe was based mainly upon the fact that when the State Legislature abolished gambling on horse racing in California he had voted against the bill. The women believed that the race-track was a menace to their homes and families and decided that his seat might be better filled by some one else. Then they had other grievances against Mr. Wolfe. He was a relic of the old machine days. He was out of place in a progressive administration, and the women of California stand for nothing if not progressiveness.

It was to carry out this program and to secure the adoption of some other measures, such as that of free text-books for school children, that the women of San Francisco, like their sisters in many other parts of the state, marched to the polls to cast their votes or stood long hours on the cold, wet sidewalk trying to win other voters to their way of thinking.

The members of this firing line brigade, though largely recruited as party workers, were practically a unit in working for these particular ends that the women had set themselves to accomplish. The San Francisco Center of the California Civic League—an organization composed mainly of women—sent printed forms to its members to be signed and returned by those who would pledge themselves to work at the polls on Election day. The Women's Wilson League furnished a contingent for "picket duty." The following notice, printed on return post-cards and sent to every member, shows how the Women's Roosevelt League recruited its workers at the polls: "It is necessary to have at least one representative of the League at every polling place in the city on November 5th. If you are willing to distribute Progressive literature on Election day and be of assistance to women voters sign the card attached and designate the polling place where you will work and how many hours you can give. Return card immediately."

Before this final call for Election day workers went out the women had been busy for weeks agitating for the things they desired. Far and wide they carried their anti-gambling propaganda. The majority of San Franciscans were well enough con-

Two Voters of San Francisco Examining the Register Preparatory to Voting

San Francisco Women Did Picket Duty at the Polls Against the Bill to License Horse Racing

vinced of the undesirability of reestablishing gambling. There was little fear on that score; but it was the trick wording of the bill that the women feared. So their campaign was very largely one of enlightenment. They went into all the highways and byways explaining that the way to prevent race-track gambling was to vote "No" instead of "Yes." Some women rode back and forth on the ferries—the ferry companies giving them that privilege—and distributed illuminating dodgers. Other women made the rounds of the cafeterias. Still others spent whole days in the rest-rooms of big stores. Some visited factories during the noon hours. The settlement workers spread the message broadcast throughout the poorer districts. And finally Mrs. L. M. Culver, a gray haired, kindly faced, motherly woman, spent long hours in the Mission district. Mrs. Culver went there during working hours when she could find the mothers of the district alone. That was to protect these mothers from violence at the hands of their husbands, many of whom would have beaten their wives had they known they were even listening to an anti-race-track propagandist. Yet some of these same women were so impressed by Mrs. Culver's words that they themselves went out and canvassed their neighborhoods against the race-track bill. And it was to reap the fruits of this preliminary sowing as well as to make an eleventh hour appeal to voters that the women workers of San Francisco went to the polls on Election day.

A very earnest worker against the race-track bill was Mrs. Ernestine Black of the San Francisco Center of the California Civic League, who had once been a newspaper woman and who for weeks preceding Election day conducted what the San Francisco *Bulletin* characterized as "one of the cleverest press campaigns ever conducted in the state." Mrs. Black and Mrs. Robert A. Dean, who was in charge of the San Francisco Civic Center's anti-race-track campaign, covered the city on Election day to distribute anti-race-track dodgers to workers at the polls. They made the trip in a motor car lent by a Bull Moose mother and driven by her Bull Moose son. Mrs. Black was a Wilson woman. With them in the car was Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the international suffrage leader, who had just reached San Francisco after an eighteen months' trip around the world in the interests of equal suffrage.

The party left the San Francisco Civic Center headquarters early in the morning and headed first for the Thirty-First district where the Wolfe fight was on. Eighty women were doing "picket duty" in this district alone. On Bush Street a woman who proved to be Mrs. Catharine Brown was standing just outside the hundred-foot limit addressing voters on their way to the polls. The car stopped beside Mrs. Brown.

"How long are you going to be here?" asked Mrs. Black.

"All day," said Mrs. Brown.

"Whom are you working for?" Mrs. Black asked.

"I am working for Judge Lawlor."

"That's splendid," said Mrs. Black. "Would you be willing to give out some anti-race-track literature as well?"

"I'd be very glad to," said Mrs. Brown, "though I've already canvassed every house for three blocks around and I think the people understand about the race-track bill."

"How have you been treated so far?" asked Mrs. Black.

"Very courteously," was the reply. "Some people stop to talk with me and some merely take the cards I hand them and go on."

A few blocks farther on were three women distributing campaign cards and literature.

"Have you voted?" Mrs. Dean asked the nearest of the three.

"Yes," said the woman. "All of us have." And then in an undertone she added, "These other women hadn't even registered until the other day. Then we made a registration campaign and got the women of this district so much interested that here are two of them out working." Incidentally one of these late converts had her little girls with her.

At another polling place we came across a Miss McChesney who had opened a regular sidewalk information bureau for voters. On the fence behind her were nailed two large, printed placards. The uppermost bore the single word "Information." The other bore the legend "Vote against race-track gambling." A barrel with a board across the top formed a temporary table on which were stacked little piles of campaign matter.

"I find that most of the women who pass here haven't registered," said Miss McChesney.

"Do they express regret?" she was asked.

"Yes. Many women say they are very sorry. One woman came up to me and said, 'I'm a British subject, but I'd give a thousand dollars if I could vote for Teddy.' "

Standing beside Miss McChesney was a well-dressed man who we supposed was helping her; but the two proved to be working on opposites sides.

"Are you going to vote against the race-track bill?" Mrs. Dean asked him.

"I have already voted—for it," he replied, and everybody laughed good-naturedly. "What's more I am here working for the race-track bill."

While the two were discussing the proposed amendment a man came along the street and addressed Miss McChesney.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but the way to vote on this race-track bill is 'No,' is it not?"

"Yes. Vote 'No,' " was the answer.

"Thank you," he said with a smile, "I'll do it." And he walked away studying the dodger that Miss McChesney had thrust into his hands.

Farther on we came across a white bearded old man, seated on a soap box and resting his hands on his cane.

"Whom are you working for?" asked Mrs. Black.

"For Wilson," said the old man. "I'm going to be here all day."

"Would you be willing to give out some anti-race-track dodgers?" asked Mrs. Black.

"I'd be glad to," he said, and another recruit was gained.

At another polling place we came across a woman member of the San Francisco Civic Center. She was standing on a church corner with a small American flag in one hand and a bunch of anti-race-track dodgers in the other.

"How long are you going to be here?" said Mrs. Black.

"I'll be here all day," was the reply.

"Won't you come down to the Civic Center to-night? Mrs. Catt is going to talk to us."

"Thank you, I'm afraid that I'll be too tired by the time night comes. I'm not accustomed (the woman was inclined to stoutness) to standing on my feet so much."

"Couldn't you get a box or a chair to sit on?" she was asked.

"I'll get along all right," she replied with a smile. "I have the church and the flag to rest on. And anyway," she added, "I'd be glad to pay any price if I could win one vote for Mr. Roosevelt."

"Do you think Mr. Roosevelt will win?" she was asked.

"Well, he's going to carry *my* district at any rate," she replied. Just then a gray haired old lady emerged from the polling booth.

"Did you have any trouble with your ballot?" she was asked.

"None whatever," she replied.

"And you voted for—"

"Mr. Wilson," she broke in.

"Why did you vote for him?"

"Because he stands for the things I believe in."

"What about the race-track bill?"

"I voted against that of course."

"Do you like to vote?" she was asked.

A look of indignation came over her face.

"Does any human being like to have a voice in matters that concern himself?" she replied, Yankee fashion.

As we rolled along in the automobile we came upon men and women workers, though mostly they were women, who were soliciting votes for Mr. Wilson or Mr. Roosevelt or Judge Lawlor or the greater charter amendment, and so on. And almost every one of these the women in the motor car cleverly managed to put to work against the race-track bill as well. Not far from the residence of State Senator Wolfe we came upon a well-dressed young man working as a "picket."

"Are you working against Senator Wolfe?" he was asked.

"No, I am working for him."

"Then you are for the race-track bill?"

"No, I am against it."

"But Senator Wolfe is for it."

"No, he is against racing, too. That's where all you women are wrong," said the young man. "He's against racing."

"But he voted against the bill to abolish racing."

"Well, he has changed his mind. He says the people of the state have expressed their will in that matter and he wants to comply with the will of the public."

"In that case he would be voting against the race-track bill."

"He's going to."

"How do you know?"

"Well, he told me to vote against it. He wouldn't tell me to do one thing and do another himself. I'm his son-in-law."

"Then if you are against racing," said Mrs. Black as quick as a flash, "you'll be

(*Continued on page 78*)

James Rolph, Jr., Mayor of San Francisco, and His Wife Voting

PEGGY'S COUP D'ÉTAT

By Rothvin Wallace

Illustrations by P. J. Monahan

"ADVENTURE? Romance? Rot!" scoffed Freddy Mountford. "Not in this practical day and age anyway," he added sapiently.

Freddy was young enough to be preternaturally wise, pugnacious enough to have opinions of his own, good looking enough to be courted for himself alone, and wealthy enough not to care a hang what anybody thought about him.

"No, Jim," he continued with an air of finality; "everything's so cut and dried in this bally old world that the most excitement a fellow can find in life is to break the speed laws, go to church or attend the opera."

"Or make love to a pretty woman," supplemented Jim with an attempt at irony.

"Or have a pretty woman make love to him," flung back Freddy. With which unchivalrous remark, Freddy lighted a fresh cigarette and sought to dismiss the subject. But Jim Warren, having embarked on a pet theory, was not to be side-tracked so easily.

"Make you a wager," he persisted doggedly. "I'll bet that within a week something extraordinary will happen to you—some adventure that's not down on the books."

"You'll put up one of your infernally clever, practical jokes on me I suppose," said Freddy suspiciously.

"No, I'll pledge my word I won't. I have no idea what may happen. I'm just taking a gambler's chance that something unusual will come your way; that you'll break a leg, go broke, fall in love—"

"Not with any of the designing, useless young women in my social set at present," interrupted Freddy with vehemence. "And as to going broke—well, there is not much likelihood of that, and I'd as lief break a leg as have it pulled out of the socket. Therefore, old scout, you're on. How much?"

"Dinner at Sherry's for as many as the winner cares to invite, up to a dozen?"

"Done. And speaking of dinner reminds me that I've got to dress. It's Mrs. Weston's to-night with a dance afterward. More cut and dried boredom."

"I'll be in for the dance. Meanwhile keep your eyes open for adventure."

They shook hands on the bet, and Freddy, smiling confidently, swung jauntily from the elegantly appointed Bachelors' Club. He was quite sure of several things—that he was going to pursue the even tenor of his sybaritic way; that he was going to prove his own theories, and that he was going to enjoy a fine dinner at Jim Warren's expense. But even at that moment, the mischievous little God of Things-As-They-Shouldn't-Be was weaving his whimsical machinations around the conservative person of Freddy Mountford.

Freddy paused at the corner just below the club to allow a huge, purple limousine to swing into the avenue. He gave it only a cursory glance and was about to pass on, when to his surprise he heard his name called.

"Oh, Mr. Mountford!" The second time the summons was a trifle peremptory.

Freddy turned to find the limousine drawn up beside the curb and a dainty, white gloved hand extended from the open door.

"How do you do, Mr. Mountford?" asked a sweet voice.

Freddy accepted the proffered hand and gazed, gaspingly, upon the most wonderful vision of feminine loveliness he had ever beheld—gazed with amazement written on his face because *the woman was an entire stranger to him.*

"How do you do?" he managed to ask pleasantly, with a creditably conventional bow.

And then she laughed—a low, rippling, silvery laugh that had in it the promise of joy unalloyed, the witchery of untrammeled mirth, the subtle cadence of ingenuous happiness. In a confused moment, which seemed an awkward hour of vapid silence, he subjected her to a mental assay—age, about twenty-five; hair, a golden bronze; limpid eyes of blue that stared at him naively from the midst of the dark lashes that swept her full, pink cheeks; a small, red, moist Cupid's bow of a mouth that only partly concealed her white, flashing, regular teeth; gown and hat of lavender, to match the brocade with which her car was upholstered, and pervading all the subtle fragrance of lavender. He noted with satisfaction that she wore no make-up; that her charms were natural. For a brief space his senses reeled, and only her voice reminded him that he might be making a dunce of himself.

"I do believe you are so uncomplimentary as not to recognize me," she pouted.

"Recognize you? Of course I do," he lied. "Having once seen you, who could forget you?"

"Then—who am I?" She smiled wistfully and regarded him with chiding *naïveté.*

Freddy felt the hot blood of confusion mounting to his face. Had he ever seen her? If so, where, and how could he have forgotten her? Who was she? These questions ran riot in his mind. But of course he had known her—somewhere, else she would not have greeted him so familiarly. He cursed his vagrant memory.

"Who am I?" she repeated.

"Miss—Miss Martin of—of Denver." Knowing that he must bluff, he mentioned the first name that entered his mind.

"Wrong," she laughed, and he thought that he detected just a bit of piqued vanity in her tone. "I saw by your manner, Mr. Freddy Mountford, that you did not identify me at all. But jump in and be comfy, and maybe I'll tell you if you're nice. Then I'll set you down wherever you want to go."

Freddy accepted the invitation with alacrity, while his charming hostess told the chauffeur to drive them through the park.

"I'll be honest and 'fess up,'" he said, as they spun up the avenue. "I don't know you and I hate myself for it more than you possibly could, and you may call me all the names you please."

"Freddy Took a Step Forward; Then Paused Irresolutely. He Saw Peggy Smile,

"Well, Mr. Freddy Mountford, since I don't hate you I shan't call you any names," she smiled. "Nor do I blame you—much—for not remembering me. It was so long, long ago that we met—five years."

"Five years?" he repeated. "Where?"

"Can't you guess—now?"

"No."

"I suppose I ought to punish you by making you guess. Really it does hurt a woman's pride—not to be remembered."

"Of course I know, and it's awfully, awfully stupid of me," he hastened in perplexity. "But please forgive me and please—*please* don't make me guess any more."

"No, I'll be merciful." She flashed on him a rare smile. "You know Mrs. Van Schuyler of course."

"Certainly." His face lighted. Any person connected with Mrs. Van Schuyler was well worth cultivating.

"Five years ago," she continued, "when I was a crude, long legged little hoyden from the Pacific slope I visited Mrs. Van Schuyler. And I thought you danced more divinely than any man I ever knew."

"Danced? Why, I never danced in my life."

"Or did you ride?" She gave him another bewitching smile.

"Y—yes, I rode."

"That was it then. It was so long ago; but I remember what a superb figure you were on a horse."

"I feel more comfortable now in a limousine. But you haven't told me your name. You see I waive all hope of favor in your eyes and trust myself blindly to your mercy."

"You shall have both favor and mercy, Sir. I am called Peggy Newlands."

"No! Is it possible that you are little Peggy?"

"The same Peggy. Now you remember me?"

"Perfectly." But he didn't. All the time that he was affecting surprise and recognition, Mountford was racking the cobwebby recesses of his brain in a vain effort to find an earlier picture of this exquisite woman by his side.

"Of course," she said, interrupting his thoughts, "I have grown up in five years, while you haven't changed a bit. And are you glad to see me?"

"More delighted than I can tell you. I hope you will give me the pleasure of seeing lots of you—beginning, say, to-morrow afternoon?"

"To-morrow afternoon?" she mused, drawing the lines of her perfect brow into a most bewitching little pucker. "Perhaps—I—"

"Don't say no," he pleaded. "Please let me stop at Mrs. Van Schuyler's and take you for a drive."

"But I am not at Mrs. Van Schuyler's—this time. I—oh, I can't tell you where I am staying—not now."

She turned toward him such a face of beauty in distress that his heart swelled with sympathy.

"What is it?" Freddy Mountford asked her most tenderly. "Some trouble?"

"'Recognize You? Of Course I Do.' He Lied. 'Then—Who Am I?' She Smiled Wistfully and Regarded Him With Chiding Naïveté"

Wave Her Hand With a Farewell Gesture and Disappear. What Could It Mean?"

She nodded her superb head, choked and seemed on the verge of tears.

"Do let me help you," he begged. "I'll do anything—"

"I wonder if you would?"

"Anything," he repeated. "Try me."

"Would you be willing to do something for me—something that would seem absurdly foolish, just because I should ask it of you? And would you do it without wanting to know why—until you had done it?"

The perfume of her warm breath intoxicated him. Her face was close to his, and he read only truth, candor and innocence in the wide-open stare of her blue eyes.

"Would you?" she repeated softly.

"I think—just now—I'd leap from Brooklyn Bridge if you should demand it," he said slowly.

"Oh, no, no, no! Nothing so terrible. That may be your *dernier ressort*, but—but not for me, *mon cher monsieur*." Her eyes—wondrous eyes—and mouth wrinkled in a troubled little smile.

"What then—Peggy?" His heart in the throes of a new emotion was pounding as it never had before.

She opened the gold mesh bag that lay in her lap, extracted a diamond scarf-pin and twirled it contemplatively in her gloved fingers. The stone—two carats or larger—caught a slanting ray of sunshine and flashed like a thing alive.

"This is it," she said presently in a tone of abstraction.

"What?"

"What? Oh, the pin. This is what I would have you do. I want you to take this pin and to-morrow afternoon place it in your cravat and stand on the curb in front of the Bachelors' Club precisely at four o'clock. Is that too much to ask?"

"No, but—but I don't understand. I—"

"You said you would not seek to understand—until afterward."

"True, and my word is good. I'll do it."

"Thank you," she said simply. "You will be helping me—oh, *so* much! And your reward shall be that I will see you in front of the Bachelors' Club at exactly four o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"The reward is quite sufficient. And then may I ask questions?"

"You will not need to question. Everything shall be explained. There are only two other conditions, that you must dress as you are now—topper, frock coat and all that, and you must tell no one, not even your dearest friend, of our little plan."

"Granted."

"And you must wear my pin in your cravat. That is highly important."

"I shall follow instructions to the letter."

"And now—" she gazed thoughtfully from the window—"the shadows are falling. May I set you down where you want to go?"

"If you must." His voice was reluctant.

"I think I must."

He gave the chauffeur his home address and in a few minutes was at the door.

"To-morrow—at four," she said softly as he pressed her fingers in parting.

"I shall not forget," he assured her.

The next moment, Freddy, in an enchanted daze, saw the big machine pass from sight. He looked at the sparkling stone in his hand to assure himself that he had not been dreaming, then blundered to his quarters. He had quite forgotten Mrs. Weston's dinner, but now that he recalled the engagement he realized that he must tog himself in evening clothes with all possible speed. He took time, however, to telephone to the Van Schuyler home. He had a burning desire to know more about Peggy Newlands and was much disappointed to learn that Mrs. Van Schuyler was out of town.

The Weston dinner was a stupid affair, and Freddy was heartily thankful when it was over. The subsequent freedom of drawing-room and ballroom gave him the coveted opportunity to ask adroit questions about Peggy Newlands; but none to whom he applied for information could remember her. He saw Jim Warren of course but preferred not to mention just then that Jim had won his wager. So Freddy went home before midnight to dream his dreams alone, and in solitude to worship the divinely fair Peggy Newlands. And to-morrow! As desultory time dragged on it seemed that to-morrow had slipped immutably into another far-distant aeon.

Freddy awoke at eleven o'clock, took a cold plunge and had breakfast in his room. At last the time was nigh. He was to see her in five long, tedious hours. He had a strange, unaccustomed fever which he could not define—that and an excited wonderment at the part he was to play. What could be her trouble? How could he help her by wearing a scarf-pin and standing in front of his club? It all seemed unreal and unanswerable. Yet of one thing he was sure. She was honest and true and sincere. And had she not trusted him with a diamond that was worth $500 at the least estimate? Yes, *she* had taken all the chances.

At half after three Freddy, having attired himself immaculately, started to walk to his club. It lacked five minutes of four o'clock when he sauntered up to his destination and leaned nonchalantly against one of the pillars of the *porte-cochère*. Her diamond pin scintillated in his cravat as he fingered his watch and nervously scanned the street. She was nowhere in sight.

Finally his gaze strayed to the house opposite—a brownstone mansion that had been vacant for several months. His curiosity was stirred for the moment when he noticed that one of the first floor windows was open. A red velvet curtain that had been put up during the last twenty-four hours was brushed aside, and he caught a fleeting glimpse of a man within. He wondered vaguely if the house had been bought or leased—and by whom.

Freddy's eyes again sought the dial of his watch. It was four o'clock. A step sounded behind him. Across the street a window was raised. A peal of laughter rang out. Some one back of him cried, "There she is!" He looked up, and there, framed in one of the second-story windows of the house opposite, stood the divine form of Peggy Newlands.

Freddy, dazed with wonderment, took a step forward; then paused irresolutely. The red velvet curtain moved again, and the window came down with a crash. Through swimming eyes, he saw Peggy smile, wave her hand with a farewell gesture and disappear. What could it mean?

"Well—I'll—be—blessed!"

The measured expletive came from behind him, and Freddy turned in that direction—turned to see six of his fellow club-men, *each wearing a diamond scarf-pin exactly like his own*. And each face betrayed the amazement that he felt himself.

"Let's look into this thing," he heard Jim Warren say.

The next moment he found himself following the others across the street. There was no answer to their ring, and some one tried the door. It yielded, and they ventured to enter. The house was empty and deserted. Presently a shout came from one of the men who had hastened to the rear. All rushed thither, just in time to see a huge, purple limousine speeding away from the back entrance.

"I'll be blessed!" said Jim Warren again.

"Anyway," remarked Tom Bedford, "this thing will cost her about $3,500 worth of diamonds, unless she comes back to collect her scarf-pins. They're beauties, sure enough. Wonder what her game is?"

"Don't know," shrugged Courtland. "All I do know is that she picked me up near my house day before yesterday, called me by name and said she had met me five years ago at Mrs. Van Schuyler's. She told me her name was Peggy Newlands and asked me to wear this diamond pin at four o'clock to-day in front of the club. I agreed, and she pledged me to secrecy."

"Did you remember ever having seen her before?" asked Bedford.

"No, though I pretended to know her when she appeared to remember me so well. I telephoned to Mrs. Van Schuyler later and learned that she was out of town."

"Same here," sighed Bedford. "And Peggy promised to see me here to-day."

"Well, she kept her word," laughed Warren. "She looked down on you from the window. The clever little rogue must have known that Mrs. Van Schuyler was not at home."

All told similar stories of their meeting with the fair and inscrutable Peggy Newlands; but none could fathom, nor even guess, the deep purport of her wiles.

"Incidentally," observed Jim Warren jovially, "a certain young man loses a dinner at Sherry's. You've had a real adventure, haven't you, Freddy?"

"Oh, go to the devil!" growled Freddy. "I'll pay for the dinner though."

"Grouch, eh?" gibed Warren.

"No, sick," said Freddy, rising. "I'm going home."

"Hard hit, are you?" laughed Bedford. "Well, so was I; but you'll get over it, my boy."

Freddy was hurt more deeply than he cared to admit to his friends, and he wended his way homeward with a sinking heart. Still, despite the evidence against her, his confidence in Peggy was not entirely shaken. He could not bring himself to believe that she was a common trickster. In any event he would treasure the diamond scarf-pin—pay for it, if called on to do so—as a valued and valuable memento of the sweetest, saddest experience of his life.

While Freddy was changing into his evening things preparatory to going to the opera the telephone rang. It was Jim Warren.

"I've a good joke to tell you," said Warren. "After you left the club we took one of those scarf-pins to a jeweler down the avenue. And what do you think he said? Told us the stone was the best *imitation* diamond he'd ever seen. He was quite puzzled about it for a time and wanted to know where we got it. Of course we didn't tell him what bally idiots we'd been. He concluded that the stone was worth about two dollars and the gold mounting about three. What do you think now?"

"I think it's a rotten joke," said Freddy roughly. "I think you might have let a fellow retain at least one pleasant illusion." Whereupon Freddy ungraciously slammed the receiver on the hook and resumed his dressing.

It was a bad night for Freddy Mountford. The sweet perfume of lavender filled his nostrils; his apotheosized image of the lavender lady floated nebulously before the footlights; the music and lines of *Aida* were but tributes to her gold bronze hair. He went home and dreamed of rosebud lips that came to him through a diaphanous cloud of lavender and kissed him lightly on the forehead. He woke up with a headache and a dull pain in the region of his heart.

It was nearly noon when his man entered with his mail and the morning papers. As he lifted the former—an assortment of bills, *billets-doux* and invitations—from the silver tray, he caught the faint scent of lavender and snatched an envelope of that color—*her* color—from the bottom of the heap. He broke it open eagerly and read:

My dear Mr. Mountford:

Please, please forgive me for the deception I practiced on you. Of course by the time you receive this you will have seen the morning papers and will understand many things which doubtless have puzzled you. I hope your thoughts of me will not be more bitter than I deserve. It is not likely that we ever shall meet again; but it would gratify me to feel that you do not condemn me too bitterly. Perhaps it might influence you to be charitable if I should remind you that in

(*Continued on page 76*)

"'Did You Come to—to Quarrel With Me?' She Smiled. 'I Should Say Not,' He Blurted Out. 'I Came to Ask You to Mar—Have Luncheon With Me'"

TRIBULATIONS OF CITY HOUSEWIVES

As Seen by Mrs. Nathan Dodge of Sprucevale

By Anna Steese Richardson

"WELL, well, Amelia! Come right in. I'll just set my tea towels over to scald and be with you. It does beat all how a hired girl can stain up perfectly good toweling. Yes, I know freezing is good for 'em; but it took a tolerable dose of washing soda to loosen up those spots. When I look at little things like that it seems as if I'd been out of this house six months instead of six weeks.

"No, I don't think I weigh any less; but Nathan says I look peaked. It may have been the steam heat in John's flat. I noticed it's taken all the life out of the wall paper and I don't see why it wouldn't take the color out of humans, too.

"Oh yes, I think the change did me good, but I ain't sure whether it was physical good or just peace of mind I picked up in the city. But somehow I *do* feel better. You see, Amelia, I was sort of dissatisfied after John and his wife visited us last summer. They 'poor poored' me more than was good for me. They said that at my age I oughtn't to be tending fires and heating water in the reservoir back of my cook stove, and filling lamps and running down-stairs to the cellar and up-stairs to the attic. They kept talking about their flat with all modern conveniences and all on one floor. When Helen got up on a winter's morning to start breakfast, the radiators were sizzling with steam, the fires being tended by a janitor in the basement. She cooked by gas, too—just struck a match, turned a handle and set her kettle over the stove. A water pipe carried off the meltings from her ice box to the cellar, and a dumb-waiter came up to get her garbage can. John said he'd wager I took about a hundred steps to Helen's one.

"If folks talk to you like that long enough you begin to think you're considerable abused. That's what happened to me. 'Long about housecleaning time, when Nathan sent a man up from the store to set up the stoves, I was real sore. Three stoves to feed with coal and to shine all winter long! And six lamps to fill and clean every day; for if there's one thing I hate it's a dingy, smoking lamp! Every time I poured a bucket of water into the cook stove reservoir I thought how nice it would feel just to turn a faucet and see boiling hot water running out in an endless stream. I wondered if all the rest of my life I'd got to fetch and carry, or whether when Uncle Ezra's estate got settled up I could tease Nathan into leaving the store in charge of young Luther Brown and spending winters in the city. Seemed like at our age we ought to begin to take things easier.

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"THAT was my frame of mind, Amelia, when John wrote that Helen was going to a sanatorium. Nervous prostration, the doctors called it. You know she was a stenographer before John married her, and she worked extra at night to buy her wedding outfit. Then the baby coming in less than a year, she never had time to catch up on her strength. I noticed last summer she seemed sort of jerky and on edge.

"Well anyhow John being my favorite nephew, with an eight-months baby on his hands, I just naturally had to do something. First off I thought I'd have him send the baby and its nurse up here. Then I thought of him eating round at restaurants and that seven-room flat with all modern conveniences going to waste, and me not having been away from Sprucevale since Nathan took me on that excursion to the Yosemite. I decided that here was my chance to try out steam heat, gas stoves and dumb-waiters before having any discussion with Nathan about moving. So I was off as soon as I could get Dave Sprague's girl settled in my kitchen to look after Nathan.

"No, she wasn't bad as hired girls go. Only we women who've lived in one house for years and years sort of get attached to certain corners and we keep 'em dug out and polished up. I guess it's something like those rich art collectors taking down their favorite vases and polishing 'em to see the colored lights shine out bright and strong.

"Well anyhow I reached the city 'long about supper-time. John met me at the station and somehow managed to drag and shove me through the crowds, until we got into what he called the subway, an underground railroad that smelt for all the world like the flats back of Jake Schnorr's soap-works and made a noise like a million buzz-saws in need of oiling. When we landed above ground again I told John it was no wonder Helen had nervous prostration, if she rode much in that contraption.

"'Twice a day, Aunt Mary,' says he, 'when she worked down-town—and hanging onto a strap most of the time. But God keeping me well and strong, she'll never have to do it again.'

"Yes, John is the salt of the earth—one of the men God means should get a good woman, but who usually gets landed by a tartar. I tell you I was some worried till I got to know Helen well. You never can judge a woman by the ravings of a man who's in love with her.

"Amelia, I never can tell you just how I felt when I stepped into the house where John's flat is. It was so gorgeous it made me blink. The lights were set in the ceiling with glass globes covering them in colors like your Herman's opal scarf-pin. The walls were creamy white, with mirrors stuck in 'em about every four feet or so. The floor was marble, different colors, and laid out in a design like the picture frame Mary Ann Johnson brought me from Italy, only in larger blocks. At the end of this hall was an elevator, likewise a desk with a telephone, and the smartest looking colored boy you ever did see, in a wine colored uniform. He came running out and snatched my bag, touching his cap with his finger and thumb most polite.

"Riding up in the elevator *was* easier than climbing stairs; but I must say I was disappointed when John unlocked the door of his flat and let me in. First off I saw nothing but a long, narrow hall which the two of us couldn't walk in abreast, and to the day I left I couldn't pass the hat rack without barking my knees or my elbows.

"Every few feet as I walked down the hall was a closed door. I wondered why they weren't numbered like sleeping berths on a train. At the far end was the parlor with a den off it for John. All the bedrooms were in a row with a marble wash-stand between John's and mine. The girl's room was about the size of my linen closet. After that came the kitchen, and clear at the other end of the house the dining-room. As for the bathroom, I do declare, Amelia, I believe my best pieced quilt could cover it like a tent.

"I've always thought myself something of a manager, but by the time I'd got my bearings in John's flat I was ready to take off my hat to Helen. All the bedrooms would hold was a bed, a dressing table and a chair; but she'd had mirrors set in the closet door, one side of the closet having a place for dresses and coats, and the other being fitted with drawers to hold the things that couldn't be put in the bureau or chest of drawers you didn't have in the room itself. Then the window sills being deep, she'd had shallow seats fitted in them so's you had a place to tuck away your shoes, rubbers and what not. Having no room in her bedroom for her machine, she'd gotten the drop-top kind, hidden the treadle with a long piece of queer foreign embroidery and was using it for an extra table in John's den. The butler's pantry—that's what they call 'em in town—wouldn't hold anything but dishes, and keeping groceries and things meant figuring down to fractions.

"No, I didn't see all this the first evening. To be honest, I learned something new about Helen's management every day I was there. That first night I didn't care much for anything except getting my head on a pillow. The nurse being young but earnest-like I let her put the baby to bed, and I left John working over some papers in his den. It seemed like I hadn't got my eyes shut till I heard some one say, plain as day and almost beside my bed, 'It's a wonder you wouldn't leave some beer and sandwiches where I could lay hands on them! It's hard enough to work till this hour without going to bed on an empty stomach!'

"Well, Amelia, I sat straight up in bed. To think of my favorite nephew calling for beer! Then I heard dishes knocking together and I knew that I might as well get up and be done with it. But when I got out in the hall it was dark as a pocket. I called him by name, and a door opened right at my elbow, the light streaming out and John standing there rubbing his eyes and looking worried.

"'What's the matter, Aunt Mary?' says he. 'Sick?'

"'No,' I answered all bewildered like, 'I heard you calling for sandwiches—and—and—beer. Of course, John, I ain't saying that beer is much worse than hard cider, but—'

"With that he burst out laughing.

"'That was the man next door,' says he. 'He's a newspaper man and gets in about two o'clock starved. His wife is either economical or lazy, and he sets up a howl for food five nights out of seven.'

"'John Norton,' I answered, 'don't tell me that man was in another house. He had his head in my door.'

"'No, Aunt Mary, he had his head in his wife's door, just across the air shaft.'

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"AS I did not know what an air shaft was and as I was beginning to feel the cold in my rheumatic ankle, the steam heat being shut off at 2 A. M., I didn't stop to argue. But 'long about five o'clock, I realized what an air shaft really is. Amelia, it's the champion noise producer on the face of God's green footstool. It's a well of the hardest kind of stone or brick or concrete, which the city laws make builders leave between pairs of flat houses to give the tenants light and air in what they call inside rooms. If you're high up near the top of the house you get the light and air. If you're down further you just get plain noise. Either way you hear all that your neighbors do and say, whether you want to or not, specially after nightfall.

"Down at the bottom of that air shaft there's what they call the entrance for servants and tradesmen. That first morning they came clattering up those steps—the hired help that slept out, the bread men, the milkmen, the janitor and the hall boy cleaning the halls before the tenants were up—and dropping anything they happened to be carrying, from dust pans to milk bottles.

"Before I left home, I'd been threatening to have our rooster killed to cure him of the habit of early rising with his voice in tune. Before seven o'clock that first morning I was sending him wireless messages of apology. Beside an air shaft, that rooster's crow is a lullaby.

"It didn't take me long to decide that an air shaft looks better on city statutes than it does from a flat house window. Only three of John's rooms are the outside kind. The parlor and den overlook the street. The dining-room looks into a lot of other dining-rooms backing up against ours from the next street. All the rest of the rooms, bedrooms and kitchens, mind you, are on that pesky air shaft. Being on the fourth floor I had to cook by gas as well as with it. Maybe you don't think I got homesick for my south kitchen window overlooking my drying yard, with geraniums blooming all winter long on the sill!

"The steam heat and running water helped some. They were cleaner than stoves, but they weren't always on the job. One morning we got up to a stone cold flat. Not a sizzle came out of those shiny radiators. John slipped his overcoat over his pajamas and called up the hall boy on the telephone. He came into my room looking black as a thunder cloud.

"'The janitor's sick,' says he, 'which being interpreted means that he went to a wedding or cake walk last night and hasn't sobered off; so the fires are out.'

"'Do you mean to say, John Norton, that he does this often?'

"'Not more than three or four times a year.'

"'Well, why don't you complain to the man that owns the house and get a new janitor?'

"John turned sort of grim at this.

"'Because the new one might go on a spree *every* pay-day. Don't undertake to solve the janitor problem, Aunt Mary. It has wrecked stronger minds than yours.'

"Well, Amelia, will you believe it, there wasn't a stove to set up in that house nor a chimney to attach it to if we'd had one? John said if I didn't mind he'd dress quick and get his breakfast at a restaurant round the corner. It upset him for the day if he got chilled at breakfast. The nurse and the baby and I could stay in bed till the heat was turned on. But we didn't. We lit the gas oven and left the door open and hugged that till the janitor came and got us some heat, 'long about ten o'clock.

❀

"IT was my first lesson in the almighty power of a janitor, Amelia, but it wasn't my last. One day the nurse girl and I both being out with the baby came home to find the water cut off, hot and cold alike. Well, I called up the janitor, and he was real huffy—said he'd notified the tenants in time to draw off water in tubs and pitchers and it wasn't his fault we were out. There was a break in the cellar, and we wouldn't have any water till the plumbers finished the job. It took 'em five hours, and we had to get dinner for all of us round the corner and bring drinking water home from the drug store in a bottle.

"No, you don't borrow much from neighbors in town. If you try to the woman opens her door about seven-eighths of an inch and looks at you as if you were a sneak thief with designs on the silver fern dish she won at the last meeting of her card club. Anyhow we couldn't have borrowed water, because it was cut off all over the house, every blessed flat being stone dry.

"The next clash I had with that janitor came over the trash. Every night about supper-time he'd been sending the dumb-waiter up for the garbage can and a basket Helen had for trash. There was no other way to get rid of it. You couldn't burn trash on a gas stove, and there are no chickens or pigs in town to eat up the table leavings. Well, one day having extra cleaning done and John having torn up a lot of papers the night before the trash basket overflowed. So when the grocer's boy sent up some things on the dumb-waiter about noon, I sent down the trash all neatly tied up in a piece of old muslin off the ironing board. 'Long about ten minutes later the electric bell connecting the basement with our kitchen rang something furious. Thinking the house was on fire I grabbed the baby in one hand and jerked open the dumb-waiter door with the other.

"Amelia, I wish you could have heard that janitor!

"'Say, what d'ye mean, putting trash on this here dumb-waiter out of hours?' says he.

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Chief Chadsey of Cleveland

Another Woman With an Ideal Who Is Doing a Big Work

By Helen Christine Bennett

TWENTY-EIGHT brass buttoned uniforms muster into line. Fifty-six irreproachably polished shoes give shining welcome. Immaculate, white gloved hands sweep the air and vizored caps lift in swift salute to the Chief. The Chief surveys them with a smile of pride which the brass buttoned uniforms promptly reciprocate. An officer at the head coughs. "Chief Chadsey," he begins.

The Chief turns quickly, a little blue satin gowned figure just a trifle over five feet.

"Well?" she queries. There is a brief colloquy, a decisive order and the men file out. Chief Chadsey stands as they pass smiling brightly. When the last has gone she returns to her desk and is absorbed in a mass of papers.

She is a slip of a girl—is this Chief, but her official title makes her the head of the Bureau of Sanitation for the City of Cleveland, and the twenty-eight brass buttoned officers are her working force. She is said to be the only woman in the country who is at the head of a Bureau of Sanitation, and it is certain that she is the only woman with a police force of whom she is sole director. The Sanitary Police of Cleveland are uniformed officers who carry revolvers and enjoy all the powers of the usual policeman; but their mission is unique. They do not belong to the Police Department; they are the employees of the Department of Health. Their job is to keep the City of Cleveland clean. For some years they worked without a superior officer; but when Miss Chadsey was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Sanitation a little over a year ago she at once asked for and received their loyalty. The men did not like the idea at first. They did not know Miss Chadsey, but they hardly relished the idea of being bossed by a woman. When they saw the diminutive specimen of womanhood who was to govern them they relented somewhat, and upon Miss Chadsey's announcement that all orders would be given through the Sergeant they decided that she was a person with "some sense." It was only a few weeks, however, before the men began of their own accord to go direct to the "Chief," and now, after a year's trial, they are her firm friends.

"Some of them would fight and die for me," says Miss Chadsey, "and some say nothing and take it out in hard work. But when they want a raise of salary they come to me, and when they want to borrow money they come to me; so they must like me pretty well. I am so proud of my force."

Mildred Chadsey is a notable example of the new kind of woman who wins her way into municipal affairs. She did not enter social work by accident; she planned it as a life profession. She did not slip in as so many women do, through the side door of a woman's club interested in civic matters; she went to school and studied how to help. The position she holds and the almost incredible accomplishment of her three years in the City of Cleveland are due in some measure to the city itself, but still more to the fact that she knew scientifically tried and proven cures for municipal ills and that she was prepared to put them into practice. She went to school at the University of Chicago, where she specialized in social work. She took a Carnegie fellowship and studied at first-hand the social organization of some of the western industries. When the United States government began its investigation into the industrial conditions affecting women and children Miss Chadsey was appointed to make special investigations. She went out to the silk industries of New Jersey and of Pennsylvania, made a report on the homeless women in New York, Philadelphia and Boston and made special studies of waitresses and department store girls. When the Federal investigation was complete she had made up her mind to stay in social work permanently, and she says naively:

"I began to look about for a likely place to get to work. I chose Cleveland because Cleveland has a particularly enlightened social vision. It has had three remarkable mayors—Tom L. Johnson, Mayor Behr and Mayor Baker—and I had an idea that I could get results in that city. So I went to Cleveland."

Miss Chadsey made no mistake in her estimate of the city. She went there in the winter of 1910. Cleveland residents were at that time interested in the matter of dance halls. Miss Chadsey appeared to them the exact person to make an investigation of conditions. They left the method of investigation to her, and the young woman speedily decided that the only way to find out anything about dance halls was to go as a girl and dance.

"I was younger then and looked the part," says Miss Chadsey sedately. She looks young enough to fill the part now, but it is difficult to imagine this modest, retiring young woman with her smoothly dressed hair and her plain, businesslike attire filling the rôle of dance hall belle.

As soon as she had determined upon her method of investigation, Miss Chadsey asked the members of the Dance Hall Committee to furnish her with escorts. Immediately her list filled up. All the young men—and older ones also—who were interested in saving the youth of Cleveland from the evils of the dance halls seemed to be interested in getting information on the matter at first-hand. Considerably amused and certain that her stock of escorts would never fail her, Miss Chadsey set to work to make up for her part. She fluffed her smooth hair, piled it up at a "stylish" angle, put on the necessary curls and puffs, set aside her modest dresses for the peek-a-boo waists and tight skirts in vogue and sallied forth determined to prove a success; "for," she said, "I had to be popular to learn anything." For six months she visited dance halls, going early and staying until the last dancers left. The young men who acted as escorts were astonished at the demure Miss Chadsey. She danced and flirted and accepted the attentions showered upon her as if she had not a thought in her head beyond the enjoyment of the evening. Certainly the youths who flitted about with her and who pronounced her a "swell skirt" and invited her to have beer or wine, to "spoon" with them in dark hallways or to go to a picnic on the next Sunday never dreamed that under the puffs a busy, trained mind was trying to evolve a scheme by which the youths could still enjoy themselves and be protected from the evils that she saw on every side.

In friendly manner both girls and boys warned her against certain halls, halls which Miss Chadsey promptly visited. In her six months she attended seventy-nine dances. She found conditions that are only too common in our cities. About half the halls were connected with saloons, and frequently one-third or more of the dancers were in some stage of intoxication. Where dances were prolonged until morning hours all attempt to maintain propriety ceased, and boys and girls sat or whirled in drunken, maudlin embrace. Older men and women visited the halls at these late hours and left with some half drunken boy or girl with them.

Despite these conditions the majority of the girls remained sober and were evidently anxious, not to become vicious, but only to have a good time. Intoxication was much more in evidence among the young men, but even among them it was plain that the dance itself was the first attraction. Miss Chadsey was convinced that if the young people of Cleveland were given a chance to go to clean, decent halls they would patronize them. When she made her report to the Dance Hall Committee she included some of her scientifically tried and proven remedies. The Committee asked her to draft a municipal ordinance covering her suggestions. She got one ready, gave it to a councilman who had been her escort at several dances and saw it made a city law. Cleveland now has an almost model dance hall situation. Seventeen undesirable halls have closed, thirty-seven have had the bar removed, drinking has been reduced to a minimum and smoking and hat wearing in halls have been practically eliminated. Except for private dances, when the city through its dance hall inspector gives special permission, all halls close promptly at midnight. Last summer the city tried the experiment of running municipal dance halls in the public parks. These charged a three-cent admission and were under the care of official chaperons and strict regulations. They were so well patronized that not only they paid for themselves but the city was able to install several drinking fountains with the profits, justifying Miss Chadsey's statement that the youth of the city wanted to enjoy, not to debauch, themselves.

Miss Chadsey's success with the dance hall situation so delighted the Dance Hall Committee that they decided to perpetuate themselves as a permanent institution and to retain the young woman to make further suggestions and investigations. She began upon an investigation of employment bureaus and had hardly completed it when riding into town one morning she was surprised to read in the paper of her appointment as tenement house inspector. In this capacity she had a chance for concrete, practical work and she went at it with a will. Her force consisted of two assistants and one clerk. In six months she had served five thousand orders upon one thousand tenements for repairs and reconstruction so successfully that only five hundred cases were sent to court for non-compliance. She condemned and had taken down two hundred and eighteen old houses, had five hundred old vault closets done away with and forced twenty-five families to leave dark, basement rooms. She met with a good deal of opposition both from the real estate dealers and the tenants themselves, but she persisted in educating both. She went to the city real estate board and presented the facts, and they passed a resolution pledging her their support. She walked the lanes and alleys of Cleveland, talking to the people. The children grew to know her well, and her arrival on any street was the signal for a shout of, "Look, here comes the garbage lady!"

The condition of the tenements was in large measure due to the negligence of tenants themselves. Miss Chadsey organized sanitation clubs at the settlements to educate tenants to some sense of responsibility for the building in which they lived. She organized sanitary squads among the children of the settlements and public schools. Each sanitary squad had its leader, known as a sergeant, and its chief. The city was districted, and every squad went over its district. They reported to Miss Chadsey the condition of the yards, the garbage cans, the barns, chicken houses and toilets, and as they were boys of from twelve to sixteen years the reports were fairly exact. The Mayor awarded a number of buttons for faithful service.

The formation of the Junior Sanitary Squads introduced some notion of hygiene into the children's homes. Miss Chadsey followed this by lantern slide lectures. Cleveland rejoices still in its three-cent carfares, and by an actual study of the city itself she was able to show attractive, two-family houses where rents plus carfare were as low as those for dingy, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated tenement rooms.

During Miss Chadsey's six months as tenement house inspector the Cleveland Board of Health was undergoing a thorough reorganization. The members decided that they needed a Bureau of Sanitation and a Chief, and some one suggested Miss Chadsey.

"Yes," said the Board of Health, with Cleveland's peculiar breadth of social vision, "a woman would do the work better than a man." So Miss Chadsey was appointed.

All appointees for municipal positions in Cleveland must pass a civil service examination. But there had never been a Chief of a Bureau of Sanitation, and the secretary in charge of examinations puzzled long as to what such a chief should know. Members of the civil service commission failed to enlighten him, and after a few days of futile thought he went to Miss Chadsey herself.

"Can you suggest a list of questions for yourself to answer?" he asked.

Miss Chadsey said she thought she could and she scribbled on a pad for fifteen

(*Continued on page 80*)

The WAITING MAN

by

CLARENCE B. KELLAND

"WHEN she comes back," said Elam Crabill with a vague wave of his hand, "I'll have to git to it and fix up these fences and tidy up a bit."

So it was always. Everything was to be done "when she comes back." Nothing could be accomplished now nor until the happening of the contingency, certain in Elam's mind, but never to occur so far as the judgment of his neighbors went. "When she comes back I'll begin cultivatin' the back forty or buy a new hat or go to meeting or take an interest in politics or do anything else that might be suggested; but until then, well, until she comes back, nothing."

It was now fifteen years since she went away. For fifteen years things had been put off until she should return, an event expected every day. Consequently the accumulation of things to do was great. A farm on which things that ought to have been done for fifteen years remain things to do and a man of whom the same facts may be stated run largely to weeds and shabbiness. Elam and the farm divided the weeds and shabbiness about equally, the farm taking most of the former and Elam the greater part of the latter. A farm that isn't worked and a man that doesn't work grow to be more or less alike in general appearance and effectiveness. You got the impression that things would grow on Elam, if he were carefully cultivated, and that the farm suffered from a dimming of the mind, a sort of softening of the brain. The longer matters continued the more the farm grew to resemble a shiftless man and the man to put you in mind of a neglected farm.

Neighbors argued with Elam that she would never come back; but Elam was not to be convinced. "Some day she'll remember," he insisted. "I was good to her, and she knowed me well enough to be sure I always would be. She thinks about me: yes, she does. Maybe she's thinkin' about me this very minnit." Here the old man stopped to consider this possibility, and his eyes looked far away at something that made them very kind and patient. "Folks always come home sometime," he went on, "and this is home. She's been a long time comin'; but any day may fetch her now."

"More like she's dead," Neighbor said sourly.

"No," Elam replied confidently. "Not without comin' home.. She'd come home to die. You don't know much about women, Neighbor, not much to speak of. But I've been studyin' them fifteen year mighty careful, and I've found out some mighty strange things, things that you wouldn't b'lieve was so if I was to tell you. And the strangest of all of them is that there ain't no bad women. There is bad men all right, bad all the way through, but not women. Some does bad things, fearful bad; but most of the bad things done by women ain't because they're bad but because they're good. Don't sound reasonable, does it? Knew you wouldn't put no credit into it; but it's so. The bad on a woman don't set in. It's like the shell on the aig that there hen's braggin' about layin', all hard and coverin' the outside; but the part of the aig that's worth while is inside, and so 'tis with a woman. And, Neighbor, that inside don't *never* spile. That there, Neighbor, is one of the reasons why I know she'll come back."

"But your wife run off with somebody," Neighbor insisted.

"Maybe so, maybe so. I ain't never been sure whether she did or not. But if she didn't run off with nobody, then she's been with somebody since and maybe more'n one for all I know. It ain't likely to have been no other way, Neighbor. But she ain't forgot me nor that I'll be keepin' a-home for her. Never fear about that! And when she's had enough of doin' without me, she'll be comin' back."

"And you'd take her in?"

Elam looked at Neighbor with the first surprise he had shown for a matter of six or seven years. "Take her in? Course I'd take her in. That's what I'm waitin' for. Seems like I can't do nothin' but wait. It's what I'm for. When I'm done waitin' for her and she's come, then I'll be able to do something else and work and farm and worry like other men. But until she comes I ain't got no occupation but jest waitin' for her. Every feller has his perfession or callin'. Some's preachers and some's lawyers and some's drunkards and some's crim'nals; but mine ain't nothin' like any of them. It's jest waitin' for her."

Neighbor turned away with impatience that it was not worth his while to make less apparent. "You'll be on the town one of these days," he predicted with almost a smack of the lips. Evidently he was looking forward to the day when he could exclaim, "And I told you so."

"Not before she gits back," Elam replied confidently.

Elam was not impatient. There was no eagerness in his waiting, but a great confidence that it would be rewarded. He knew she would come, and then his life would go on from the place she stopped it. He was like a clock that had been broken by a sudden jar. Its hands remain at the hour of its calamity, ready to go on when a new mainspring is provided. Just as Elam could not run without *his* mainspring.

He walked slowly to the fence which protected his garden from the street and inspected without interest a break where last night's storm had thrown down post and boards. He rubbed his stubbled cheek as was his custom and looked at the small havoc with a sigh that had nothing whatever to do with the matter at hand. Then he stooped, picked up the post and instead of replacing it in its hole, which was the logical thing to do, carefully laid it inside on the grass and went back to his rickety porch to ruminate. He rested his chin on his knuckles, propped his elbows on his knees and chewed a spear of timothy.

Far down the road a cloud of dust, denser than that driven by occasional eddies of wind, appeared and approached. Elam turned his head and watched it vaguely. The cloud was not so dense that Elam could not see through it to the woman whose tired shuffle was its proximate cause. Women always interested him; so he moved his head so he could watch more comfortably and did not take his eyes off her until she was abreast of him. He always did so with every woman who approached, for who knew but it might be *she*?

AT the break in the fence the woman stopped and looked uncertainly at Elam. He returned her gaze and nodded slightly. She leaned a hand on the top board of the fence and rested, while with a dingy handkerchief she wiped moist dust stains from her face.

"Dusty walkin'," ventured Elam; but the woman regarded that as too obvious to deserve a reply. She dusted her skirt until little spurts of cloud sprang from it, and kicked her shoes against the trunk of a tree. Finally she cleared her throat and spoke. The dust was in her very voice.

"I'd be much obleeged for a drink," she said.

"Cert'nly, cert'nly. Step right in and set. I'll fetch a pitcher and glass. Step right in and set."

The woman sank wearily on the lower step and relaxed her body against the step above. To miss no breath of the scarce noticed breeze that played there in the shade, she removed her sailor and unconsciously fanned herself with it. Presently Elam returned with the water and pouring a glass held it out to her. Its coolness was so refreshing to her fingers that she clasped it in both hands before carrying it to her mouth. Then she drank deep and thirstily.

"Walkin' far?" asked Elam. His question was not from curiosity but from a sense that he ought to say something to his temporary guest.

"I don't know," said the woman after a long pause. She did not look at Elam; but now and again her eyes turned up the road she had traveled, and when they saw nothing the worried lines slipped for an instant from her forehead.

"Lookin' for work?" Elam was inspired by a desire to be of assistance if possible. The woman shook her head. She shut her eyes and rested, and Elam asked no further question. After a while she opened her eyes again and looked intently up the road.

"When can I get a train out of town?" she asked.

"Which way?"

"I don't care." She spoke hurriedly, tremblingly. "Any way, just so I get away from here." She sat upright. "I *got* to get away, and I hadn't ought to be settin' here." She arose wearily and drew a deep breath.

Elam watched her with aroused interest. "Better set again. You're pretty nigh done up, and there ain't no train till six. Just set there and rest; there ain't no call to hurry."

She sunk down again with a gesture almost of despair. "Not till six. Not till six. That's hours, and he'll have time—" She checked herself suddenly.

Illustrations by VINCENT LYNCH

Elam began to rub his cheek and to chew more aggressively on his spear of grass. When he spoke it was to utter something which seemed to have no connection with present events or previous conversation.

"I expect there's lots of husbands settin' at home waitin' for wives to come back," he said.

The woman started erect and looked at him wide eyed. He seemed not to notice her, however, and went on as though carrying on a conversation already well under way. "It ain't no onusual thing for a wife to go away from her husband. Lots does it. I don't s'pose there's a town in the state where there ain't a man that's waitin'. Did you ever think about that—about the man waitin' and waitin'?"

The woman trembled violently and rested for support against the porch. There was fear in her eyes.

"How—how did you know?" she whispered.

Elam smiled. "I ain't had nothin' to do these fifteen year but study about women," he said gently. "So you've made up your mind to leave him?"

She nodded and bit her lips. "I got to. I can't stand it no longer. Prob'ly you think I'm wicked, and everybody'll think I'm wicked. And maybe I be, but I got to do it."

"Sure you got to if you feel like that about it," he agreed, "and 'tain't wicked. At least *I* don't think so and I ought to know. I've always said women wasn't never wicked; only sometimes they're mistaken. You got your mind all made up that it ain't right for you to live with your husband any more, ain't you?"

Again she nodded.

"Then," he said, "it ain't right. If you're sure you think it's wrong to stay with him then it's right to leave him. Only you want to be sure you think so. Whether it actually is right or wrong don't cut no figger whatever; it's whether you think honest it is wrong."

THE woman did not answer, but sat there thinking. Again Elam spoke.

"Ain't he treated you right?" he questioned.

"He—he's always been good to me."

Elam nodded understandingly. "Of course. More women leave men that's good to them than them that abuses them. I s'pose the abused ones has got so much trouble to think about that they ain't got much time left to go figgerin' on leavin'."

Once more she turned and gazed up the road.

"'Fraid he'll be follerin' you?"

"Yes."

"What d'you s'pose he's follerin' you for?"

The woman looked puzzled, shook her head uncertainly and gazed steadily in the direction from whence she had come.

"Is he follerin' to hurt you? Would he lay vi'lent hands onto you?"

"No," she said a trifle sharply. Elam remarked the note in her voice and saw that unconsciously she had defended her husband from an unfounded charge.

"Would he force you to go back with him?"

"No," she said dully, "but he'd ask me to."

"Yes," agreed Elam, "likely he would. He'd ask you to go back, but he wouldn't make you go. But he shan't have a chance to ask you if you're certain sure you don't want him to. I'll see to that. You can get clean away and him never see you, and he'll have to go back home alone. I s'pose there's lots of men goes back home alone and then waits. Sometimes I git to thinkin' about all them men that's settin' to home or puttering around their farms or businesses just a-waitin' and a-waitin' and a-waitin'. Some of them understand and some of them don't. Some is sore and angry, and the waitin' is hard. Others understands and is just sorry and patient, but they're all waitin', and waitin' is weary business. Did you ever do much waitin'—the kind of waitin' that matters?"

She shook her head again.

"I know how 'tis with them waitin' husbands. In the mornin' they git up and say to themselves, 'Maybe *she'll* come back to-day.' And every time a woman comes up the road they shades their eyes and hopes it's her, and when they goes to bed at night they thinks that to-morrow is the day she'll be comin' along. They git so they can't do nothin' but just wait. Maybe some is stronger willed than others and can hide it; but inside of them there ain't nothin' but waitin', waitin,' always waitin'. Seems kinda hard, don't it?"

Elam looked at the woman covertly; but her face was turned from him, her eyes fixed on the road, and he could not [illegible] that her features worked spasmodically.

"I wouldn't never criticize no woman for leavin' her husband," he went on after a brief pause. "Nobody kin judge them but themselves, 'cause nobody knows what *they* know. But if I was a woman and thought of leavin' a waitin' man behind me, I guess I'd try to be perty sure that I done right in goin', specially if the man had been good to me. Women git notions, and no one can blame them; but a notion ought to be turned into a sure certainty before it's acted on. It ought to be thought over real careful on account of the responsibility of leavin' a man behind to wait till she comes back."

"'Till she comes back,'" echoed the woman.

"Yes," Elam said trustfully, "until she comes back, for she'll come back when she's got enough of things out there." He gestured widely with his arms, signifying the world at large. As he did so, he saw a new cloud of dust appear far down the road and paused to scrutinize it. "Does *he* drive a sorrel hoss?"

"Yes."

"He's a-comin' then. Now you got to make up your mind what you're goin' to do. If you want to go away I won't lay a straw in your road, and I'll see to it he don't catch you. Jest step into the house outa sight. Remember, Ma'am, that whatever you do is right, even if you do turn him into a waiter—a waiter like me."

The woman hesitated, let her eyes wander once more along the yellow line of the road which seemed to quiver, almost to bubble and seethe with the heat, and with her knuckles pressed to her mouth passed swiftly into the house. Elam refilled the pitcher with water from the well. As the horse came abreast of the gate Elam poured a brimming glass and raised it to his lips. It was an appeal that the driver could not resist. The sight of that cool, sparkling water caused his hands automatically to tighten [illegible] the reins, and he brought his horse to a standstill.

"Have a glass?" called Elam. "Tie and come into the shade. Feller's throat gits clogged drivin' on a day like this."

Mutely the man alighted and secured his horse to the tree, and slowly he came up the rickety walk to the porch. Elam was waiting for him, a full glass in hand. The man drank eagerly and had the glass filled a second time before he spoke.

"Seen a woman pass this way—walkin'?" he asked huskily.

"What kind of a woman?" Elam inquired with his eyes on the stranger's face, taking stock of him and determining what manner of man he was.

"A married woman," said the stranger shortly.

"H—m," said Elam. "Your wife?"

"Yes." The man looked at Elam with tired eyes and sank on the porch from which his wife had but now arisen. "My wife." He hesitated a moment. "I expect I might as well tell you; enough'll know it perty soon. She's leavin' me, and I'm tryin' to catch up with her. She left a note."

"Leavin' with another man?" asked Elam with apparent callousness.

The man half rose to his feet, and his chin jutted out belligerently. "No, not with no other man. I want you to understand that my wife ain't that kind of woman. She may be leavin' me, but she's a good woman, Mister. There never was a better. I don't know, for the life of me, why she's up and done this thing; but there ain't no wrong-doin' connected with it."

"Course not," Elam said slowly. "Women is never bad—only sometimes mistaken. So you're tryin' to catch up with her? What for?"

The man considered. Evidently he had formed no plan and had no idea what he would do if he overtook his wife. Following instinct he had started in pursuit—that was all. When he spoke it was with care. His words were the result of study.

"If I come up with her," he said, "I'd first say to her, 'Susy, there ain't no harm done yet, and there's a spare seat in this here buggy. It's for you if you want it.'"

(Continued on page 82)

THE COSTLY JOYS OF LIVING

By Joseph Ernest

Illustrations by Carton Moore-Park

TO sup on lobsters and other shell-fish, curiously seasoned and disguised *à la*, may be unwise from a dietetic point of view, but it is an innocent amusement in itself. The moment it is done to the accompaniment of popular rag-time music, however, it becomes morally reprehensible. Any attempt to explain away this sinister phenomenon would degenerate into the sheerest casuistry. It is as much a scientific fact as the possibility of combining two ordinarily innocuous elements to form a deadly poison.

When it is stated therefore that Carlo Miglioretti and his wife permitted themselves to visit Max Untermeyer's famous Gargoyle Restaurant the least worldly reader will realize that these young people were placing themselves in grave moral danger. It is well known that the patrons of the Gargoyle were not only to be seen nightly coquetting with crab meat *Creole* to the strains of "That Ridiculous Rag," but were surrounded by decorations of breath catching costliness in gorgeous styles of mixed classic decadence; that colored lights, red and green and blue, gleamed upon them from clustered grapes and vine leaves, and that they gave ear to the songs of pretty ladies with voluminous coiffures topped with bunches of chiffon.

And when it is confessed—for this is a moral tale—that the orchestra at the Gargoyle Restaurant was polluted by the addition of three banjos and the final enormity of a trap drummer, nothing further need be said to show that the guests of Max Untermeyer placed both feet squarely on the greased chute of Avernus.

Small wonder indeed that the youthful patrons of the Gargoyle glossed their downfall with fictitious gaiety, that they sought to forget their doom in chorus songs, that as the night wore on they would even arise on occasion to dance, in juvenile abandon, strange steps between the rose shaded tables. In their hearts they must have known that they were lost. Take away the lobsters and the lights; ignore if you will the coon shouters, the grape vines, the Graeco-Roman statuary and the banjos. The trap drummer alone with his slap-sticks, his nutcrackers and his jimjams would have sealed the fate of the dressy young men and shining girls who supped with the wily Untermeyer. Stern, middle-aged moralists regularly visited the Gargoyle to weep over the follies of misguided youth.

This apology is necessary on behalf of Carlo Miglioretti, because he was there merely to indulge one of Fritzi's whims. The road to ruin that is paved with oyster shells is more difficult for poor people than good people imagine. Besides his musician's soul suffered acutely whenever the trap drummer used his feet as well as his hands. A great disadvantage of the artistic temperament is that it makes so many things jar you. But it has the still greater advantage that its possessor may achieve a novel and thrilling conquest every time his wife unpacks a new frock. So between his spasms of musical horror, in which Carlo shrank into himself as if he were being scalped, he pressed the toe of Fritzi's small slipper under the table and pretended that he had just made her acquaintance and was quite immoderately happy and in love.

Fritzi was very physical, and to mark the expenditure of almost a whole week's housekeeping appropriation on a single supper she had attired herself bewilderingly from the recesses of her trunks. The pale green silk with the suggestion of Egyptian embroidery on it gave her a Cleopatra-like allure, and the big gargoyle with the green, incandescent eyes that craned its neck over the orchestra grinned amiably down upon her and seemed to recognize her for one of its own.

"You dear, ugly thing, I'd like to buy you," said Fritzi, smiling back at it. Carlo did not hear. He had placed his fingers to his ears at a peculiarly excruciating passage marked *fortissimo* in the banjo score. Fritzi rested her chin on her hands, a chin as strongly molded as the ram of a cruiser, and studied him with sympathy.

"I'm more convinced than ever, Carlo *mio*," she said, "that we are utterly unsuited to each other."

Carlo uncovered his ears instantly. He would have heard and risen to combat such a suggestion if he had been at the point of death in a boiler factory.

"*Macchè!* And why?" he demanded belligerently.

"The old gargoyle knows. All this costliness and foolishness and lights and noise—I *like* it."

"Because you are very young," replied Carlo, breaking into an exotic smile of relief. "That cures itself."

"No, it's because I am me," insisted Fritzi, with a serious droop of the childish mouth that contradicted her square chin. "You've got to understand that or we shall have trouble. I'm just a rather good animal, all hair and eyes and teeth and shoulders, with a magnificent digestion and not two ideas to rattle together in my head. Why on earth does a genius so often marry that sort of woman?"

"I am not a genius, but a poor musician," said Carlo, leaning forward. "Because I love you I am here in this haunt of barbarity. I would suffer much more than this, *carissima mia*."

"I wonder now," said Fritzi, meeting his adoring smile with blue eyed inscrutability, "just how much you would be prepared to suffer."

Carlo's handsome, sensitive face was peculiarly magnetic when he smiled. It was a sunny, ecstatic, infectious smile with just enough hint of manly quality in it to save it from over-sweetness. Fritzi found it hard to banish that smile.

"Take your foot off my toe, little boy," she said. "I'm going to make you show down. What would you say if I told you that I am going to sing here?"

"*Accidenti!* Here at the Gargoyle?"

Fritzi nodded and held her breath while the sunny, southern smile dissolved in a thunderous frown.

"Yes, I'm tired of sitting at home and watching the sunlight crawl across the carpet. They made me a good offer to-day, and I enticed you here to see if I wanted to take it. And I do."

Carlo stared around him, at the grinning gargoyle, at the colored lights, at the singers and dancers, at all the luxurious barbarity and cacophonous gaiety of the place. Then he beckoned to a waiter.

"Let us go," said Carlo with an air of admirable self-restraint.

Silently he watched Fritzi fold a wrap over her athletic shoulders and collect the meaningless superfluities that women spread about them in restaurants. Together in silence they passed out of the magnificence of Untermeyer's into the dismal bareness of an elevated station, Carlo frowning in deep thought, Fritzi a little subdued and apprehensive. Both felt that they were facing the first crisis of their married life.

Their tiny apartment in one of those far western streets where the roar of the elevated trains beats down rentals appeared to them that night for the first time as something less than Elysian. In the parlor the cushions were still dented and awry. The green plush table cover twisted in the bustle of their departure had not been straightened, and lunch things littered table and sideboard. Flowers collected on their last country excursion were wilting and scattering their faded petals on the carpet, and gusts of the night wind from an opened window disarranged the curtains and shuffled the sheet music on Fritzi's piano that disproportionately filled one corner of the room. The transition was too marked, and Carlo groaned as he turned up the lights. Fritzi had stopped in the hall to pick up some parcels and presently appeared with a pink tradesman's slip in her hands.

"Butter's up to forty again," she said, waving it as if it were an unanswerable argument.

"What has that to do with it?" demanded Carlo miserably.

"Everything, you simp!" retorted his wife.

Carlo's slight foreign accent was accentuated by suppressed emotion when he spoke again.

"Listen, Fritzi—you do not seriously intend to sing for Untermeyer?"

Fritzi dropped a cushion and faced him fighting, her hands on her hips and her chin raised.

"And why not, if I wish? I always earned my living before we got married, and it doesn't feel natural to fool away the time. Besides it isn't only butter. Everything's up. Your violin will bring you money to paper the rooms with some day; but you'll be poor a long time, and there are bills to be paid."

"The bills are my affair," replied Carlo with dignity. "I married you, and it is for me to support you."

"That's where I have to wake you up, Carlo *mio*," said Fritzi, squaring her supple shoulders. "It was I who married you. You would never have had the nerve to ask for me if I hadn't given you a lead. Why on earth should I live on your earnings? I'm not an imbecile or an invalid."

"You are nevertheless my wife," said Carlo hotly. "And I have authority to say what you shall do." He rose and buttoned his coat jerkily, patting each button. It was a storm signal; but Fritzi met him eye to eye unafraid.

"You'd better can that authority stuff, Carlo," she said. "Maybe you could put it over among your sloe eyed signorinas back there in sunny Italy; but it doesn't go here. An American girl will stand for all the romance you can hand out; but when it comes to this husband thing we're mighty apt to renig."

Carlo understood that when his wife reverted to the regrettable language of her vaudeville days she was very near to tears. He spread his hands despairingly and sat down.

"But of all places, the Gargoyle—" he began.

"It's the money," Fritzi struck in, standing over him; "it's the crisp, crackling mazuma, *tesoro mio!* I'm not clever like you. I couldn't keep myself in waists at your high-brow chamber concerts. It's either Untermeyer's or back to the sawdust for mine—and that would mean leaving you to go on circuit, for I'm not even up to New York standard. Now you see what a boob you married."

She sat down beside him and pressed his arm.

"Don't you see," she went on, "that I've just got to do something? You have a long wait for success, and even this place—" she indicated the tiny, disordered flat with a sweep of the hand—"even this, with the trains running past the window, ash cans for gate posts and thugs for neighbors, is more than we can really afford. A girl can't play at Four Hundred

in a six by ten flat under the "L" until she has lost her self-respect. In this country it's considered wicked. And Untermeyer offered me—"

She bent her golden head and whispered in his ear. Carlo started. The sum was more than his concert fees had averaged for months, brilliant executant as he was. There are alas so many brilliant executants. The ignominy of the thing hit him like a blow, and he sprang up again with clenched fists.

"*Per Bacco*, I will not permit it," he said. "It is an indignity! It is a disgrace! I will advertise for pupils—anything!"

"No, you won't," said Fritzi, clasping her hands over her knees. "You'll go ahead and get famous. What does it matter? It's all in the family."

"But I tell you, Fritzi, that I forbid it—absolutely forbid it!"

"Go and forbid the grocer to mark butter up," said Fritzi coolly. "Go and forbid the bank to whittle your balance away. They're pipe contracts beside denying an American citizen the right to work for her living. This thing will lift us right out of here and stake us to a flat up-town, with a tiled bathroom and a shining nickel shower and a maid to keep things tidy and a janitor that's half-way decent. And I shan't get that sinking sensation every time I file away a market check. If you think I'll give up that prospect because you can't shed Dago ideas about authority you've got another think due!"

She rose and flounced into the bedroom. Carlo heard drawers opening and shutting convulsively in the chiffonier. He flew to his violin, his unfailing comfort in times of stress. His playing was certainly marvelous in point of manual dexterity. His brilliant arpeggios, his pure harmonics, his accurate double-fingering bespoke a technique built up by years of hard work and self-denial. In colorature he was superb, and when at last he launched into the "Song of the Soul" it was as if he spoke to Fritzi and appealed to her by all that was dear to them not to endanger their romance. The "Song of the Soul" represented about the limit of Fritzi's understanding in music; but the things she could understand appealed to her very strongly. As he finished the triumphant swelling song she returned and sat at his feet in mute worship.

"*Tesoro mio*, you are surely great," she said. "When you are famous and rich, and I'm not pretty any more and nobody wants me, remember that I never complained and that I tried to help in the bad times. I haven't any brains and I've got to take any way that comes handy. Now won't you unfasten me at the back, or has it begun to bore you?"

What could a young Italian husband do but swear that he would cheerfully die on the day that he ceased to find a thrill in the manipulation of hooks and eyes and squash buttons?

❀

THE following day was one of distracting emotions for Carlo Miglioretti. He felt as a man might feel who, floating in a balloon amid sunlit clouds, suddenly becomes aware that the ropes are parting. The joy of hunting out their modest home and collecting piece by piece their modest furniture, their perpetual pleasure in each other's society and their carelessness of the morrow had been the natural atmosphere for his romantic soul. He felt a sense of blind anger that mere pecuniary considerations should be able to dispel it. There was something vulgar in this intrusion of the dollar upon their joy of living. It was preposterous that a thing so fine and delicate as their marriage should depend in the last event upon the price of butter. He had a moment of resentment against Fritzi because she could not see this.

As he walked to the elevated station in the morning on his way to the conservatory, where he taught the unmusical children of infatuated parents, he almost forgot in his stress of mind to turn at the corner of the block and wave farewell to her. When he looked back she was still at the parlor window, the curtain draped over her blonde head, gazing after him in pained suspense. He waved to her according to ritual, and the blonde head withdrew, pacified.

Down-town an automobile passed him, luxuriously caparisoned and filled with well-dressed men and women. He knew the dark, vivid little man who sat next to the chauffeur with that air of pleased proprietorship. It was Bartolomeo Fanciulli, a man no older than himself, whose income from the songs they sang nightly at the Gargoyle soared into many thousands a year. They had been fellow-students, and he wondered dimly how the brilliant Bart had so forgotten his ambitions as to write things that reeked little of counterpoint and nothing at all of art.

Bart pulled the car up and waved a hand that flashed in the sun.

"Come for a blow, Carlo!" he invited spaciously.

"I am very sorry," smiled Carlo, "but I have my pupils."

"Still pupils, with an execution like yours?" Bart raised his thick, black eyebrows. "Well, you will soon have to drop that, when your picture is on all the concert posters, eh?"

The car swept on, and Carlo shrugged his shoulders and hurried to his work. The pupils were particularly unmusical that day. A greater proportion than usual of their fingers appeared to be thumbs, and their clumsy bowing evolved noises that set his teeth on edge.

"If you will be so good," he would say. "The elbow a leetle more inward, the small finger a leetle more extended, so! The bow at a right angle—one and two and three." And then to himself, "*Per Dio!* At the Gargoyle they are at least in tune!"

He hastened home at last, so eagerly that he frowned at the stations that intervened as at some personal enemy. His soul longed for Fritzi's open armed welcome. He pictured as he ran up the stairs—there was no elevator—her white shadow in the hall and her smile of greeting. His own brilliant smile appeared anew. Well, it was good after all to have some one to wait for you!

But no light step sounded in the hall, and no Fritzi tripped to open the door when he rattled the mail box. Doubtless she was busy in the kitchenette and failed to hear. He used his latch-key, calling out as he opened the door. There was no musical answering voice. Puzzled he looked carefully into every room, though a cat would have had difficulty in concealing itself in their apartment. At last, as he stood frowning blackly in the parlor, his eyes fell on a note scrawled in Fritzi's round, upright hand. It said that she had been asked to attend early at Untermeyer's in order to rehearse, and that he must dine at the little Italian restaurant at the corner of the block. It was the place at which they had been wont to celebrate *festas* together.

Womanlike, Fritzi had used the first piece of paper that came to hand. Turning it over, he saw that it was the grocer's bill—"butter, 40"—and crumpled it vindictively. If you are the ordinary young American husband and return home to find your wife unexpectedly absent, you raise your eyebrows, light a cigar and settle down with resignation in the most comfortable seat to wait for her. Meanwhile you find something to read that your eyes may not be offended by the aching void of her absence. But a young Italian husband meets the situation rather differently. He folds his arms and frowns darkly out of the window for the first minute. During the second he sits down dejectedly and catching sight of a crumpled slip of pink paper on the rug before him, kicks it across the room with a savage laugh. The third minute is devoted to glaring at the pictures and hangings, noting unsuspected crudities of coloring and contrast and forming deadly hatreds against the dumb, inanimate furniture. He observes with pain the spot on the old rose carpet where Fritzi spilled the milk one hilarious supper-time and the bare place on the sideboard where the silver mounted Tantalus cup will be when he gets rich. In the fourth minute, noting two little high heeled slippers under the sofa, he buries his head in his hands and groans with loneliness: and in the fifth, with black curls in staring confusion and eyes wildly rolling, he seizes the carving knife and bursts into the street in a rage. At least that is how it feels. Carlo, however, had been sufficiently Americanized to content himself with shutting the outer door with unnecessary violence. Then he strode tragically into the corner restaurant and dined in gloomy solitude.

To return to his silent, deserted apartment was out of the question. As he crushed his hat on the back of his curly, black head and emerged from the restaurant he felt like a homeless man and laughed bitterly at the idea of calling a few box-like rooms strewn with discrepant furniture a "home"—unless they contained Fritzi. He wandered aimlessly in the direction of the theater district, and an hour later found himself, without in any way intending it, checking his hat at the hive-like entrance to the glistening Gargoyle Restaurant.

For a long time Carlo sat at a table near the door, hiding behind the trickling Roman fountain in the center. He caught only momentary glimpses of the singers at the end of a vista of tables and statues. There was a Titian haired slip of a girl from whose rosebud lips slid long choruses of unconscious wickedness, a quartette of coon shouters with a kind of syncopated St. Vitus dance in their knees and shoulders, and a brawny, raven haired Irishwoman, with an arch smile and eyes that promised kisses as she moved among the tables. And then Fritzi, like a glorious, golden Amazon, chanting comic opera absurdities under the grinning gargoyle to the tinkle of the banjos and the steady, punctuating crash of the trap drummer! Fritzi, with a white, coquettish spray in her blonde hair, her shining arms extended, her baby mouth belying her square chin, her dancing eyes alight with the flattery of an immediate popularity—Fritzi, in short, very plainly in her element. The meaningless ballad she sang subtracted nothing from the adoration in her husband's face whenever she moved into view, an adoration strangely piqued by the feeling that she was less his own than she had been on their first visit the evening before; that in some sinister manner the sneering, complacent gargoyle with the green eyes had assumed a joint proprietorship. Carlo was so concerned in watching Fritzi, while avoiding any risk that she should catch sight of him and falter in her song, that he quite failed to notice the presence of the same automobile party he had encountered earlier in the day.

When little Bart Fanciulli came across and slapped him gaily on the shoulder he started and stared.

"We're plugging one of my new things," said the little man merrily, "and it is surely cleaning up the town. I guess I get this new girl to do it here. She looks useful to me. Come across and help."

He planted Carlo opposite Mrs. Fanciulli, a handsome brunette blazing with diamonds and dripping with old lace. As the wife of the composer of "That Devastating Dago Dance" she was a guest of importance, and the great Max Untermeyer himself had stopped in his rounds to engage her in gracious gossip. Carlo found himself speculating on the value of her jewelry and listening enviously to Bart's chatter of song successes and dollars and automobiles and real estate.

Fritzi finished her song amid vociferous applause in which even Carlo had to join with enthusiasm.

"She's a new one on me," observed Bart, beating the table with his fist. "I guess I have Max to bring her along presently and get acquainted."

Carlo shifted uneasily.

"Don't do that," he said. "She is my wife."

Bart gesticulated in elaborate surprise.

"*Per diuc!* And you like not to have her sing here?"

"She does it against my express command," replied Carlo, with a magnificent frown and a raising of his shoulders.

"Then why you stand for it?" queried Bart.

"I am an artist," replied Carlo, with something less than his usual pride in the statement. "Therefore I am poor. I am thus disarmed."

Bartolomeo nodded sympathetically. Then, after ascertaining that his wife was still intent on her gossip with the proprietor, he said something about art. It was all very well in its place, he went on. He also, Bartolomeo, it appeared, was an artist. He wrote operettas in which he reposed great hopes. But in the meantime he picked out one-finger tunes because the first duty of man was to earn enough money to keep his women-folk amused. All things worth having cost much money. The difference between life that was worth living and life that was not, he remarked, was a calculable number of dollars a year. And though an artist could fool himself about this and live on schweitzer-käse sandwiches for his ambition's sake, he couldn't fool a woman. It wasn't living that cost high; it was the joy of life—friends, varied interests, travel, security, a home filled with satisfying and beautiful things. Women were wiser than men—they *knew*. Looking carefully round to see that his wife did not hear, Bart repeated his remark about art, explosively and with amplification.

When Carlo at length rose to depart his friend pressed a card into his hand and exacted a promise that he would call on the morrow.

"I got a scheme—'way up, magnif'!" he said with a mysterious wink.

Later he repeated the wink to Max Untermeyer.

"I got heem going," said Bart. "When he forget his art nonsense he do well."

"A man at twenty-four, Mr. Fanciulli," replied Max with a sigh, "is so clever and artistic already as he never again in his life will be."

Bart sighed in his turn.

"Because at twenty-four he get married," said Bart. "I also, I have had my dreams." And he ducked his head in mock terror to avoid Mrs. Fanciulli's avenging fan.

* * * * *

When Fritzi reached home that night, weary but flushed with success, it was to find Carlo in a state of cold despair. They confronted each other across the green table cover, Fritzi defiantly guilty, Carlo disposed to an icy courtesy that was novel and puzzling in the extreme.

(*Continued on page* 84)

"And I Say That You Will Do as You Are Told!" Returned Carlo Angrily

MR. HENRY STICKINHOUSE TRIES HOUSECLEANING

By Sam E. Smyth

Illustrations by Robert A. Graef

IT was a large, bright, sunny morning in May, and as Henry Stickinhouse smiled out of his bedroom window and stretched and yawned it seemed to him that old Mother Earth was also stretching and yawning. Everything looked green and fresh—the air, the trees, the sounds, the grass, the milkman and the paper boy.

All Nature seemed waking up and rubbing her eyes. The early bird chanted a seductive strain, with one eye on the angleworm's lair and the other on the sheet music. The angleworm wiggled in his oozy home and crawled through his long, cold hall to his front door. The neighbor's brindle cow bawled for that king of idlers, the hired man, to come with his two-gallon milk pail for the three-quart contribution. Feline prima donnas tripped along back fences uttering snatches of last night's opera in voices beginning to unravel. Careless washings still flapped on clothes-lines as the kittenish May atmosphere played hide-and-seek, now up a man's shirt sleeve, now ducking over and into a woman's nightie and lingering long in the catacombish windings of a union suit.

Mr. Stickinhouse pulled a few gallons of fresh ozone down into his office lungs and smiled as if some one had just paid up his house rent for a year.

"By jinks, I'd like to stick around the house and eat fresh air all day," he smiles to himself as he watches the neighbor's hired man with a milk pail on his arm sneak up on the family cow.

"Goodness," exclaims Mrs. Stickinhouse at the breakfast table, "that woman isn't coming after all." Then she gazes anxiously up the street.

"What woman?" asks Henry, soaking his Chopped Door Mat Flakes in milk the color of an Italian sky.

"Why, the woman I hired to help me clean house," says Mrs. Stickinhouse sadly. "And here I'm all ready and the day is simply gorgeous for cleaning."

Suddenly Henry's eyes light up and stare into the delicate blue milk. Why not stay home from the office himself and beat carpets and lug mattresses?

"Mary," he exclaims suddenly, wiping the royal blue stain off his mustache, "I'll stay home from the office myself and help clean house!"

"Oh, Henry," she cries happily, "if you only will! The exercise and fresh air will do you a lot of good, dear."

Home all day! It sounds like a penitentiary pardon to Henry's office ears. Away from the office, ledgers, cash-books, worries and work! Oh, you wonderfully easy housecleaning! Whistling gayly, Henry runs up-stairs and gets into old clothes. Ah, Henry, you are rushing in where winged angels would skiddoo! But you are a man, and man falls for anything—when a woman asks. Ever since Eve picked that crab in Eden man's life has been one long, slippery toboggan.

Henry had evidently forgotten the hidden dangers that lurk in the innocent faced mattress, the treachery of a gangling stovepipe, the fiendish laugh of the bed-spring as it soaks man calmly over the noodle with its heathenish, unguided end. Long years ago Henry had struggled against the sulphurous temptations housecleaning welled up in his vocabulary; but for years now he had been caged up in a stuffy office and had spent his time teaching a ledger and a cash-book to sit up, roll over and walk together. Could we turn back Time in its flight and see the bright flare of the Hades we have passed through we would most certainly hesitate a long time before getting into old clothes and old habits and old temptations.

"Well," says Henry, coming down-stairs, "what's first?"

"Let's see," says his wife. "I guess this dining-room carpet must come up."

Henry grabs his screw-driver and tack saucer and gouges at the carpet. After half an hour's prying his whistle shuts down and he has just twenty-seven tacks pulled. He mops his forehead. Suddenly he frowns, grabs large, sweaty handfuls of carpet and yanks like a Missouri mule. A shower of tacks falls for five minutes, and then Henry wads the carpet into a ball and lugs and rolls and kicks it into the back yard. He finally swears it up on the line. Then, armed with an old horse whip, Henry commences the "dust to dust" chant. He crawls inside the tented walls of the carpet to shove it over, when Nero, the dog, arrives on the scene and spots a pair of strange shoes and four inches of strange pants moving under the carpet. Nero growls and sniffs at Henry's old clothes. A perfect stranger! In one gulp Nero's mouth is stuffed full of Henry's pants, and Henry, inside the carpet, yells like the subterranean rumbling of a volcano. Nero growls and pulls and yanks Henry from one end of the carpet to the other. It's wonderful how Henry on one leg keeps up with Nero who has five.

The carpet bobs up and down like a ghost, strange sounding words oozing out of each end as Henry makes flying trips back and forth like a street car conductor. Suddenly the line snaps and Henry wilts in a lump under the strangling folds of the dining-room carpet. The heavy clothes' prop leans affectionately toward the squirming object under the carpet and lands on Henry's cranium with a dull, B flat sound. Nero yelps for reinforcements, and five neighboring curs desert five neighboring garbage cans and jump the back fence to the scene of combat. Every avenue of escape is guarded by a mouthful of dog teeth. Henry worms his way over to a far corner of the carpet, lifts the edge and peeks out, but immediately crawfishes back under command of a growl and a worm's eye view of about nine hundred dog teeth.

A dog fight up on the corner just then subtracts three hundred and seventy of the teeth, and Henry, with lungs clogged with lint and dust, crawls out. Nero waggles up to him and immediately waggles away with unearthly yelps as Henry lams the cur over the back with the clothes' prop.

"Nice day, Henry," yells old Jones, next door, coming out and smiling over the fence at Henry.

"Huh," growls Henry with a savage frown, "I've seen better."

"Yes, I guess so," says Jones, going back into the house and slamming the door with a loud laugh.

Then Henry knows Jones has enjoyed the whole carpet tragedy and came out on purpose to nag him. With a growl he rolls up the carpet and staggers into the house.

"What, done already?" exclaims Mrs. Stickinhouse.

"Already!" roars Henry, wilting into a chair. "D' you want me to knock the seams loose in that rotten old carpet? Certainly it's done—done brown!"

"Well—let's see," says Mrs. Stickinhouse, thinking. "You can bring down the mattresses, dear, and lay them out on the nice, green grass."

Henry goes up-stairs to get the mattresses. Have you, gentle reader, ever jeopardized your chance of those promised wings and golden harp by monkeying around the limp, languid treachery that lurks in the wobbly ungainliness of a mattress? Then weep for Henry. He walks right up to the first mattress he sees, grabs a large armful of it, like so much hay, and hoists it clear of the bed. Henry staggers under the mutinous weight and takes two intoxicated steps forward, rams into the dresser and is hurled back into a dark corner with the mattress on top clinching him with a half Nelson and strangle hold. He mentions a few words Noah Webster forgot to include in his dictionary, and crawls out of his corner for the next fall. He spars for an opening and takes things easier.

Henry finally grabs the mattress by the ears and tucks it under his arm like a huge sandwich. Huh! He's got it. He smiles the smile that keeps step with the pride that goes before the fall. With careful steps he wigwags over to the stairs and waits on the top step till the squirming thing under his sweaty grasp steadies down. Then he starts boldly down-stairs. The hind end of the mattress hits the top step, bounces up and trembles violently. Henry feels the good ship Mattress slipping her chains. The impetus gained by the sudden contact with the top step punches the mattress quickly forward and downward, and Henry patters down the next half dozen steps with a speed and agility that scares him. The stern of the good ship Mattress wobbles from side to side like she's slipped her rudder, and Henry's face gets red and sweaty and he swears like a sea pirate. Mutiny is in full swing. Henry tries desperately to round the corner in the crook of the stairs at full speed; but the stern flaps against the newel post, laughs a soft, fiendish, cottony gurgle, whisks around and kicks Henry down the rest of the steps alone.

"Well, gracious me, Henry," yells his wife from the dining-room, "aren't you ever coming with that mattress?"

"For heaven's sake," roars Henry, as he backs out painfully from under the hat rack, "give a man time! I ain't going to catch a train with this blasted, old, measly mattress!"

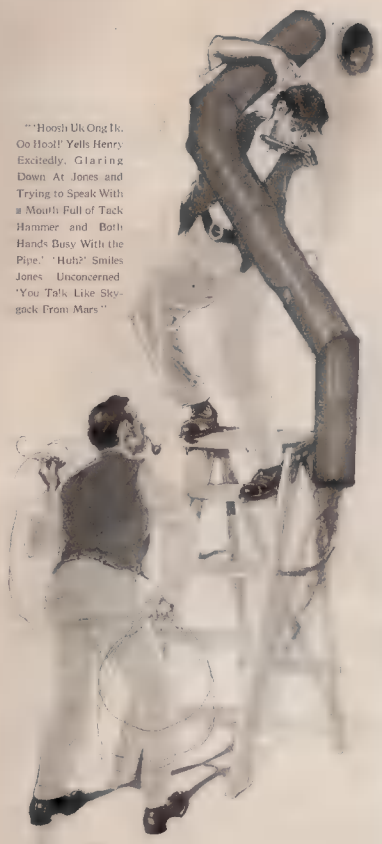
Then Henry goes up to the mattress and kicks it down to the bottom, drags it through the parlor and upsets two jardinières, knocks over the center table with its bowl of goldfish and rips the curtains off the archway between the parlor and the dining-room.

"Was it heavy, dear?" smiles Mrs. Stickinhouse, holding the door open as he grunts through with the mattress.

"Heavy!" sniffs Henry disdainfully. Then he tells his wife housecleaning is so cussed easy he's ashamed of her for asking him to stay home and help at such woman's work.

After a half hour's swearing and sweating Henry gets the other mattresses down and sprawls them out on the grass like huge pancakes.

"Listen!" exclaims Mrs. Stickinhouse, with her hand to her ear as she catches the cackle of her chickens in the back yard. "Fresh eggs, dear! Go and get them, quick!"



"'Hoosh Uk Ong Ik, Oo Hool!' Yells Henry Excitedly, Glaring Down At Jones and Trying to Speak With a Mouth Full of Tack Hammer and Both Hands Busy With the Pipe.' 'Huh?' Smiles Jones Unconcerned 'You Talk Like Skygack From Mars"

Henry smiles happily at the thought of his chickens laying again and hurries back to the chicken coop. He gathers a half dozen in his hat and saunters proudly up the back walk, his eyes gazing hungrily at the eggs. Suddenly his careless foot steps on the careless end of a loose plank, and the business end rises gleefully and whangs him over the ear, knocking him flat with his face buried in the white and yellow mass in his hat. With a howl of pain he gropes his way blindly to the back porch where he groans like a dray horse and tells his wife he was strolling peacefully up the back walk when a gang of thugs slunk up in back of him and soaked him over the noodle with a crowbar. He swishes a pan of water over his omelet covered face as his wife gasps and throws out a restraining hand.

"Henry!" she cries. "I just washed out some of your socks in that water!"

Jones, next door, ambles up his back walk from the barn, whiffs at his pipe for a few seconds and smiles over the fence at Henry.

"Nice day, Stickinhouse," he yells with a broad grin.

"Oh, go to the devil!" growls Henry, picking egg-shells out of his mustache.

Then Henry goes in to tack down the dining-room carpet. He gets three sides tacked and finds the fourth dimension doesn't come within five inches of reaching the wall. Henry braces himself, grabs large, sweaty handfuls of carpet and grunts and groans and makes mighty lunges trying to cover the gap. He puffs like a gasoline engine and talks continually to the carpet in strange sounding words that Mrs. Stickinhouse hasn't heard since Henry fired the furnace boy last winter and took the job himself. He rests a moment. Then he lunges again with all his strength. His fingers slip and he rams the pantry wall so hard it costs him $7.89 to restock the broken china.

After inventing seven new cuss words Henry finally gets the carpet stretched and tacked, and it lays as quiet as if he had given it paregoric. Then Mrs. Stickinhouse comes down-stairs and tells Henry he's got it down wrong.

"This worn place goes over there under the couch, dear," she says sweetly, showing him just how it should go. Henry roars like seven lions.

"What in blazes," he yells, "do you think I've been crawling around this room for? Exercise? That carpet's down. Let the blasted, old, moth-eaten rag alone!"

They argue. It's one of the joys of housecleaning. Both are determined. And then Mr. Stickinhouse rips it up with savage jerks. In his wrath he sprawls flat, one hand landing in the exact middle of the saucer of tacks. Seventeen of the sharp pointed little household articles prod cuss words from his second-hand soul. Henry groans tragically and turns pale as he sees a thin, red stream running down his arm from a small, round puncture in his hand. He solemnly prays to his Creator that he'll never again abuse his mother-in-law, will always obey his wife, will never call a baseball umpire a robber and will go to church twice on Sundays if his life is only spared.

After wearing all the gold off his halo he gets the carpet down again. Then his wife wants him to put up the kitchen stovepipe. Henry goes out in the back yard and yells over the fence to old Jones.

"Gimme a little help on a stovepipe, will you, Jones?" he asks kindly.

Jones comes over and they get busy in the kitchen. Henry sticks a tack hammer crosswise in his mouth, slips his arms through a coil of wire and a couple of pipe lengths and climbs the wobbly height of a step-ladder afflicted with spinal meningitis and lumbago. Henry balances his shapely form on the top step and slips the pipes in place, wiggling around like a coochee dancer. Jones grins and has a bad look in his eye. Suddenly the pipe sounds the death rattle and threatens to part in the middle.

"Hoosh uk ong ik, oo hool!" yells Henry excitedly, glaring down at Jones and trying to speak with a mouth full of tack hammer and both hands busy with the pipe.

"Huh?" smiles Jones unconcerned. "You talk like Skygack from Mars. Ick! Ick!"

Then Jones, the old fool, roars. Henry gabbles like a monkey, and his face gets red as a sunset.

"Hoosh uk ong ik!" he cries desperately, his eyes flashing savagely at Jones.

"Aw talk United States," smiles Jones, picking up another length of pipe and holding it up. "Want this?" he asks with a frown.

Henry shakes his head like a rat terrier.

"HOOSH UK ONG IK, OO HOOL!" he roars loudly.

Too late. The next minute the whole stovepipe comes rattling to the floor. Henry beats it down by two seconds. He falls only three feet, but he lands with a sound like a hippopotamus falling out of its nest. Then he sits in the middle of the sooty wreck, takes the tack hammer out of his mouth and crushes Jones with his wrath:

"I told you to 'push up on it, you fool!' "

"How the devil could I understand such garble?" yells Jones, striding over and shaking a fist in Henry's sweaty face. "And don't you go cussin' me, Stickinhouse, after I'm good enough to help you with your darned, old, cheap-skate stovepipe!"

After Henry practices talking with a mouthful of tack hammer, and Jones gets so he can interpret two out of every half dozen words, they get the pipe in place and wired.

Jones mumbles and goes home, and Henry flops into a chair and prays for a nice, friendly earthquake to end it all.

"Henry," calls his wife, "you can take the mattresses up-stairs now. Then take up the front carpet and beat it, bring the pictures outside and wipe them off, mop the bedroom floors and then—"

"Whoa!" yells Henry, jumping to his feet and striding to the telephone.

"Hello," he calls into the transmitter. "Gimme Doyle's Employment Agency." He gets Doyle's. "Hello!" he yells. "Send a six-foot, two-hundred-and-fifty-pound hustler up to seven-forty-two Grand street. Right away!"

Then Mr. Stickinhouse jumps into his other clothes, lights a cigar and catches a street car for the office. He stands on the back platform all the way down-town and enticingly describes with fiendish delight to the innocent young street car conductor the case, the beauties, the gloriously entrancing happiness in beating carpets and cleaning house. As the innocent young street car conductor blushes, Henry smiles diabolically and knows Cupid will soon have him sweating his fool head off over limp, languid mattresses and fondling, gangling legged stovepipes. Misery loves company and usually knows how to get it.

LEARNING FROM MEN

By Lilli Huger Smith

ONE reason that a man as a rule meets the occurrences of every-day life in a more placid spirit than a woman is that he takes things at their true value. He does not confuse the big with the little, but acts in accordance with the relative importance of the two. He does not waste strength by bestowing on the trifling affairs of life thought and concentration for which they do not call; nor does he weaken himself by unprovoked emotional extravagance. He differentiates a disappointment from a calamity and a temporary annoyance from a lasting grief, and refuses to treat them as though they were synonymous. In other words the average man has a sense of balance and a realization of actualities, in which the average woman is deficient.

A man accepts himself for what he is; he acts according to his lights and does not bother himself with wondering how he *might* have acted if he had been some one else. He is not forever trying to get outside of himself, as it were, and view his personality from a detached position in space. He is *himself* and he takes it for granted that is what he was meant to be. He does what his judgment tells him to do and accepts the consequences. About the possible judgment of other people he is not concerned.

It never gives a man any sense of personal injury that his friends live along different lines from his own. He thinks it quite as probable that they are right from their standpoint as that he is from his. He does not consider that either party is reflected on by a difference in the ordering of their daily lives. He feels no overwhelming obligation to keep five servants because his brother-in-law does or to worry over the fact that his first cousin once removed likes a gray business suit when he himself prefers a dark one. He does not think that his nephew's future career is irretrievably ruined because he has been sent to a different school from the one selected for his own son; nor does he feel obliged to increase his daughter's allowance to more than he can afford because it is smaller than that of her best friend. He doesn't worry about any of these things at all. He doesn't see why he should. He knows how to live and let live.

A woman on the contrary has an inborn conviction that whenever there is a discrepancy between her own views and those of a friend one or the other of them must be absolutely wrong. She can't be happy until she has decided which is at fault. It is apt to be the friend, but not always. The average woman is seldom firmly enough established in her convictions not to feel considerable uneasiness if some one she likes disagrees with her. Her opinions are as a rule not the result of clear, collected thought, but are more or less haphazard. They rarely express her own personality, but are compounded from impressions received from a variety of outside sources. They are accumulated rather than evolved. She cannot make up her mind decisively as to what would seem the right course to pursue and abide by the outcome. Her attitude is tentative; she acts casually and waits for the results to tell her whether she has been right or wrong.

The average man's comfortable motto might be: "Do your best with zest, and then rest."

The average woman has never got beyond: "Do something??????? in a flurry!!!!!!! and then worry!—?—!—?—!—?" She is constantly expecting to be guided by no one knows what high, mystical qualities of intuition and ideality, which as constantly fail her because they exist only in her imagination. She has been told for so many centuries that she possesses angelic attributes that she has come to believe that they must be there, even if she is not aware of them herself. She may know perfectly well that she was thinking of her new hobble skirt when she wore that seraphic expression which some one tells her afterwards inspired him to a noble deed, but she takes just as much credit as though her thoughts had been fixed on heaven itself. Indeed she supposes they must have been without her knowing it as some one else saw it so clearly.

The consequence is that a woman is perpetually expecting too much from herself. She takes her entity too seriously, too importantly. She is watching herself continually in awe of her own complexity. She attaches such tremendous significance to her own actions that she is terribly afraid of committing herself by word or deed. She emulates the Delphic Oracle in providing loopholes for herself in every direction. Her thought on any particular subject moves in zigzags, runs down little by-paths and blind alleys, jumps chasms, annexes extraneous matter at every step, doubles and redoubles, turns somersaults in one spot until it is dizzy and then plunges into an abyss in which it is lost forever.

A woman does *not* bear the burden of the world upon her shoulders, individually or collectively, and if she would only stop groaning and striving, clenching her muscles and arching her back for a strain that isn't there she might find that she really has got the capability to face her own little problems intelligently and successfully. If every woman would say to herself each morning on rising, "I am a very ordinary person—just like anybody else, and I'm not expected to move mountains but just to try and be good and simple and do the little things that lie in my way without making a fuss about it!" we would not have nearly so many nervous breakdowns. It is the frantic desire to grasp responsibility and to look upon herself as a pivot on the turning of which mighty issues rest which wrecks so many women who ought to be leading happy, contented, commonplace lives.

A person who puts an absolutely fictitious value on every action, every thought and every decision is living a forced existence in a land of dreams. No wonder women feel overweighted. Doubly and trebly uneasy is that head which imagines it wears a crown—not to mention a halo—when it does not. What women ought to do is to put on sunbonnets and settle down to real life. Then they will find that they can deal with actualities. What they can't deal with are their own personalities, constantly viewed through magnifying glasses!

THE SILENT BATTLE

By George Gibbs

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Philip Gallatin, a young New Yorker of excellent family, goes to the Canadian woods to fight down his desire for strong drink—a family failing. He gets separated from his guide and as night approaches is about to make the best of the situation, when he is startled by the appearance of a girl who has also lost her way. They are forced to spend several days in the rude camp which he builds. Gallatin sets out to discover the lost trail and returns late, worn out and feverish. The girl, who does not know his failing, forces him to take some whisky, which completely upsets him. He makes violent love to her and kisses her, and she strikes him in the face and runs away. Some time after returning to the city they meet again: but the girl, Jane Loring, hearing that Gallatin has been telling of their experience in the woods, refuses to have anything more to do with him. At a dinner given by Mrs. Pennington the two meet, and a reconciliation follows. Later the two become engaged, though this is not generally known. Everything runs smoothly for some time, when suddenly another girl, Nina Jaffray, makes her appearance and destroys all Jane Loring's faith in Gallatin.

"'You Must Not, Father!' Whispered Jane in Tones of Anguish. 'You're in Your Own House! You're Violating—' . . . 'Be Quiet,' He Commanded Shortly, 'Or Leave the Room!'"

Sixth Instalment

WHEN the butler had gone Jane's voice came back to her with surprising clearness. "You were going, I think you said, Nellie dear. So sorry. If you'll excuse me I think I'll hurry up-stairs. I'm dining out and—"

"Jane," Gallatin's voice broke in, "don't go. Give me a chance—just half an hour—ten minutes! I won't take more than that—and then—"

"I don't see—how anything that you say can make the slightest difference—in anything, Mr. Gallatin," she said haltingly. "We both seem to have been mistaken. It's very much better to avoid a—a discussion which is sure to—to be painful to us both."

"What do you know of pain," he whispered, "if you can't know the pain of absence? Nothing that you can say will hurt more than that—the pain of being ignored, forgotten! I have stood it as long as I can; but you needn't be afraid to tell me the truth. If you say that you love—that you're going to marry Van Duyn—I'll go—but not until then—"

"Mrs. Pennington is waiting for you I think," she gasped. But when she turned and looked into the drawing-room Mrs. Pennington was nowhere to be seen.

"No," he went on quickly, "she has gone. I asked her to. Oh, Jane, listen to me! Do you think I could look you in the eyes if there was any other image between? Call me thoughtless if you like—careless—inconsiderate of conventions—inconsiderate even of you; but don't insult yourself by imputing motives that never existed—that never could exist while you were in my thoughts. Oh, Jane—can't you understand—you're the life—the bone—the breath of me? I have no thought that does not come from you, no wish—no hope that you're not a part of. What has Nina Jaffray to do with you and me? If I kissed her it was because—because—" He stopped and could not go on.

"That is precisely what I want to know," Jane said coolly.

"I—I can't tell you."

"No," she said dryly, "I thought not. Miss Jaffray has every reason to be flattered by your attitude. I can only be thankful that you at least possess the virtue of silence—that you really are man enough to preserve the confidence of the women of your acquaintance. Otherwise I myself might fare badly—"

"Stop, Jane!" he cried, coming forward and seizing her by the elbows. "It's sacrilege. Look up into my eyes. You dare not because you know that I speak the truth; because you know that you'll discover in them a token of love unending—the same look that you've always found there; because when you see it you will recognize it as a force too great to conquer—too mighty to be argued away for the sake of a whim of your injured pride! Look up at me, Jane!"

He had his arms around her now; but she struggled in them, her head still turned away.

"Let me go, Mr. Gallatin," she gasped. "It can never be. You have hurt me—mortally."

"No, I'll never let you go until you look up in my eyes and tell me you believe in me."

Neither of them had heard the opening and closing of the front door, nor seen the figure which now blocked the doorway into the hall; but at the deep tones which greeted them they straightened and faced Mr. Loring.

"I beg your pardon, Jane," he was saying with ironical amusement. "I chose the wrong moment it seems." And then in harsher accents, as Gallatin walked toward him, "You! Jane, what does this mean?"

Miss Loring had reached the end of the davenport, where she stood leaning with one hand on its arm, a little frightened at the expression in her father's face, but more perturbed and shaken by the fluttering of her own heart which told her how nearly Phil Gallatin had convinced her against her will that there was nothing in all the world that mattered except his love and hers.

Her father's sudden appearance had startled her, too, for though no words had passed between father and daughter, she knew that her mother had already repeated the tale of her romance and of its sudden termination. She tried to speak in reply to Mr. Loring's question, but no words would come, and after a silence burdened with meaning she heard Phil Gallatin speaking.

"It means, Mr. Loring," he was saying steadily, "that I love your daughter, that I hope some day to ask her to be my wife."

Loring came into the room, his eyes contracted, his bull neck thrust forward, his face suffused with blood.

"*You* want to marry my daughter? *You?* I think you're mistaken." He stopped and peered at one and then the other. "I've heard something about you, Mr. Gallatin," he said more calmly. "Your ways seem to be crossing mine more frequently than I like."

"I hardly understand you," said Gallatin clearly.

"For some weeks past I've been aware of the activity of a certain interest that you or your pettifogging little firm represents in regard to the plans of the Pequot Coal Company. I've followed your movements with some curiosity and read the letters you've written to the New York office with not a little amazement."

"*You* have read them?"

"Yes, I. *I* am the Pequot Coal Company, Mr. Gallatin."

Gallatin drew back a step and glanced at Jane.

"I was not aware—" he began.

"No, I guess not; but it's about time you were," Loring chuckled. He walked the length of the room and back, his hands behind him, passing Jane as though he were unaware of her existence, his huge bulk towering before Gallatin again.

"You are trying to stop the sale of the Sanborn mines," he sneered. "You're meddling, Sir. We tested that matter in the courts. The court records—"

"*Your* courts, Mr. Loring," put in Gallatin, now thoroughly aroused. "I'm familiar with the evidence in the case you speak of."

"*My* courts!" Loring roared. "The Supreme Court of the State! We needn't discuss their decisions here."

"No, but we will discuss them—elsewhere," Gallatin said soberly. He stopped and with a quick change of voice, "Mr. Loring, you'll pardon me if I refuse to speak of this further. I'm sorry to learn that—"

"I'm not through yet," Loring broke in savagely, with a glance at Jane. "We've known for some time that the Sanborn case was in the hands of Kenyon, Hood and Gallatin, and we've been at some pains to keep ourselves informed as to any action that would be taken by your clients. We know something about you too, Mr. Gallatin, and we have followed your recent investigations with some interest and not a little amusement. If we ever had any fear of a possible perversion of justice in this case through your efforts, I may say that it has been entirely removed by our knowledge of your methods and of the personal facts of your career."

"Father!" Jane's fingers were on his arm, and her whisper was at his ear; but he raised a hand to silence her, putting her aside.

"You're aligning yourself with a discredited cause. Your case is a bubble which I promise to prick at the opportune moment. The tone of your letters requesting an interview with a view to reopening the case is impertinent. The compromise suggested is blackmail and will be treated as such."

Gallatin flushed darkly and then turned white at the insult.

"Mr. Loring, I'll ask you to choose your words more carefully," he said angrily, his jaw set.

"I'm not in the habit of mincing words and I'll hardly spare you or the people who employ you for the sake of a foolish whim of a girl, even though she is—"

"You *must* not, Father!" whispered Jane in tones of anguish. "You're in your own house! You're violating all the—"

"Be quiet," he commanded shortly, "or leave the room!"

"I—I asked him to come here," Jane stammered. "I beg you to leave us—"

"No! If Mr. Gallatin has come here at your invitation, all the more reason that you too should hear what I have to say to him."

Jane walked across the room, laid her fingers on Phil Gallatin's arm and stood by his side facing her father. Mr. Loring began speaking, but she interrupted him quickly.

"Whatever you say to Philip Gallatin, Father, you will say to me. Whatever you know of him—I know too—past or present. I love him," she finished solemnly.

One of Gallatin's arms went around her, and his lips whispered, "Thank God for that, Jane!" And then together they faced the older man.

Mr. Loring flinched and some of the purple went out of his face, but his lower lip protruded and his bulk seemed to grow more compact as the meaning of the situation grew upon him. His small eyes blinked two or three times and then glowed into incandescence.

"Oh, I see!" he muttered. "It's as bad as that, is it? I hadn't supposed—"

"Wait a moment, Sir," said Gallatin clearly. "Call it bad if you like; but you haven't a right to condemn me without a hearing."

Loring laughed. "A hearing? I know enough already, Mr. Gallatin."

Gallatin took a step forward, speaking quietly. "You're making a mistake. Whatever you've heard about me, I've at least got the right of any man to defend himself—"

"Your training has served you well! Fortunately I'm not so easily deceived. Until the present moment I have trusted to my daughter's good judgment. Now I find I must use my own. If she isn't deterred by a knowledge of your history, perhaps I can supply her with information which will not fail. I can hardly conceive that she will overlook your conduct when it involves the reputation of another woman!"

"Father!"

Henry Loring had reached the drawing-room door and now stood, his legs apart, his fists clenched, his words snapping angrily.

"Deny—if you like! It will have no conviction with me—or with her. Look at her, Mr. Gallatin," he said, his finger pointing. "There are limits even to *her* credulity. She will hardly be pleased to learn of the accident to the motor car which obliged you and your young woman companion

—very opportunely indeed—to spend the night in a—"

"Stop, Sir!" Gallatin's hand was extended, and his voice dominated. "Say what you like about me. I've invited that. But I'll not listen while you rob a woman of her name."

Jane stood like an ivory figure in the pale light, her eyes dark with incomprehension, searching Gallatin's face for the truth.

"There was a woman?" she asked.

Gallatin hesitated.

"Yes, there was a woman. There needn't be any mystery about that. I wasn't aware that there had been any mystery. It was Nina Jaffray. We were stranded back in the country coming from the 'Pot and Kettle.' We found a farmhouse and stayed there. There wasn't anything else to do. You can't believe this, Jane? You have no right to! Your father has been told a sinful lie. It's doing Nina a harm—a dreadful harm. Can't you see—"

At the mention of Nina's name Jane's lips twisted scornfully, and with a look of contempt she turned and was gone.

Gallatin took a few steps forward, as though he would have followed her; but Loring's bulky figure intervened.

"We've had enough of this, Sir," he growled. "Let's have this scene over. We're done with you. You've played the dickens with your own life and you'll go on doing it; but you won't play it with me or with any of mine! I've got your measure, Mr. Gallatin, and if I find you interfering here again I'll take some other means that will be less pleasant. D'ye hear? I've heard the story they're telling about you and my daughter up in the woods. It makes fine chatter for your magpies up and down the avenue. Thank God, my daughter is too clean for them or you to hurt! It was a great chance for you. You knew what you were about. You haven't lived in New York all these years for nothing. You thought you could carry things through on your family name; but to make the matter sure you tried to compromise my daughter so that—" Loring paused.

Gallatin had stood with head bowed before the door through which Jane had disappeared. His ears were deaf to Loring's tirade; but as he realized the terms of the indictment he raised his head and stepped suddenly forward, his fists clenched, his eyes blazing into those of the older man, scarcely a foot away. In Phil Gallatin's expression was the dumb fury of an animal at bay, a wild light in his eyes that was a personal menace. Loring did not know fear; but there was something in the look of this young man who faced him which told him he had gone too far. Gallatin's right arm moved upward—and then dropped at his side again.

"You—you've said enough, Mr. Loring!" he gasped, struggling for his breath. "Almost more than is good—for both—for either of us! You—you—you're mistaken, Sir."

And then, as though ashamed of his lack of control, he turned aside and took up his hat. Henry Loring strode to the wall and pressed his thumb to a bell.

"I'll stand by my mistakes," he said more calmly. "You came to the wrong house, Mr. Gallatin, and I think you won't forget it. I'd like you to remember this, too, and I'm a man of my word. You keep your fingers off my affairs—either business or personal—or I'll make New York too hot to hold you!" And then as the butler appeared, "Hastings, show this gentleman out!"

CHAPTER XVI

AFTER leaving the Loring house Philip Gallatin trudged forth into the rain and sleet of the park where he walked until his anger had cooled. Then he dined alone in a corner at the Cosmos, avoiding a group of his familiars who were attune to gaiety. From there he went directly to his rooms, filled with bitterness toward Henry Loring and dull resentment toward Jane. Everything in the world that he hoped for had centered about her image, and he loved her for what she had been to him, what she had made of him and for what he had made of himself. Now in his mind a conviction had grown, a conviction that in so far as he was concerned their relations were now at an end. He had abased himself enough, and further efforts at a reconciliation could only demean his dignity—already jeopardized, and his pride—already mortally wounded.

He threw himself heavily into his Morris chair and tried to think about other things. Upon the table there was a legal volume which he had brought up from the office the night before. He took it up and began to read; but his mind wandered. The type swam before his eyes, and in its place Jane's face appeared, ivory colored as he had last seen it. Her eyes, dark with pain and incomprehension, looked scornfully out of the page. He closed the book and gazed around the room into the dusky corners, with their mementoes of his career. The oar that had been his when he had stroked the crew of his university, boxing gloves, foils and mask, photographs of football teams in which he had been interested, a small cabinet of cups—golf and steeplechase prizes, a policeman's helmet which had been the spoils of a college prank, his personal library, trinkets of all sorts, steins innumerable, a tiny satin slipper, some ivories and—a small gold flask.

He got out of his chair, picked the flask up and examined it as if it had been something he had never seen before. He ran his fingers over the chasing of the cup, noted the dents that had been made when it had fallen among the rocks and the dark scar made in the embers of their fire. Their fire! His fire and Jane's—burned out to ashes!

He put the flask back in its place and began slowly to pace the floor, his hands behind his back, his head bent forward, his eyes peering somberly. He stopped in his walk and put a lump of coal into the grate. He was dead tired, and his muscles ached as though with a cold. In the next room his bed invited him; but he did not undress, for he knew that if he went to bed it would only be to lie and gaze at the gray patch of light where the window was. He had done that before, and the memory of the dull ache in his body during the long nights when he had suffered came to him and overpowered him. He had that pain now—coming slowly as it had sometimes done before when he had been working on his nerves. It didn't grip him as once it had done, with its clutch of fire, driving everything else from his thoughts and making him sick for the need of it. But he was conscious that the craving was still there, and he knew that the thing he wanted was the panacea for the thoughts that oppressed him. By its means all the aches of his body and the pain of his thoughts would be cured. He stopped at the table and took up a cigarette. But there was one thing in him—one thing more important than physical pain, than physical exhaustion or singing nerves; one small, celestial spark that he had kindled, fostered and tended—which had warmed and comforted his entire being—the glow of his returning self-respect. And if those physical pangs were cured this thing he knew would die.

He took up his measured tread of the floor, counting his footsteps from window to door and back again, watching the patterns in the rug and picking out the figures upon which he was to put his feet. Once or twice his footsteps led him, as though unconsciously, to the cabinet in the corner, where he stopped with a short laugh. He had forgotten that there was no panacea there. Later on he rang the bell for Barker, only to remember that the man had gone away for the night. He wanted some one to talk to—some one—any one who could make him forget. What was the use? What did it matter to any one but himself if he fought or not? What was the fighting for? For himself? Yesterday and the days before he had been fighting for Jane, fighting gladly—down-town, in his clubs, at peoples' houses, in the Enemy's country where the Enemy was to be found at every corner, at his very elbow—because he knew that nothing could avail against his purpose to win Jane back to him.

Now he had no such purpose. Jane had turned from him because some one had lied about him—turned away and left him here alone in the dark with this hideous thing that was rising up in him and would not let him think.

He went to the table and filled a pipe with trembling fingers. A terror oppressed him, the imminence of a danger. It was the horror of being alone—alone in the room where this thing was. He knew it well. It had been here before and it had conquered him. It lurked in the dark corners and grinned from his bookshelves and laughed in the crackling of his fire. "Come," he could hear it say. "Don't you remember old Omar?"

His pulses throbbed and his head was burning, though a cold sweat had broken out on his brows and temples and his feet were cold—ice cold. The tobacco had no taste, and it only parched his throat the more. He stumbled into the bathroom and bathed his head and hands in the cold water and drank of it in huge gulps. That relieved him for a moment, and he went back to his chair and took up his book.

His sickness came back upon him slowly, a premonitory faintness, and then a gripping, aching fire within. The book trembled in his hands, and the type swam in strange shapes. He clenched his fingers, threw the book from him and rose with an oath, reaching for his hat and coat and stumbling toward the door. "Down-stairs—less than a block away—"

Beside the bookcase he caught a glimpse of his image in the pier glass. He stopped, glared at himself and straightened.

"No, you'll not go, Phil Gallatin—not from this room to-night—not for that. Do you hear? You'll fight this thing out here—and now."

He dropped his coat and hat and strode like a fury to the window. There he lay across the sill and throwing it open wide drank the night air into his lungs—in deep breaths.

In a moment the crisis had passed. After a while he closed the window, came back into the room and sank into his chair, utterly exhausted. His mind comprehended dully that he had fought and won, not for Jane, nor for his future, but for that small fire that was still glowing in his breast! He closed his eyes and relaxed his clenched fingers. His nerves still tingled, but only slightly like the tremor of harp-strings in a passing storm. He was very tired, and in a moment he fell asleep.

When he woke the light of dawn was filtering in at the windows. The aches in his body had gone, and his mind was clear again. He leaned forward upon the mantel and silently apostrophized his image.

"You're going to win, Phil Gallatin. Do you hear? You're *not* afraid. You don't care what the world says. You're not fighting for the world's opinion. It's only your own opinion of yourself that matters. If you win that you've won everything in the world worth winning."

He faced around into the room which had been the scene of so many of his failures and of his last and greatest success. The light from the windows was growing brighter. It was painting familiar objects with pale violet patches—glinting on glassware and porcelain like the cold light of intellect which now dominated the merely physical. He swept the room with a glance. Before the light the shadows were fading. The Enemy—there *was* no Enemy!

Gallatin poked down the embers of the fire and heaped on wood and coal. He stripped to his underclothes, did twenty minutes with dumb-bells and chest weights and then went in to draw his bath, singing. He soused himself in the cold water and came out with chattering teeth; but in a moment his body was all aglow.

He breakfasted at the Cosmos at eight and before nine was at the office where he finished the morning mail before even Tooker and the clerks were aware of his presence there. There were many threads of the Sanborn case still at a loose end, and he spent a long while writing and dictating to his stenographer, who was still at his side when at about eleven o'clock the office boy brought in Nina Jaffray's card.

He was still looking at it when Nina entered.

"I was afraid you might be busy, Phil," she said calmly; "but I wanted to see you about something."

He nodded to his stenographer, and she took up her papers and went.

"I'm not interrupting you *very* much, am I?"

He laughed.

"No, I'm glad you came—if only to prove to my friends that I really *do* work."

"Oh, is *that* all?"

Gallatin smiled at her. She was very fetching this morning in a wide, dark beaver hat with a lilac veil. Her well-cut tailor-made, snugly fitting in the prevailing mode, defined the long lines of her slim figure.

"*Will* you be serious?"

"In a moment. For the present I'm so overjoyed at seeing you that I've forgotten what I came for. Oh yes, Phil, I'm hopelessly compromised—and you've done it. Don't laugh and don't alarm yourself—you're doing both at the same time—but I really am seriously compromised. There's a story going around that you and I—"

"Yes, I've heard it," he interrupted grimly.

"What interest people can possibly discover in the mishaps of a belated, Platonic couple in a snow-storm is more than I can fathom. Of course if there had been anything for them to talk about I'd have come off scot-free. As it is I'm pilloried in the market-place as a warning to budding innocence. Imagine it! Me! I'm everything that's naughty, from Eve to Guinevere. It would be quite sad if it wasn't so amusing. Can't you see us sitting upright on those dreadful haircloth chairs, silent and *so* miserable? That, my dear Philip, was the seductive hour in which I fell from grace. Touching picture, isn't it?"

(*Continued on page 82*)

"He Caught a Glimpse of His Image in the Pier Glass . . . 'No, You'll Not Go, Phil Gallatin—Not for That'"

WE GREGORY GIRLS

BY ELEANOR COLBY

SOME people do not believe in heredity; but I do. That's a new word, and I've used it three times since last Monday. It means when you catch things from your ancestors. For instance my cousin, John Addington, got his fatness from his grandfather and his father by heredity, and Julia Jennings can make her knuckles crack most interestingly because her grandmother has the rheumatism. That's the way I got my talent for writing. My father is an editor, and I got the gift by heredity.

Fathers are very interesting people; at least mine is. The other day Janet asked him what "penury" meant, and he said:

"Penury, my dear little daughter, is the wages of the pen."

Of course penury really means poverty. Editors are not rich, but they do not live in penury. We did once for about two weeks; but more of this anon.

Our family is rather large; but Mother says we seemed much larger when we were smaller because she had to do everything for us. I will describe each of us, and Mabel is going to draw a picture of the whole family. Mabel is the best artist of any of the girls at school, though she can't draw feet very well yet. If you can't draw feet you can very often cover them up by making your people stand in tall grass or snow. Anyway feet are not nearly as important as heads, which Mabel can draw very well indeed.

Father is fleshy and jolly looking. Everybody likes him. He has the shiniest eyes I ever saw. His clothes shine, too, except his Sunday suit. He says that editors in small places always wear shiny clothes. It is all the style. Staundish is not really a small place, for there are over six thousand people living here.

Mother is so cute and little that we girls often call her "Motherkins." Though she has gray hair she does not seem old like most mothers. This is partly because she has rosy cheeks and a dimple, but mostly because she has a very young heart.

I am the oldest child and am fourteen. My name is Dorothy, but since I started in high school I sometimes sign myself "Dorothea," though Father still calls me "Dot" or "Daut." Mabel is only fifteen minutes younger than I. When she wants to put on airs she signs herself "Maibelle." Father sometimes calls her "Queen Mab." Some people cannot tell us apart; but just because two books are bound alike is no sign that they are alike inside. We have thick, black hair. It is awfully straight but curls naturally if we keep it in curl papers twenty-four hours. We have large, brown eyes with long, heavy eyelashes. We are not homely but we would be the last ones to call ourselves handsome. You can't tell much by the picture. Mabel draws well, but she cannot seem to catch a likeness.

Janet is twelve and very pretty. Her hair is light and curly, and in all the church entertainments where they need angels Janet is chosen. We twins have never been angels once because brunette angels are not fashionable. They usually choose us for gypsies. Kathryn is ten and still wears low belts and Dutch-cut hair. The baby is only three and is a boy. His name is James Archibald Gregory. He got it by heredity from his Grandfather Gregory. Father thinks maybe he will be an orator some day because he has such good, strong lungs.

When we twins told Mother that we were going to write a book she asked what it was to be about. We had planned a story of a princess who lived in Norway and was kidnapped by a bad king from Arabia and rescued by brave Corsican soldiers. But Mother said that seeing we really did not know much about princesses or kings or Norway or Arabia or Corsica it would be better to write about the places and people that we do know. As we know the Gregorys the best of any people and Staundish the best of any place, we decided to write about ourselves and our town.

Our first story is about the time our house burned and we might have been burned to death and our ashes "scattered to the four winds of heaven" (I got that from a novel I read), only of course we were not or we should not be writing this story. We twins were ten years old when this story happened and it was March. We had been having lots of fun that evening, for Father had let us try to use his typewriter. Just for practice he let Mabel and me make copies of a letter he had written and he said:

"Now, girlies, you are writing to the greatest editor in New York. I would far rather be in his shoes than be President of the United States. He can do anything he wants to with the whole reading public."

We had a very happy time, and it was late when we went up to bed; so we were asleep almost before you could say, "Jack Robinson." It seemed that we had only slept a minute when Father came and shook us by the shoulders and told us to get up for the house was on fire. He and Mother wrapped us in blankets and put wet towels around our heads, and in a moment we were all groping our way through the smoke. Already the flames were peeking around the stairway, and I do not know how we ever did get down. We sort of stumbled and crawled along till we were safely outside where the neighbors were nearly wild with fear for us. The fire engine came too late to save the house, though every one tried bravely. Father forgot that he was dressed only in a bathrobe and rushed around carrying pails of water till the last hope of saving the house was gone. Then he came over to Mother and said, "Well, Mary, our house is gone, but thank God that we have each other and the children and that He has given us health and strength to meet the day."

The Whole Gregory Family As Drawn by Mabel, the Other Half of the Gregory Twins

I'll never forget how funny we girls looked, all wrapped up in those blankets like so many jelly rolls; but it did not seem funny at the time. The neighbors took us in, and we twins went to old Grandma Petersons. When I am old I want to be just like her, with merry, twinkly eyes and a soft, cuddley body so that I can snuggle my grandchildren up to me the way she snuggled us. When she puts her arms around you it is just like nestling in a feather bed. Of course we were nearly frozen and all sort of wild and weepy; but she knew just how to cheer us and make us warm and comfy. When she went up-stairs to her garret and brought down the clothes her daughter had worn fifty years ago and dressed us in them it was the best dressing up that we ever had. When she saw how we enjoyed it, she even did our hair as children wore it in those days. After breakfast she let us wear some old-fashioned hats and go over to show Motherkins.

All that day we were too much excited to think much about our troubles, but that night when we were in bed we heard a neighbor say to Grandma Peterson:

"Well, I don't see what Mr. Gregory will do now with all those girls to support. They say the house was not insured for a penny, and every one knows that he lost all his money in the bank failure. How true it is that trouble never comes singly. Of course he is a smart man; but it costs a lot to feed and clothe a family of six. Mr. Burkhart is going to let them live in his new house for a few weeks; but I do not envy Willard Gregory his job. Too bad the twins are not old enough to earn something. I always did say that twins were an expensive luxury."

They say that eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves; but we were not to blame for overhearing her any more than we were for being twins and an "expensive luxury." The next day we moved into the little cottage and we should really have had lots of fun living in a new house and wearing the clothes that our friends gave us, only Father was very sick and we were all pretty blue. Of course Mabel and I were bluer than the other girls, for we knew how full of penury we were. That was how we came to have our idea about writing poems and selling them so as to support the family. It was easy to keep our secret from Father and Mother because she was at his bedside most of the time; but it was very exciting. I wrote the poem, and Mabel drew a picture in colored crayons. It was a very exciting picture. She borrowed Bertha Downing's box of colored pencils and wore the red and yellow almost down to nothing making the flames. We called our poem, "When Our House Burned Down," and here it is:

The wintry night was almost oar
The kichen klock had just struck four
When to our beds our parents came
And told us that our house was in flame.
In blankets then they wrapped us well
And quickly down the stares we fell
Or nearly did for there was so much smoke
That it was surely not a bit of a joke.
Alas it was a terrible site
To see our dear home burning with all of its mite
But Father said to Mother dear
Thank God that you and the children are here
All safe and sound. Its sad to see our home
All in ashes but trouble will come
To every one. So lets just pray
For health and strength to meet the day.

"I'll Never Forget How Funny We Girls Looked, All Wrapped Up in Those Blankets Like So Many Jelly Rolls"

I wrote this letter to go with the picture, for we had planned to send it to that editor in New York—the "greatest of them all." I began it the way so many of the letters that Father gets are started:

Dear mister editer

My papa is an editer like you and his name is Willard Addington Gregory. You most probubly know him because every one does. i am half of the Gregory twins and Mabel is the other half. my name is Dorothy. my papas house burned last monday night and as he lost all his money when the bank faled and as he is very sick because he got the noomonia trying to put out the fire when he only had his bathrobe on we think we will have to support the family. we heard a naber say that they did not see how papa could make both ends meet and that twins were an expensive luxury. have you got any twins and do you find them very expensive? i can write poetry and if you like this you can have it for ten sents without the pictures but i think Mabel draws pretty nice and maybe you will pay fifteen sents if you take the pictures two. we would be pleazed to fill more orders only pleaze pay us right off for we want to supprize papa on his birthday. we are going to buy him some clothes because his own were burned up at the fire and the ones that mister Brown gave him pinch him. he is kind of fat.

yours respekfully the Gregory twins.

P.S. papa is not two fat. he is just about the rite size

P.S. again. we twins are ten years old so pleaze excuse the writing. this letter is a sekret from papa and mama so we cannot ask them how to spell the words. papas birthday is March 25.

It was Thursday when we mailed the letter, and on Saturday when Mother opened Father's New York paper she gave a sort of gasp, for there on the front page were my letter and poem and Mabel's drawing, and there was a lot about Father. It called him "one of the brightest editors in the state." Then the editor said, "We think this is the most delightful glimpse we have ever had into the heart of a child and we believe that every father in the city will feel just as we do about it. We want to help these little girls to surprise their father; so we have decided to auction off the letter and poem to the highest bidder. What will you bid? The peculiar thing about this auction is that money or checks must accompany each bid and that whether you win the letter or not the twins will receive the proceeds. The bids will be opened at five o'clock, March twenty-third, at which time the contest ends. Make all checks payable to Dorothy and Mabel Gregory."

"After Breakfast She Let Us Wear Some Old-Fashioned Hats and Go Over to Show Motherkins"

The editor wrote to us for our photographs, and they came out in the Sunday paper. I tell you it was exciting.

Father kept getting better; but Mother had the doctor tell him that he must not look at the papers, and so it was all a surprise to him. On his birthday morning he sat up for the first time. When Mother had him nicely settled in a big rocking chair, we handed him all those New York papers and he saw our poem and letter and all. Later the expressman drove up, and a great box was brought in. It was addressed to The Gregory Twins, and the expressman opened it for us. It was just full of letters, and right on top was one from the editor himself. He told us that over thirty thousand bids had come in and that people from all over the country had been interested. Thousands of children had sent nickels and dimes, and hundreds of teachers had sent dollars. The highest bid was made by a very wealthy old

(*Continued on page* 83)

The Girl Who Stays At Home

THE PENNY THAT IS SAVED

By Temple Bailey

THIS is to be what my niece Bettina would call "a terribly practical talk." We shall discuss ways and means and have a real "heart-to-heart" in which we shall try to clear away some of the perplexities which oppress the stay-at-home girl when she thinks of the clothes she must buy and of the hospitality she must extend—all on little or nothing a year.

"I simply must earn some money!" is the insistent cry which comes from many young women who love their domestic surroundings and who have no wish to get out and fight in a wage-earning world, but who really cannot see how they are going to meet their social and other obligations unless they can in some way add to their incomes.

As a matter of fact the solution of the problems of the stay-at-home girl lies not in earning money, but in saving it.

"But how can I save?" is the indignant demand. "I haven't any money of my own. Mother buys my clothes and Father pays the bills. The girl who works has her own money for little expenses and has consequently a feeling of independence and self-respect which is never experienced by those of us who must ask for every penny we spend. That is why we stay-at-home girls are tempted to go out and work."

Well—and listen to this with open ears—the solution of the whole situation lies in an allowance! I can hear you coming back at me with the objection, "But Father doesn't believe in giving a girl an allowance."

Doesn't he? Try him. Write a little note like this to-night, and mail it to him at his office:

Dearest Dad:

Please, I am grown up! Probably you don't realize it because it has been such a little time since I wore pigtails and you trotted me on your knee. But now that I have called the fact to your attention I am sure you will see that it is time I learned the value of money—how to spend and how to save. And I can't save, can I, unless I have an allowance? And I can't learn to spend unless I can work out my own little problems by having money on hand. I will promise to keep within limits and if I get hard up not to cry for more. Think it over, darling Dad, and say, "Yes."

The girl who isn't on such informal terms with her father may write him more seriously, explaining that she would like to be put on trial for a year; that she wants to stay at home and be daughterly and housewifely, but that it won't be easy for her to do it if she is not trained to be competent and effective; that if he finds her extravagant and incapable of spending her money wisely he shall be at liberty to withdraw her allowance after a fair trial; but that if she "makes good," the allowance shall become a permanent institution. The father is obdurate indeed who will not respond to one or the other of these appeals. Sometimes when the family income is very limited it is impossible for all expenses to be granted, for the daughter must take her chances with the rest. But an allowance for small expenses is the right of every child who stays at home.

Now when you have won your point and your "Dearest Dad" is pinning his faith to you, don't proceed at once to show him how little financial acumen you really possess. My friend Mabel, just graduated from college and secure in her ability to manage the universe, demanded an allowance of twenty-five dollars a month.

"Is it enough?" asked her father, who had paid her bills and who understood something of the difficulties of making ends meet.

"Enough? Why, Father," cried Mabel reproachfully, "I shall save on it. I've always wanted a bank account."

Her father smiled and gave the first check. It seemed an enormous sum to Mabel and she went forth at once to spend it. Her first purchases were a pair of satin slippers, a white and silver scarf and an evening cloak. The cloak was fifty dollars—a lofty price, but in Mabel's opinion justifiable. You see she was looking forward to eleven other twenty-fives that year! She charged it and decided that things would eventually even up. But they never did even up. Mabel's money was always spent before she received it.

Then her mother came to the rescue. "I hate to confess to your father that you couldn't do it," she said.

"So do I," Mabel answered, somewhat less scornful and cocksure, "but I simply must have things, Mother. I am down at the heel and dowdy."

"Get a little account book," advised the wise mother. "Your leaks are mostly in little things, and if you keep a list of your expenses you can find where the money goes. I will lend you enough to start you."

So Mabel bought a little book and for several months after that she went, figuratively, "in sackcloth and ashes." At the end of the next year she came out even, and the next year she saved a little. Then her father raised her allowance. Now she spends carefully and enjoys a fine sense of financial freedom.

An expense account will surely be a check upon extravagance. I remember how my own fondness for ice cream soda made an item which used to stare me in the face when I balanced up. I was allowed two dollars a week for pin-money, and this included glove money. In other words I had to buy not only sweets and matinée tickets but gloves with my munificent income! Every week in my little book was entered six times, "Ice cream soda, ten cents." Sixty cents a week was nearly three dollars a month!

My mother remonstrated. "It's bad for your health," she said, "and entirely out of proportion to your income."

Yet to eliminate that item from my expense account was a kind of self-denial that I hated. I didn't care so much for the ice cream soda, but I liked to feel that I was rich enough to drop into my favorite confectioner's when I wished. But when at last I conquered my silly little extravagance I felt like another girl. I had a sixty-cent-weekly surplus! And what do you suppose I decided to do with it? Most of it went for books that I wanted—lovely story books. And I still have the fruits of my change of financial policy in a half dozen fat little volumes which I have read and loved and cherished.

Granted however that many of you have an allowance and that many more of you are going to have it, after you have read this paper, the problems of making it go as far as possible will follow and these are the problems I wish to discuss.

Perhaps the question of pretty clothes looms largest in the eyes of most of you. To have a maximum amount of daintiness and up-to-dateness with a minimum of expense is the consummation to be desired. And there is only one way to bring about such a consummation—the stay-at-home girl must make her own labor pay for itself.

For example, Penelope, who works in an office, earns twenty-five dollars, spends ten of it for material for a dress and pays the dressmaker fifteen. Phyllis, who stays at home, pays ten dollars also for material and makes the gown herself. Hence the two girls come out even and Phyllis has worked no harder than Penelope; for Penelope has had to stick to her typewriter for eight hours a day to pay the dressmaker while Phyllis has had only to make the dress.

Yet I heard a stay-at-home girl say the other day, "It really does not pay to make your own lingerie when there are such wonderful white sales in the shops and things are so cheap."

Doesn't it pay? What is your time worth, you dear little stay-at-home, who lie abed late in the morning while the busy girl whose wages you envy starts for the store or office? What will you do that is worth while when you have eaten your breakfast? The chances are that you will read a novel or run down-town on a useless errand or call on a friend as free from responsibility as yourself.

The girl with good taste and a talent for needlework, who is sensible enough to take a few lessons in cutting and fitting, may have a stamp of individuality and originality about her clothes which is rarely achieved by the inexperienced and second-rate dressmakers. The cost of such lessons is not great and is surely not more taxing on the family pocketbook than the business course which so many girls pursue. Most young Women's Christian Associations and Settlement Houses give instructions in the practical arts, and there are few fathers and mothers who are not ready and willing to bear the expense of such instruction when they find their daughters are really in earnest.

"It is made out of an old dress that I wore as a bridesmaid five years ago," was the explanation of a stunning girl at a recent reception who wore a charming frock with a tunic of cream lace over peachblow satin. "I dipped the lace in coffee to give it this shade," she went on. "The satin was a remnant of four yards—blessed be scant skirts for those of us who have to economize—and the embroidery is the work of my own fair fingers."

Now a good dressmaker would have charged twenty-five dollars to make that gown. The soul of a cheap seamstress could not have compassed such a creation. Yet the average business girl must depend on the cheap seamstress.

As for trimming your own hats we all know that is usually "sixteen to one" with the girls who do their own millinery work. Last summer one of the most fetching bits of headgear that I saw on the New England coast was a rose colored felt banded with Irish crochet insertion. The girl who wore it made the lace and she also made a bag of Irish crochet which was lined with the same shade of melon pink as the hat. Both were worn with a white whipcord suit.

There are many economies which are possible to the stay-at-home girl which her business rival cannot compass. But of these we must talk another time—of how to entertain your men friends and your women friends, making original and unique ideas take the place of money; of the week-end parties which are possible if you live on a farm, and the "hurricane deck" feasts which may be given in the top flat of a tall apartment house.

But most of all I want you to bring your problems to me, for only thus can I know of the things which perplex you. Some day I am going to write of the questions which arise in making family adjustments. Is your sister congenial, and if not why not? Is your brother a tease and a torment, and why isn't he your chum? Does your mother let you whisper confidences in her ear, and if not is it your fault or hers? And do you look upon your father merely as "the chap who makes the wheels go round," or as a hero worthy of your adoration?

Let me know something of your lives, girls of mine. Write to me freely and we will see if we can't work together towards the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It is there if we can only find it, and the road that leads to it is often that of practical common sense, a road more of us ought to travel.

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BUILT-IN FURNITURE THAT IS WORTH WHILE

By Charles E. White, Jr.

MANY prospective house owners are perplexed when they come to build by the question of what furniture it pays to build into the new house and what is best left out. There are so many "conveniences" installed nowadays in well-equipped houses that the inexperienced are often puzzled to know what is necessary and what is not. Of course no house owner wants to provide anything that will prove useless.

Built-in furniture is largely a matter of habit. For instance years ago some one discovered that built-in seats were attractive and useful. Ever since seats have been installed under windows with nothing but the uncomfortable glass for you to lean against. As a consequence the cold winds of winter blow down the back of any person who is so unwise as to sit there. Sideboards are often built into houses which by reason of their unskilful arrangement really add to the cares of the housekeeper instead of making housekeeping easier. Then poorly planned bookcases and built-in tables and cupboards which are incorrectly designed are to be found in too many houses.

Space Under Sink Utilized for Dish Cabinets

Built-in furniture is practical only when properly designed. Bookcases of just the right kind will be found of great utility, and when they are installed in a house at the time it is built the cost will be considerably less than the cost of portable bookcases. Sideboards and china closets make the dining-room truly charming, no matter how simple and inexpensive they may be, providing a little thought is expended on their arrangement instead of building them in hit-or-miss, as is done in so many houses.

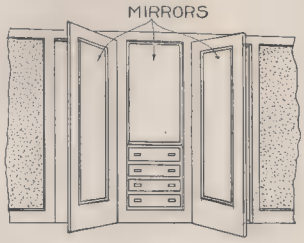
One or two built-in seats in the living-room (not under a window) will be found inexpensive and most convenient. Often such a seat can be built in a corner where the wall forms one end, thus leaving only the other end to be provided. Seats should be boxed in to provide chests for storage, and covers should be provided which can be raised to give access to the storage space. Have the front board under a seat recessed so that in sitting down you will not kick the heels against the front. A comfortable sloping back should be provided and all dimensions should be carefully worked out—broad, low seats usually being the most comfortable. Seats 24 inches wide and 12 inches high will be found very satisfactory when cushions three inches thick are added, making the total height 15 inches. Drawers are frequently built in under a seat.

With a little skill it will be found possible to design and build a sideboard in the dining-room which will be much cheaper than a ready-made sideboard. This will have the added advantage of "fitting the house." The easiest way is to provide an alcove for the sideboard by taking a little jog off the kitchen and build in a simple chest of drawers below with cupboards for china above. Ornate sideboards of queer design will of course find no place in homes of good taste; but a simple design will be found very attractive as well as convenient, and such a piece of furniture undoubtedly pays the builder for his outlay.

China closets can be built in at about half the cost of ready-made china closets. In some houses two china closets are provided, being built in two corners with a window between. This is a very good arrangement. If the dining-room is small no sideboard is needed other than a simple chest of drawers between the closets. The price of simple cabinet work of this sort is surprisingly low when it is included in the contract for the house.

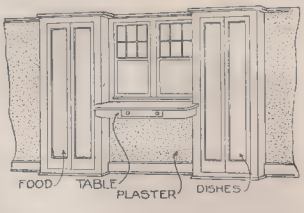
Space under beds can be utilized by having drawers underneath. These are really nothing but boxes supported on cleats at each end, with handles for drawing the boxes forward like drawers. When closed under the bed they are not noticeable; but opened they provide storage space equivalent to several drawers of ordinary size. When a double bed stands out in the center of a room with space on both sides it is possible to have two drawers, one on each side.

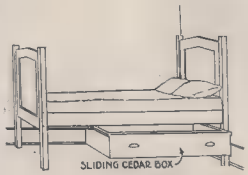
Closets and wardrobes are often built in, but frequently they are so poorly arranged as to be almost useless for the purpose for which they are designed. In the room of the husband and wife of the house it is a good idea to provide two built-in wardrobes, so that each person may have ample storage place for his or her clothes. Such an arrangement is truly luxurious, though it costs little more than an ordinary closet as each wardrobe can be correspondingly smaller. An excellent arrangement is to have a chest of drawers built into the space between the two wardrobes with shelves above. To carry out the scheme to the point of greatest comfort have full length mirrors applied to the panels of the two wardrobe doors. These mirrors take the place of an expensive cheval mirror and they will prove most convenient as the woman can view both the front and back of her gown at the same time by swinging the doors to catch the reflection.



At the Right Is Pictured a Kitchen Cupboard and Table Combination Built at One End of the Kitchen

An Excellent Plan for Providing Built-In Drawers and Mirrors Is Shown at the Left. This Is Most Economical of Your Space



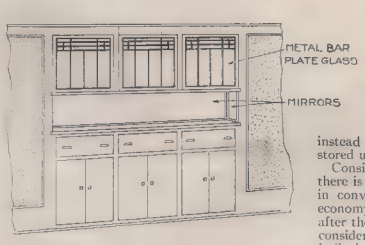


A Novel Arrangement for Building a Drawer Underneath Your Bed

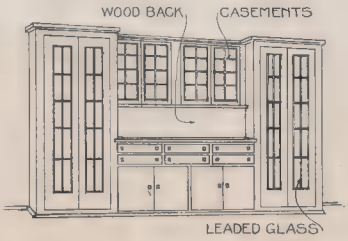
In these days of sanitary plumbing it has come to be the custom to leave an open space under the kitchen sink. A very good way to utilize this space without detracting from the sanitary feature of an open sink is to provide portable dish cabinets underneath. These are two little boxes on casters, with doors in front and a single shelf inside. They are useful for storing kitchen dishes and utensils. The portable feature permits the cabinets to be trundled out into the middle of the floor when it is desirable to clean under the sink.

A kitchen cupboard and table combination not unlike dining-room cupboard and sideboard combinations often pays when built at one end of the kitchen. Corner cupboards can be used, one for food and the other for kitchen dishes, with a table between under the window. In small kitchens a stool should be provided for the kitchen table instead of a chair, as the stool can be stored under the table when not in use.

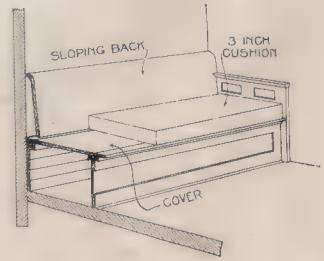
Considering the subject from all sides there is much to be said in favor of built-in conveniences from the standpoint of economy as well as of practicability. But after the house is built it is too late to consider built-in furniture, for furniture built in afterward is usually very much increased in cost and seldom as desirable.



An Alcove Was Provided for This Sideboard by Taking a Little Jog Out of the Kitchen



The Built-In Seat at the Right Was Arranged in a Corner Where the Wall Forms One End. Note the Sloping Back and the Storage Space Under the Seat. Especially Convenient Are the Built-In China Closets at the Left. The Sideboard Between the Closets Can Be Left Out Easily If Desired



A DUTCH COLONIAL HOUSE

Described by Samuel Howe

HERE is another of those well-restrained, quiet looking houses which has an unusually attractive appearance, a human quality and a great history. It is one of the contributions by the early settlers from the land of the canal, the windmill and the tulip, and it is doubtful if Holland ever presented a more welcome and valued idea for the solution of the country house problem.

This particular adaptation was designed by Mr. Aymar Embury II, architect.

Few people realize how old this idea is. It is probably two thousand years since the first timber building of this particular character was erected. Its outline sheltered the Byzantines, husbanding their crops and protecting them from the inclemency of the weather during their religious services. In the isle of Cyprus there are to-day just such buildings. This outline is also well known throughout Southern Europe. The thrifty Hollander made of it a home for his industrious and appreciative family. He added to it—the droll, clever rogue—by an adroit extension of the roof, which he permitted to overhang the walling some four feet around the house, this forming a continuous hood.

Our American architects have still further extended the idea by continuing this roof over the porch. A glance at the second floor plan will show graphically just how this is effected; for it notes where the valley and the hip appear and where the roofing of the porch dies or cuts into the main hood which encircles the house and itself forms a portion of the main roofing. This particular mode of construction dominates the homes of the Dutch at Germantown and of many other of the early German settlements of Pennsylvania. Across the river many of the old villages at the back of the Palisades have just such dwellings. There will always be something suggestive of the tent in this peculiar form of roofing.

In building this house the closest attention must be given to the materials. The end walls of stone should be built at least sixteen inches thick and of rough boulders, field stone or stone from the quarry, but the more rough and rugged the better. The joints should be wide, possibly two inches in places; and where desirable small, pointed or flat stones or pebbles might be inserted in the mortar, giving, as it were, an informal mosaic effect. Should the stones have lichen, moss or weather markings or be dark and varying in color, so much the better. The mortar should be free from any artificial coloring. The stucco with which the framing of the front and back walling is covered should also be rough and diversified. It should be made interesting by having the stucco composed in part of very coarse gravel or small pebbles about the size of a pea and by permitting the trowel markings to show freely. Again in laying the shingles of the roof attention should be paid to the way in which the courses are arranged so as to accentuate the hips and valleys. There is a way of weaving the shingles, as it were, with a certain irregularity which is very pleasant and which gives somewhat the effect of a thatch without exactly imitating it. A slight wave movement of the shingle courses gets rid of the mechanical, straight line of which we so readily tire.

The outer edge of the eaves should be about two inches in thickness. The two gables should be clapboarded. The boarding should be of rough grained wood—cypress or chestnut by preference. It might vary somewhat in thickness and in lap. The peak of the gable should be accented by so laying the boarding that the courses are very close together, say two inches in width increasing to five inches at the bottom of the gable.

There are several things to note in the interior of the house. The fireplace in the living-room should be made a feature. It should be of brick from floor to ceiling without any projecting shelf, but with a sunken panel over the opening. In this panel a plaster cast of some flat, well-modeled subject, well-drawn and altogether worth while, of which the owner is not likely to tire could find a place. The piers of the fireplace could have a recessed panel running almost to the floor. Immediately over that a metal shelf projecting some three inches and curved in outline could readily be constructed. This might be supported by a wide band of wrought iron.

Regarding the rest of the detailing of the interior, the flooring, wall papering and the treatment of the woodwork much information may be secured by reference to the February issue of this magazine.

Estimated Cost of House

MASON:

Excavating and footings, $43. Foundation of concrete for three end walls and footings, and cellar walling, $140. End walling of local stone, $220. Brick chimney and fireplace, $153. Porch floor and entrance steps of brick on cement concrete, $140. Cement concrete to cellar floor, $47. Lathing and plastering walls and ceilings of all rooms and stucco on wire lath of outside walls, $300 ..... $1,043

CARPENTER:

Framing of spruce and hemlock and double flooring of chestnut, including shingle roofing of cypress with clapboarding to gables, $1,135. Window frames, pantry fittings, single doors, and Dutch doors of living-room, $320. Two sets of stairs and rough steps to cellar, $165. Hardware, $42. Sundries, $27. Sheet metal flashing gutters and leaders, $32 1,721

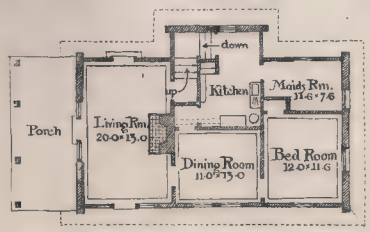
PAINTER:

Exterior stucco walling, finished with two coats of U. S. Government specification whitewash as used for lighthouses; roof shingles, stained creosote, greenish gray; blinds painted apple green; interior woodwork stained creosote, light green; floors oiled, shellacked and waxed, $280 280

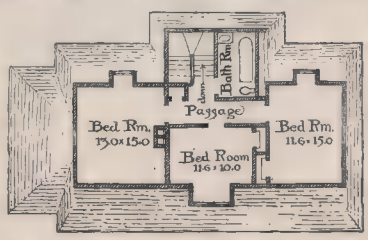
PLUMBER, HEATING CONTRACTOR AND ELECTRICIAN:

Plumbing, including rough piping and fittings in bathroom, kitchen, pantry and laundry in basement, $312. Hot air heater complete, including radiators, $165. Wiring and fixtures, $70 547

Total cost $3,591



There Are Two Bedrooms on the First Floor Besides the Living-Room, Dining-Room and Kitchen



Note the Excellent Arrangement of Bedrooms on This Second Floor, and the Overhanging Roof

Men of Tomorrow

Many a boy, started off with a sorry fund of health, has been built into a mental and physical "husky" by helpful environment and properly selected food.

No one can build a sturdy, time-resisting wall with poor materials. No one can build a strong, manly boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really more important than the wall!

Ever think of that?

Yet you may be very particular when you inspect the materials you are to put into your house walls.

But how about the boy—is his building material being considered?

Mind and body must be properly trained to make the Master Man.

A true Brain and Body food is

Grape-Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

One of the *Quality Products* of THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING CO.

The dainty, easy-breaking shape, the sparkling whiteness, the large clear crystals, are but the outward symbols of the inward perfection and purity of Crystal Domino Sugar. The best of the sugar crop, refined by the most modern methods, crystalized and packed for your use under conditions of absolute cleanliness—has earned it a high place among the

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Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet, sent on request. Address Department 8, 117 Wall Street, New York.

Full and half-size pieces

Home-Making and Household

HOW TO LIGHT THE HOME

By May Emery Hall

PROBABLY no subject of household interest has been more neglected than that of the proper lighting of the home. The average householder has simply not taken the time to think about it. He has made use of the handiest and cheapest—or what seemed to him cheapest—light, has decorated his lamps with artistic shades and with the exception of periodic growling whenever his lighting bills have come due has given the matter no further thought.

Not so the scientific man. While his neighbor has been asleep he has been directing his best energies to a consideration of this all-important subject, with the result that within the last few years the evolution of lighting has shown a marvelously rapid advance. Nor is the story yet completed. Promising experiments tending towards greater efficiency or economy or both are still in progress. Even at the present date good artificial light is easily available. It is cheap, too, despite our protest that we pay too much for it.

With the dwellers in or near the big cities and towns the choice of an illuminating fuel usually lies between electricity and gas. Unquestionably the former is the more expensive. The price of both varies of course with the locality. Gas is obtainable as low as $.80 per thousand cubic feet in some places, though it is as high as $1.50 in others. It is safe to say that the average price is one dollar per thousand and at this figure is equivalent to electricity at five cents per unit (kilowatt hour). Now the average price of electricity being twice that amount, or ten cents per kilowatt hour, it is readily seen that under ordinary conditions electricity costs twice as much as gas.

Still the use of the newer lighting fuel is on the increase. Viewed from other standpoints than the economical one it has its advantages, and it is doubted if those who have once used it would care to do without it. It is well to mention one point at the very start. Where a certain amount of electricity must be paid for whether used or not, you may as well take advantage of the full allowance. What does a woman gain by scrimping herself throughout the month, to keep her bill from exceeding $1.50 only to find she has actually used forty cents worth of electricity? She should learn to read her meter and be guided by its indicators.

Carbon filament lamps have been largely replaced by the improved metallic filaments of which one of the best and most widely known is the tungsten. In any city where it is not supplied the electric lighting company will furnish it upon application.

For reducing the flow of the electric current when only a faint light is needed a number of devices have been put on the market. One of these, a turn-down attachment, can be used with any incandescent lamp and provides two changes of light below the normal. It should be understood, however, that while the current is cut down the light is not reduced in direct proportion, for some of the resistance introduced by the dimmer is converted into heat. Thus if a regulator attached to a 16 candle-power light cuts the current in two, the resulting light will not be 8 candle-power, as might be supposed, but considerably less.

A second arrangement consists of two filaments—one of ordinary type, the other much shorter—in the same bulb, at the base of which the current is shifted from one to the other by a switch operated by a cord. This light fits any ordinary standard socket and is both compact and economical.

Before taking up the subject of gas lighting we would make brief mention of indirect electric lighting. By this method the electric lamps placed near the ceiling are entirely cut from view by opaque shields and only the reflected light used in the room. The notable John Hay Library in Providence, R. I., has installed this system of lighting with gratifying results. The mellow, restful light it affords is like grateful shade after glaring sunlight. One of the largest publishing companies in the country, after experimenting with every known light on the market for use in its clerical departments, took a vote of the employees as to which should be adopted, and the indirect electric lighting system was unanimously approved. While the cases cited above have reference to this system on a large scale there is no reason why it is not practicable for the home. At comparatively small expense any electric lighting fixture can be changed to produce the desired effect.

The incandescent gas mantle was hailed as a great modern invention and justly so. Its claim to recognition is based upon the fact that it makes possible a brilliant light with less flow of gas than is required by the ordinary flat flame. The inverted type marked a further step in mantle development and one by which thousands of homes have profited. The inverted mantle does not dissipate a big proportion of light on the ceiling, but throws it *down* into that part of the room where it is most needed. Still other improvements are promised for the near future.

Any one who has experienced the annoyance of hunting for matches in a dark room will appreciate the automatic or other easy devices that may be obtained for lighting the gas. Of these the simplest is the "by-pass," or pilot light, consisting of a very small pipe and burner placed beside the regular burner or mantle. This minute light burns continuously, and as soon as the main stop-cock is opened the gas begins to flow and is ignited from the flame of the pilot. The amount of gas consumed by this pilot is so small as to be practically negligible; yet sufficient light is provided to guide you to the fixture in an otherwise dark room. Ordinarily the pilot is equipped with a double pendant, a pull on one side opening and on the other closing the main cock; but recent improvements provide for the opening and closing of the cock by a pneumatic system which may be operated from any desirable part of the room.

Electricity is also used in conjunction with the gas burner for ease of lighting, the electricity being obtained by use of a dry battery and spark coil. These electric lighters are used to produce the lighting spark after the gas is turned on by hand, or in conjunction with magnet operated cocks, to turn on and extinguish the gas as well as light it, all from a conveniently located push button.

Acetylene gas, which is more widely known in the West than in the East, deserves honorable mention among illuminating fuels. Unfortunately when first introduced it achieved an undesirable reputation because used under high pressure, in which case it proved a deadly explosive. Under ordinary gas pressure, however, acetylene is perfectly safe and does not warrant the bad name that attaches to it. For the suburbanite or any dweller in an isolated district the acetylene system of lighting is excellent. A house can be piped for it at an approximate cost of five hundred dollars, and the initial expense once over, you are rewarded by a brilliant light, easily manufactured and fully as cheap as gas.

When we come to the liquids that are used for lighting purposes a number of objections to their use immediately present themselves. With kerosene for instance there is the disagreeable feature of handling it and caring for the wicks, together with the possibility of the lamps requiring refilling at inopportune times. Recent experiments have demonstrated, however, that the incandescent kerosene lamp will soon be beyond the experimental stage and thus eliminate in great measure the disagreeable features referred to above. Thus a lamp which usually requires daily attention when fitted with a mantle will not have to be refilled oftener than once every four or five days. The trimming of wicks will be dispensed with and the quality of the light much improved.

There are alcohol incandescent lamps, too, that are already giving good service. At one of the best-known housekeeping experiment stations in the country these lamps have been given a thorough trial with satisfactory results. To quote the enthusiastic words of the head of the institution:

"All the advantages of the gas mantle are secured in portable alcohol gas lamps. These incandescent lamps give an average light of forty-five candles without danger, dust, smoke or offensive smell and with very little waste heat. They require less care and attention than any oil lamp."

Gasoline as a lighting fuel presents the advantage of economy, from the standpoint of dollars and cents; but its use is generally discouraged on the grounds of the danger it involves. In fact the terms of the average insurance policy forbid the use of this liquid in any but the smallest quantities.

What is of equal or even greater importance than the *kind* of light used is the manner of its distribution. It sounds like a needless precaution to state that the eye should not be allowed to receive the direct glare of flame or mantle; yet in how many households is this matter utterly disregarded? For example overhead lamps are often so placed as to come on a line with the lower edge of the shade, thus rendering the latter almost valueless for all practical purposes. The placing of the lamp or cluster of lamps nearer the top of the shade or a change in the style of shade, or both, will correct the error. With gas or electric lighting the use of frosted bulbs both softens and diffuses the light, while enclosing the lower part of the shade in ground glass is another protection.

The color of the light (and this is largely regulated by the shade) should not be overlooked. A yellow light is softer than the clear white; green is both restful and cool; red irritating, and blue depressing. Whether table or elevated lamps are used a large enough circle of light should be provided to include all sitting about the table without the necessity of any one's bending forward to get within the lighted area. With children especially the habit of sitting in a strained, cramped position is bad and may induce spinal curvature.

Outside the central lighted portion the depth of shadow is of little consequence. Indeed you might say the darker the border of the room the better, for the eye in turning from its work for occasional rest will not attempt to focus itself on any particular object or objects. The color of the wall paper is also immaterial. Even dark, absorbent shades are allowable. When, however, the entire room is to be illuminated the choice of paper is an item of importance. Buff, a light gray blue and pale rose are among the most desirable shades, while dark green and red waste approximately 50 per cent. of the light. Prismatic reflectors may be pressed into service as diffusers.

Home-Making and Household

ELECTRICAL CONVENIENCES FOR THE HOME

By Jane Lee

IN searching for electrical novelties which women could put to practical use in the home, I drifted into an exposition of household appliances held recently in New York City. The most popular booth was exhibiting an electrical vacuum cleaner. Other women were apparently very much interested in it; so I wedged my way in. I was quite indignant to have this device heralded as a "novelty" and said so to the demonstrator.

"But," he argued, "this particular cleaner *is* a novelty in two respects."

"And what might they be?" I retaliated.

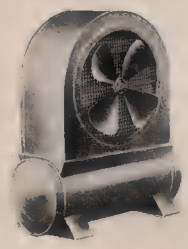
"Price and weight—both of them very important features," he announced with some decision.

And before I left I knew that it was a novelty, and one of the most helpful of the year. This little vacuum cleaner weighs only seven and a half pounds, which means that the frailest woman or even a child could operate it. The cost is so small (twenty-five dollars) that it hardly has to be considered, for it will save you that much energy in a few weeks.

The motor by which this cleaner is run is guaranteed for one year, and the machine itself is guaranteed for the same period, thus bringing with it a double recommendation. It is said to consume less than one cent's worth of electric current per hour and can be attached to any standard light socket. It is most certainly well worth investigation.

I then became attracted to a very practical novelty in the shape of an electrical perfumer and disinfector, a small machine weighing five pounds and selling for about six dollars. It looks a bit like an electric fan set in a box. Having just come home from the Maine woods and still longing for another scent of the refreshing pines, I was fascinated when the current was turned on and my lungs were filled with the scent of the "down east" balsam. Then of a sudden the man turned off the current, inserted a new cup and wick, and the odor of a pleasant disinfectant filled the air. Again it was changed and a sweet scented perfume was all about us.

In describing the little device the man in charge explained that the fan, which obtains its power from a dry battery in the base of the machine, is surrounded by a perforated metal receptacle. This contains a wick which can be saturated with any desired perfume, the odor from which is emitted upon turning on the electric current. To supply new or different liquid in the cups you open a little door at the back, remove and refill them and change the wick. A separate wick, which costs only a few cents, should be used for each liquid.



Electrical Perfumer and Disinfector

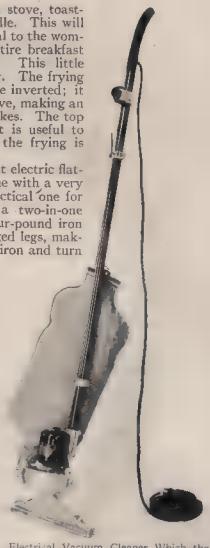
The practical uses to which this novelty can be put are many. In a sick-room where the air is heavy it will change the atmosphere in a few minutes. In a child's nursery when he has the croup it will give forth a vapor to relieve the little one's hard breathing. In the summer when mosquitoes are annoying you you can scent the room with citronella, and away go the little pests to other quarters. And when the house is infected with greasy odors from the kitchen just put in some oil of pine and turn on the current. The little machine will do the rest.

No matter how old or how young we are every one loves to pop corn on a cold, wintry night; but many of us do not have open fires, and the kitchen is not a particularly attractive place to have our fun. Those of you who are fortunate enough to have electricity in your home will be delighted to hear about a little electric corn popper which will hold a quart of corn and is covered with a wire mesh dome to prevent the kernels from popping out. It sets on a little stove with three rubber tired wheels on it, and thus the popper can be run back and forth on a table without marring the surface. All this means that you can pop your corn on the library table in the midst of the family circle. Or you can take it to any part of the house where you have an ordinary socket and pop your corn just where you will.

The woman who can afford to buy only one article to do various kinds of work will find a solution in a combination electrical device which will broil, toast, stew and fry. It sounds almost impossible that one small stove only five by eight inches could do all this; yet it is quite true. The top part of the stove, which contains the heating coils, is made with a hinge which allows it to be opened to receive the material to be broiled underneath. The toasting is done above, and a pan for stewing and one for frying come with the outfit, both of which will fit on top of the stove.

Another appliance which serves a triplicate purpose will be found in a combination stove, toaster and griddle. This will surely appeal to the woman who wants to get an entire breakfast on the dining-room table. This little machine works very quickly. The frying pan is so made that it can be inverted; it then fits perfectly on the stove, making an ideal griddle for your hot cakes. The top wire rack is removable, but is useful to keep your toast hot when the frying is done.

You will say, as I did, that electric flat-irons are old, but there is one with a very new feature and a very practical one for the home woman. It is a two-in-one affair, being an ordinary four-pound iron provided with a pair of hinged legs, making it possible to invert the iron and turn it into a miniature stove. The inverted, flat surface is sufficiently large to hold a small pot or cup, and you can heat milk or water in a few minutes. It is a practical addition to every up-to-date nursery, for the iron is small in size and can be used for ironing the infant's clothes. When feeding time comes the busy mother need only turn down the hinged legs, invert the iron and heat the milk before putting it in the bottle, thus saving her tired legs a trip to the kitchen and back. A wise little woman who has used one of these irons tells me that the inverted surface is invaluable for steaming velvet and pressing out very delicate fabrics like chiffons, fine lace handkerchiefs and sheer ribbons which if she ironed in the ordinary way would pull and tear.



Electrical Vacuum Cleaner Which the Frailest Woman Can Operate

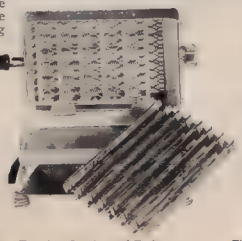
Even the moderate priced hotels throughout the country now have electricity in all the rooms, and any woman who travels at all will be glad to hear of a little electric traveling set, packed in a compact box, which she can put in the bottom of her trunk and never miss the space it occupies. This set consists of the flat-iron with the patented hinged legs of which I have just told you, a cup for heating liquids and a curling iron. Think of the money this little set will save you on your travels! You can make a cup of chocolate, heat milk or make tea with the inverted iron and heating mug. You can wave your own straggling locks with the curling iron, and you can cut your laundry bills in half by pressing out all your small pieces which are very apt to get lost in unknown and unreliable laundries.

In a family where eggs are eaten for breakfast an electrical egg dish will be found a useful novelty. It can be placed on the table and attached to an ordinary lighting socket. I saw two of these—one in a highly finished copper and another in a nickel plate. It will hold six eggs for boiling, or three if you wish to scramble them in the little pan which comes with the device. The dish is operated by a "built-in" electric heating apparatus which comes in direct contact with the water. This is one of the most useful devices you could have in a home fitted with electricity as it can be used in the sick-room, dining-room or kitchen with equally good results.

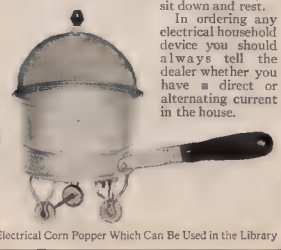
The very newest device I saw for the bedroom was the combination electric curling iron and hair drying comb. This little novelty is a boon to the woman who shampoos her own hair, for the electric comb will dry a heavy head of hair in a very few minutes.

Of course there are quantities of electrical novelties on the market to-day far too numerous to mention. If you have a very fat purse you can buy an electrical kitchen cabinet. This is fitted up with almost every device used to prepare food, and you need not move from the cabinet to prepare a day's meals. If you are having soup and want to chop your vegetables you attach the current to the chopping machine and put in the vegetables. Electricity does the rest. And so on right through the meal until the ice cream comes. You put the prepared cream in the freezer, attach the current to the freezer and let electricity turn the crank while you sit down and rest.

In ordering any electrical household device you should always tell the dealer whether you have a direct or alternating current in the house.



Combination Electrical Device for Broiling, Toasting, Stewing and Frying



Electrical Corn Popper Which Can Be Used in the Library

Home-Making and Household

ARE YOU BAKING YOURSELF?

By Lewis Edwin Theiss

"WHY is it," asked a friend of mine, "that in winter the rubber tubing to my drop-light becomes so brittle and bone-like?" Up-stairs his little daughter, hearty and hale enough in summer, was confined to her bed with one of the many illnesses that regularly attacked her in the cold season. Between these two phenomena my friend saw no connection. It never occurred to him to ask why his daughter was ill, for he accepted that illness as a matter of course. "Was it not the season of sickness?" But about a rubber tubing he had never acquired any such superstition.

As a matter of fact both his child and his rubber tubing were suffering from the same cause. Each was like a tender, succulent plant that had been shut up in a hot oven. In part the tissues of each had hardened and stiffened; the natural moisture had dried up. In short *each had been baked.*

The oven was the shut-up house; but it was not the heat that did the damage. It was the lack of atmospheric moisture; for the air in that house, like the air in the average winter home, had been heated and heated until the moisture was practically all out of it. And dry air is deadly.

Normal, free, outdoor air contains a certain percentage of moisture, and that moisture is essential to our physical well-being. When the air is so saturated that it will hold no more water it is said to contain 100 per cent. of relative humidity. That means that it has reached the limit of its capacity for holding water and any excess falls as rain. Strangely enough air absorbs different quantities of moisture under different conditions. The hotter air becomes the more moisture it requires to saturate it. Specifically a cubic foot of saturated air at a temperature of zero contains one-half of a grain of water. That half grain completely saturates it, giving it a relative humidity of 100 per cent. But when that cubic foot of air is heated its capacity for water is increased, so that the half grain of water no longer completely saturates it. Hence the relative humidity falls below 100 per cent. And the hotter the air becomes, thus increasing its capacity for water more and more, the smaller becomes the relative humidity.

The Correct Degree of Relative Humidity

THE proper degree of relative humidity for comfort and health, physicians tell us, varies from a minimum of 40 per cent. to a maximum of 70 per cent. The average is 55 per cent. Our houses, however, contain nowhere near as much relative humidity as that. Mr. M. W. Wilson of Milwaukee stated in a paper read at a convention of Weather Bureau officials that in buildings heated by steam or hot water, with an average temperature of 72 degrees, the relative humidity is 28 per cent. With furnace heating it is as low as 24 per cent. Dr. B. F. Herr of Buffalo found that the relative humidity in the average house heated to 72 degrees was often as low as 22 per cent. In churches, schools, theaters and like places it is even lower.

Air in this dried-out state sucks up moisture like a sponge, and unfortunately for ignorant humanity the air cannot be prevented from absorbing moisture. When the relative humidity in our houses falls too low therefore the air begins to draw moisture out of everything in the room—out of books, door panels, rubber tubes and furniture. But most of all it takes it out of human beings.

The parts most seriously affected are the nasal passages of the lungs. The mucous membranes in the upper air passages are a great bulwark to health. They secrete a fluid that catches and kills germs like sticky fly-paper. When the air is too dry these membranes become hard and dry—like baked fly-paper—and disease germs no longer stick to them but find their way into the trachea and even into the lungs. Catarrh, grip, pneumonia, tuberculosis and even diphtheria may thus find entrance into the body. If there is a weak spot along the way infection is likely to follow. Furthermore if there is an excess of dry air the membrane itself is likely to become diseased. Like a dried-up piece of leather it stiffens and cracks, and disease germs may enter the blood through these different cracks.

Catarrh, occasional colds and attacks of more serious ailments are the least of the harm wrought by dry air. "Warm, dry air," to quote Dr. W. E. Watt, "makes children dull. It causes headache, stupidity and bad temper, and we may charge all of these symptoms to the kind of air we supply to our homes and schools. Hot, dry air causes catarrh directly. It makes swollen glands indirectly by lowering the vitality of the child until his metabolism is imperfect and his general condition anemic. The child with adenoids, swollen tonsils, catarrh and other symptoms of life in a warm, dry air is stupid and uninterested in his school work. He learns to consent. He is willing to try perfunctorily any task set him. He takes the abuse heaped upon him for his stupidity because he sees no defense. He believes himself stupid by nature. He is humiliated and sheds bitter tears over his shortcomings; but his heartaches do not raise his scholarship. He drags out a painful and weary existence in the years of his attendance at school. If he lives to reach the age of lawful escape from school he gets out into the open with broken ambition, lack of faith in himself, continuous dulness and a training in failure. In many instances his vitality is so impaired that he succumbs to tuberculosis or some other form of breakdown and is laid in the grave after years of heartache and failure."

And yet it is under exactly such harmful conditions that most children are reared. The only thing that saves them is the fact that they get outdoors at intervals. As Dr. Watt says: "No child could live in the abnormally dry atmosphere of our schoolrooms if it did not get out into the open and have relief. Though this is a shock and gives him catarrh it saves his life."

Again dry air is a rapid conductor of heat. Hence to be warm in a dry room you need a temperature eight or ten degrees hotter than the normal temperature of 65 degrees. It has been proved that such high temperatures weaken the body and lower the vitality. Thus it is easy to see why persons habitually living in dry, hot quarters so frequently contract colds when going into a cool, moist atmosphere. The change is a shock to the system, and the weakened body does not have sufficient resisting power to withstand it. Particularly are such changes of temperature dangerous to the little ones and to the very old. Neither has enough vitality to overcome the shock, and bad colds are the result. Many mothers are so afraid that their children will take cold that they keep them in the house for long periods, thereby still further weakening them.

Mr. F. H. Day of McGill University tells in the *Monthly Weather Review* of a person who arrived in Montreal late in the winter and shut his house up very tight. He at once began to suffer from colds of the throat and nose and, to a lesser degree, of the bronchial passages. Analysis of the air in his house showed that it was of fairly good quality; but the relative humidity was only about 40 per cent. As soon as the sufferer went outdoors the symptoms of congestion disappeared. And when he began to keep his windows open, thus admitting moist air, the congestion vanished altogether. Again a family with three children who had spent the summer in the country moved to a colder climate. Soon the boy began to lose tone and suffered from colds of nose and throat. The girls were perfectly well. They slept in a room that was open to the outer air twenty-four hours of the day. The boy slept in a closed room. Analysis showed that the air in his room was good in quality, but that the relative humidity was less than 40 per cent., whereas in the room occupied by the girls it was as high as 55 per cent. Fresh air was at once admitted to the boy's bedroom and he recovered.

In the Graham School, with which Dr. Watt is connected, ninety pupils studied in the usual hot, dry schoolroom. In consequence forty of them developed very serious cases of nasal discharge. At the same time ninety other pupils, catarrhal sufferers, studied in an open-air classroom into which the winter air was freely admitted. These ninety boys were cured of catarrh in eight weeks.

How to Regulate the Atmospheric Moisture

OBVIOUSLY it is essential that the modern housekeeper find some way to gauge and regulate atmospheric moisture in the home. Hygrometers are rather complicated and costly instruments. Many other things would answer the purpose if we knew how to interpret them. A cold storage engineer told me of one man whose gauge was a bit of twine hanging along the wall. Cords contract and expand according as they become wet or dry. This man knew that when his string hung down to a certain mark on the wall the air contained just the proper degree of moisture. Any housewife could hang up a string in summer when the windows are wide open and note how far it hangs down. That would be a good gauge for her.

A physician suggests an even simpler gauge. "No house is fit to live in in winter," he says, "unless there is steam on the windows." Until your window-panes steam over therefore you may be sure that your air needs more moisture in it. And you may be sure, likewise, that every breath of such air that your children draw in is harming them.

The missing moisture may be supplied in various ways. Keep the steam-cock open. Put pans of water where the heated air of the furnace passes over them, or put water on top of your radiators. Whenever vessels of water are thus used they should be put in the warmest part of the room, as there they will give off moisture faster. Very successful humidifiers can be made of strips of wick-like cloth, hung over a radiator, with their lower ends in water. These cloths draw up water, and the air absorbs the moisture. But the best way of all is to turn on the heat and keep the windows up. Keep the air moving so that the outside air continuously draws into the house, shooting it, if possible, toward the ceiling.

With the air in the room properly moistened you will be warmer at a lower temperature and so will save on your coal bill. Best of all you will conserve the health of your family and do much toward providing your children with that priceless endowment—perfect health. This simple effort on your part will mean for your children the difference between efficiency and inefficiency, between success and failure. It may mean the difference between life and death for yourself as well as children.

The Cozy Corner Club

FUN FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

"IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody any good" is a very suitable motto for March. Perhaps you have tried several times without success to win a prize in our contests; but even if the coveted honor did not come your way remember our March motto and be glad for the other girls who won. Remember, too, that our contests are really to give you practice in doing something well and not just for the prizes.

Several months ago we had a contest that set the girls to polishing up their wits till they fairly shone. That was the contest for suitable names for heroes and heroines and for other characters in novels, and for names for frisky, pet ponies, yellow cats, summer homes and girls' clubs. While it was a very hard contest to decide it was a very interesting one. Often a girl would suggest two or three perfectly splendid names and yet would not be a winner. We went over every list and put a star before the good suggestions, and no girl who did not have at least six stars to her credit won a prize. You have heard of people "seeing stars." Well, Auntibel surely "saw stars" when she looked at that pile of contest material after it was ready for the final choosing. The most original list was sent in by Mercedes Lamphere of Minnesota. We certainly shall enroll her among our cleverest Cozy Corner rhymers. Here is her list:

1. If she were athletic and rode on a horse,
   I'd call her Rhoda, why, of course.
2. If she were beautiful and delicate,
   The name of Della would be great.
3. For a stingy old miser with standing grouch
   Could you find a better name than Crouch?
4. If splendid and generous he chanced to be,
   I'd call him Andrew Carnegie.
5. And if the Shetland was very frisky,
   I'd christen him after the Bay of Biscay.
6. If I possessed a yellow cat,
   I'd call it, "Lemon," quick as scat.
7. A country home would be so nice,
   I'm sure I'd call it, "Paradise."
8. If I made candy and Pa would eat it,
   I'd call it, "Dandy." Can you beat it?
9. The Cooking Club that would let me in
   I'm sure would be "The Rolling Pin."
10. A Singing Club to which I might go,
    Would grace the handsome name of Crow.
11. A Club with four girls and no boys
    Should be known to all as poor Kill-joys.

Clover Leaf Basket Holding Little Favors

The girls had great fun naming the "stingy old miser," and among the suggestions are the following: Hezekiah Barebones, J. Gordon Grabutt, Mr. Gathergold, Josiah Flint, Mr. Ephram Crabtree, Peter Persimmon, Barnabas Grabb, Jabe Skinner, Peter Jinks, Isaac Skinflint, Bill Hanks, U. R. Close, Old Havy Grouch, Old Mr. Sniggles, Mr. Tightwad, Mr. Coinall, Old Penny Howells, Hezekiah Keepit, Bill Grimes and Mr. Pennymore.

When it came to naming our "generous old gentleman," three girls called him Mr. Ben Evolence and one christened him Mr. Ben E. Volent.

The girls had merry times thinking of suitable names for the frisky Shetland pony, and among the star winners were the following: Wiggles, Zipp, Kwitcherkicken, Fairyfoot, Merrylegs, Firefly, Mischief, Skip, Ginger, Frisco, Dodger, Fleetfoot, Whisk, Trixy, Buster, Scamp, Pepper, Flippity and Whiz.

If any of your grown-up friends should ask your advice about naming a summer home here are twelve of the thirty-six star winners: Hide Away, Rest-a-while, Idle Nook, Heart's Rest, Bide-a-wee, Open Latch Homestead, All Inn, Step Inn, Do Drop Inn, Scramble Inn, Shadow Brae and Sunny Valley.

Fifty girls won stars for their original names for a home-made candy; but we can take only space to mention the following: Romance Chips, Goo Goo, Candilade, Kentucky Kernels, "As You Like It," Sun-drops, Good-to-eat, Toothsome Drops, Dream-sticks, Bonotafly, Yumyums, Doux-à-Manger (French for sweet to eat), Tootsie Wootsies and Chocolate Twisters.

Almost every new Cozy Corner Club writes to Auntibel to suggest a name for the club, and among the following star winners there are names to suit every fancy. These are splendid for cooking clubs: Kitchen Kabineteers, Bakers' Dozen, Culinary Queens, Good Eats Club, Kitchen Klatters, Jolly Cookettes, Delicatessen, Rolling Pin Brigade, Mixers, Economics, Goodie-Goodies, Pot and Pan, Busy Bridgets, Kitcheniers, Culinary Maids, Appetizers, Happy Cookies, Epicurean, Neighborhood Cooking Club, Cuisine Club, Hokomoko Club, Well Fare Club, Kook Klan, Menu Club, Little Housewives, Antipepsin, Jolly Chefs, Dough Mixers, Flour Girls, Marvelous Messers, Patty Pan, Kopper Kettle Klub, Mixing Bowl Brigade and Girls' Grill Club.

Speaking of names, I presume that many of my girls have nicknames. It is really a great shame to take a beautiful name like Elizabeth or Margaret and turn it into "Liz" or "Mag," or to make up a funny name for a schoolmate based on some little personal peculiarity. A grown man confessed to me that he had been caused some real heartaches during his school-days because of the nickname which the big boys gave him when he was a little "tow-headed" boy at school and which stuck to him till he was graduated. They called him "Patty" because of his light hair.

We Cozycornerites want to learn to be kind in all of the small things of life; so if a schoolmate has a disagreeable nickname let us help her to get rid of it. However, even the heir to the English throne—the young fellow who will one day be called "King of England"—has not entirely escaped having a nickname. In Oxford University, where he is attending school, he is known among the students as "The Pragger Wagger," which is the Oxford slang for "The Prince of Wales."

But though we do not like such nicknames, every one loves a sweet little home nickname. I know a dignified grandfather who used to be quite solemn and gloomy; but when his little grandaughter began calling him "Happy" he said that he just simply had to try to live up to it. It has made him ever so much happier, too. So if you must nickname a friend give her a name to "live up to" instead of one to live down to.

But "deary me," here am I sermonizing about names when you are all waiting to be told what these little sketches are about. Of course every one of us will wear a bit of green upon Saint Patrick's day. We owe that much courtesy to the country that has given us so many brilliant orators and so much merry, wholesome wit. If we had kept on descending from our Puritan ancestors without any help from Ireland we might have been a pretty solemn lot of people by this time. We needed Ireland to stir us up a bit. All of our clubs will want to have an extra meeting on March seventeenth, and it might not be a bad idea to make it just a merry, good-time affair with games and music. Invite some of your outside girl friends and show them what a good time really means.

There should be a four-leaf clover hunt, and by cutting out the clover from the crêpe paper that comes for Saint Patrick's day decorations you can easily get clovers enough to make the girls think they are mistaken about the date and that this is really summer. You will hide only a few four-leaf clovers among their three-leaf sisters, and the girls winning the lucky clovers should receive some little prize. There should also be some tiny trinket for the girl who finds the largest number of three-leafers.

Candy potatoes make fine prizes and they are very easily made. They are delicious to eat, too. You take confectioners' sugar and moisten it with a little cream. When it is just right to model in the hand, shape it into little potatoes and dent the "eyes" with the end of a match. Next roll the potatoes in powdered cinnamon and they will look "as natural as life." For the best prize you can make the potato larger.

A potato race is also suitable for Saint Patrick's day, as Ireland is the home of the potato.

One of the prettiest things you can have as a decoration is the clover leaf basket shown in the upper sketch. It hangs over the table in the dining-room and is made of crêpe paper pasted to cardboard. It takes two of these stiff clover leaves laced together to form this basket in which a lot of little favors or candy potatoes are concealed. When the dangling ribbons with their clover leaf decorations are pulled, out comes a gift for each girl.

If you want to make something very pretty and novel in which to serve the refreshments cut large pasteboard clover leaves and cover them with green crêpe paper. Then cut a hole in each leaf just large enough to hold a paper ice cup. After pasting the rim of the cup to the clover leaf, the leaf will stand on its three cups as it would on three legs. You can serve all of the refreshments from these clovers. One cup could hold ice cream, another salted peanuts and the third wafers.

Cookies cut in bunny form and frosted are very suitable for a March party, and any club having a member who can draw can take an outline drawing of a rabbit to a tinsmith and have a cutter made. Then you can have rabbits galore, and when Easter comes you can treat the kiddies of your neighborhood to cooky rabbits instead of Easter eggs.

We have saved the best of all for the last, just as the dessert always comes after the plain part of the meal; so sit up, Cozy Corner Nieces, and take notice. In Auntibel's desk are twenty of the prettiest prizes we have ever had, and they are to be sent to the winners of the March contest. They are dainty little glass bonbon holders with gilt rims and a lovely green four-leaf clover imprisoned in the glass top. Ten of these prizes are for the ten girls under twelve years of age who send in the best drawings of rabbits, and the other ten are for girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen who send in the best ideas of something to make or do for a Saint Patrick's day party. It may be an invitation in rhyme, a favor, a place-card, a description of some game, a list of good poems, songs to use on the program or anything else; but it must be an original idea, right out of your Cozy Corner head. This contest closes on the fifteenth of March, and anything that comes a minute after that will not stand the "ghost of a chance" of winning a prize.

Address all your letters to Auntibel, PICTORIAL REVIEW, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Be sure in sending in your contributions to write your name and address very plainly, for many good things have to be discarded every month because Auntibel does not know who sent them.

Three-Lealed Clover Dish for Ice Cream, Nuts and Wafers

Cookies Cut in Bunny Form and Frosted Make Nice Little Favors for Easter

White China Plate Decorated With Crêpe Paper Clovers for Refreshments

A New Breakfast Dish

to find favor at the family table must possess those qualities of taste, appearance and ease of preparation that recommend it to each member of the family.

The New Food

Post Tavern Special

appeals to the man of the house and the children because of its delightful flavour, the result of skillful blending of the best parts of wheat, corn and rice—

Served as a Hot Porridge

It pleases the housewife and cook because it is quickly and easily prepared.

Post Tavern Special furnishes a substantial dish, full of real nourishment and satisfaction.

Sold by Grocers

Packages 10c and 15c, except in extreme West.

A 15c pkg. makes 30 generous portions that make for family relish—a trial is convincing.

"Tomorrow's Breakfast"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ont., Canada

Oak Table 150—Given with a $10 purchase of Products.

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DAN BEARD'S BOYS' PAGE

Johnny Appleseed's Moon and Sore Eye Moon

ACCORDING to our Buckskin Calendar, which is the only calendar *real American boys* will use, this is the Sore Eye Moon of the Indians. It is also the moon in which the Buffalo calves are born. The Indians sometimes call it "Little Grass Moon" or "Grass First Come Up Moon." Among the Pioneers this is *Johnny Appleseed's Moon.*

Hello, Johnny, how are you? Bless your soul, old man, I have told the boys all about you every year since 1905 when the first Boy Scouts of the world were launched.

Now, Johnny, you are the first Forester of America, the first Gifford Pinchot, and the Boy Pioneers have been industrious in their efforts to bestow upon you the fame you deserve; but we are not going to talk about you this time. We will not forget you however, Johnny Appleseed—not while apples grow in America!

The first Boy Scout in the world was a little freckled faced fellow named Atkinson and he is living in New York to-day. He must be a proud boy. Think of it! He is the veteran of all the hundreds of thousands of Boy Scouts all over the world! But in the last issue of this magazine I told you that this page was to be devoted to ALL BOYS. Of course all boys ought to be Scouts, but some of them are not and I am writing for outsiders as well as insiders.

See That Bald Spot? Well, It Belongs to Your Founder, Dan Beard

Our boys are real Pioneers who have done Pioneer work and some day will be ranked along with Boone, Kenton, Carson, Gist and all those old Buckskin men and Empire builders of the Middle West. The great injustice connected with all Pioneer work is that the adventurous pathmakers seldom win any fame until long after they are dead and buried; then some one wakes up to the importance of the Pioneer's work and people write epitaphs for them and tell what great fellows they were. I believe, with my good friend Dr. Lyman Abbott, in "more taffy while men are living and less epitaphy after they are dead." That's the reason I am praising you boys for the work you have been doing and are doing *now.* It's great! It's grand! It's the greatest work the world has seen in many years! It's a bigger work than any of us realize at this time; so let us yell, "Hurrah for PICTORIAL REVIEW and the Boy Pioneers!"

Wow! Wow! Wow!
Row! Row! Row!
Gosh-all-hemlocks!
Buckskin and Leather Socks!
Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!
Raw! Raw! Raw!
Cut a notch,
Cut a notch
And give three cheers;
For we are the Boy Pioneers!

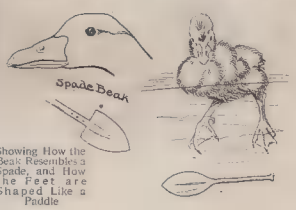
TIGER

WE—WANT—NO—MOLLYCODDLES!

Now give another three times for the Executive Board of the Boy Scouts of America.

WHEN you go on a tramp this month, or a "hike," as the Scouts call it, keep your eyes peeled for the birds. Most of the feathered visitors packed their trunks some time ago and started North and March is a great month in which to note their arrival.

Frank Chapman's books are the most practical bird books printed for all-round, general use; but for boys who live on the Pacific Coast, I recommend "Birds of California," by Irene Grosvenor Wheelock, and "Birds of the Rockies," by Leander Keyser. A little handy pocket book, "How to Name the Birds," by A. C. Parkhurst, is also good. There are other good bird books, but these are the ones I



Showing How the Beak Resembles a Spade, and How the Feet are Shaped Like a Paddle

The only way to learn the birds is to go afield and hunt for them. Watch them and see how they fly and perch on limb or tree; how they walk, hop, skip or jump; what they eat and how they sing. Notice their color markings, the shape of their bills, feet, tails and heads, and make notes in any cheap little five-cent or penny note-book you can get hold of. Then compare your notes with the ones in the printed books. You will find it easy enough to learn to know the robin, the bluebird, the purple grackle or the crow and the oriole when you see them; but when you come down to the sparrows you must get down to real hard work before you will be able to distinguish the different kinds. At first all sparrows will look alike to you and you cannot tell the difference between a white throated sparrow and a common English sparrow or the fox sparrow and the vesper sparrow; but after you have mastered the sparrows you will have become an enthusiastic bird student and can try your hand, or rather your eyes, on the warblers. If you can distinguish and identify all the different warblers at sight you can do more than your Founder has ever been able to do. These beautiful and interesting birds seem to run so gradually and imperceptibly into different groups that the connecting links are always a puzzle.

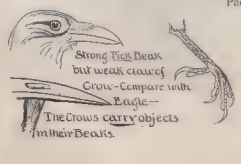
Chapman has also produced a beautiful book on "The Warblers of North America" which you can find in any of the Public Libraries. The book I always take with me is Chapman's "Birds of Eastern North America," and I make my notes on the margins of the pages using a very hard lead pencil for the purpose. Such notes will never rub out, and even if the book is wet they will not blot as do those made in ink. Don't use soft lead pencils for making notes of any kind, for the soft pencil marks will smudge and become illegible in a very short time.

Never disturb a bird's nest. The birds of America are the wards of the boys of America and it is your duty to protect them.

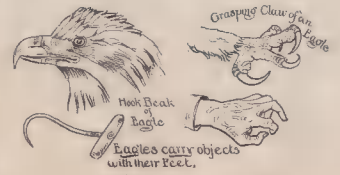
This is also the month to erect bird houses. In previous numbers of this magazine I have told you how to make all kinds of bird houses. If you are unable to secure the back numbers of this magazine you can always get "The Jack of All Trades" or "Field and Forest Handy-Book." If you have access to none of these books do without them and bore holes in any sort of small boxes. Then nail them—the boxes not the holes—up in the trees out of reach of trespassers or nail shelves under the eaves of barns, chicken coops and corn cribs. Cut holes in the crowns of old hats and tack them by their brims to outhouses. Place the hats under the eaves where they will be protected. Birds will build in almost any sort of a shelter.

If you live in the suburbs or in the country and want to try an interesting experiment secure some worsted or carpet raveling. Make the pieces about two feet long and lay them out upon the top of some bushes where the birds can see them. In this way you can cause the orioles in your neighborhood to build nests of any color you desire—red, blue, green or yellow. Use only woolen yarn as silk, cotton or hempen threads become entangled in the birds' feet. Robins seem to like white cloth or rags. There were a pair of robins and a pair of orioles in front of my house who spent a week's valuable nest building time in stealing a piece of kite tail from each other. After witnessing their struggle to secure the kite tail I took the hint and tore some white cotton cloth into strips and laid the strips out on the lawn. The white rags were immediately appropriated by another pair of robins which built the finest decorated nest you ever saw in an oak tree. The nest was festooned all around with long, white streamers which hung down four or five feet below the limb on which the nest rested. There were no leaves on the oak trees at that time, and you could see that nest a block away.

Next I tried my old red neckties on the birds; but they did not seem to appreciate them. It may be that the red in the silk did not harmonize with the red on the robin's breast, or maybe it was for some reason of their own that the robins ignored my ties. There is no accounting for taste!



It Is Interesting to Compare the Beaks of the Different Birds. For Example Take Those of the Crow, Oriole, Eagle, Heron and Goose Shown Here. Also Note Their Different Shaped Claws



Secrets

The Locket has a double charm. Not only is it a beautiful ornament, giving just the right touch of gold at the throat, but it is valued for the loved secrets it holds. There is no other gift that gives so much delight as a locket.

Your best guide in buying—to obtain a locket of beautiful design and workmanship—that will hold safe its secrets—is to ask for

W & H Lockets

Made in all the new and fashionable designs as well as some old fashioned ones. Be sure to look for the little heart trademark on the inside. It guarantees durability and correct design.

Ask your jeweler to show you No. 9800, illustrated below. He has many others also for men and women.

There's a heart in every locket

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Look for this mark inside

Write for Booklet "What's What In Lockets," a guide to the correct wearing of lockets with different costumes. Free if you mention name of your jeweler.

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FREE OFFER To anyone who has not used Mentholatum we will send a sample on request or for 10 cents in stamps a large physician's size package.

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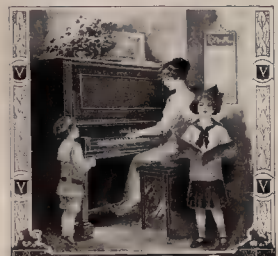

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DAN BEARD'S BOYS' PAGE

(Continued from page 26)

A neighbor of mine in Flushing, Long Island, put some of her valuable lace handkerchiefs on the lawn to bleach. The lace was immediately appropriated by the robins as desirable ornamentation and with it they decorated their nest in the maple tree on Jamaica Avenue.

A resident of Genesee, New York, had a similar experience with a pair of robins. She placed two fine lace collars on the lawn in front of her house on Center Street and when she went to get them an hour later they were gone. She was sure that no human being stole them because she was seated at the window and would have noticed any person trespassing on the lawn. The next day she placed another lace collar on the lawn and watched it. A robin flew down from an apple tree nearby and carried off the dainty bit of lace. Investigation showed that all three collars and some one else's lace handkerchief were woven into the nest—all of which seems to indicate that robins are connoisseurs of lace and love white as a symbol of purity. I *know* they do not like red neckties.

Mr. George Taylor of Rome found near his house a magpie's nest made of bits of wire, a photograph of which I have before me as I write. Not to be outdone in freak nest building some swallows in Switzerland built their nest of broken watch springs. The nest is now in the Museum of Natural History at Soleure. Several pairs of pigeons in France built their nests entirely of hair-pins collected on the paths of the Luxembourg, and in Pennsylvania some wrens made a cozy little nest of hair rats and puffs belonging to a fashionable lady.

Not only are birds ready to adapt their nests to the material at hand but they are equally broad minded in the selection of the site of their little homestead. A physician in Maryland put a human skull in a tree and it was immediately accepted as a bird house by some sparrows who reared their family in this gruesome nesting place. Sparrows will build in any old place. On Richmond Street, Hunterdown, Bristol, they selected the ventilating pipe of the house drains for a nesting place, and the bad air did not seem to incommode them. In California some purple martins built their nest in a deer's skull over the doorway of a ranch house. Summer before last a pair of chimney swifts reared their young in a nest glued to the inside of my carriage house at Redding, Connecticut. Last summer I found both sparrows and chimney swifts nesting in the cannons on the parade ground at Culver Military Academy, Indiana. A robin built its nest in the mouth of a parrot gun at Maquoketa, Iowa. At Long Branch, N. J., not long since, a pair of fish-hawks built their nest in the chimney of a summer cottage. At Parkersburg, West Virginia, a lady's clock was stopped by a pair of wrens building their nest in its works. Some time ago I sent to the National Museum at Washington a red winged blackbird's nest which had been built on the top of a marsh wren's nest.

Goran's Troop at Camp Mohawk

Gee, whiz, wouldn't this make a jolly collection of nests if we had them all in one place? There is only one time, however, to collect birds' nests and that is in the fall after the birds have deserted them. As I said before America is *your country*, boys, either by birth or adoption, and it is up to you to preserve and guard our fast disappearing American birds. It is with the hope of interesting you in them that I am telling you all these queer things. I want every little bird when he arrives here this spring to pipe up and sing:

Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!
Raw! Raw! Raw!
Gosh-all-hemlocks!
Buckskin and Leather Socks!
Give three cheers
For the Boy Pioneers!

Extracts From Letters From Our Scouts

DEAR MR. BEARD:

I read PICTORIAL REVIEW every month. Last November I saw that you had been looking for a picture of Daniel Boone in his early years. Last week in school, during the language lesson when I was thinking about it, I happened to run across a picture that looked like him. I naturally thought of letting you know; so I copied it and you will find it enclosed.

The name of the book is Emerson S. Bender's "English Spoken and Written." Vol. II., page 226. I am not a Boy Scout yet, for I am not yet 12.

I made a haversack last week and a canteen. I made another one too and sold it for 15 cents.

I am saving up money to pay for a Boy Scout suit.

I have read quite a number of Boy Scout stories besides the Manual which I got at the Public Library.

THEODORE GIBSON.

Your Founder and One of His Boy Scouts

DEAR FOUNDER:

I am sending you a picture of our totem pole and the present members of our club. There are not many of us; but we are all loyal sons of Daniel Boone. Reading from left to right in the picture are Robert Gloyd (Kit Carson), Lawrence Ensley (Simon Kenton), myself and Richard Becker (Davy Crockett).

In mentioning my surveying instrument I never expected a Top Notch and I did not mention who made the survey. Richard Becker was my rodman and therefore had to do about one-third of the work. I think I should share my Top Notch with him. What do you think about it? Let me know, won't you?

Are forts entitled to a Nick when they win a contest or game?

The boys think those pioneer games are fine and we have tried them all. In the crawfish race several of the boys got weak in the wrist and fell down and got all mixed up with each other.

Yours truly,
DE WITT SAUNDERS.

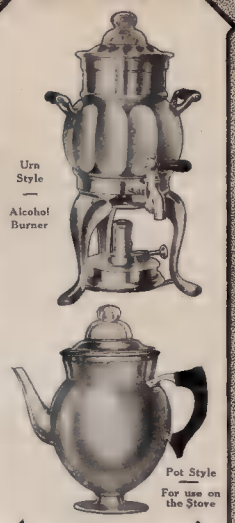
DAN BEARD:

I suppose you think our stockade died during the summer vacation. I knew you were out teaching the Culver Academy boys; so I did not write. Most the boys were in different places during the summer. Now as school is in full sway we have meetings about every Friday night.

Would you kindly send me the leaflet about the price of our suits and tell me the price of your book "The Boy Pioneers?"

When I was in the country last vacation a boy invited me to come to his house sometime. Last Friday (my birthday) I started. First I rode twenty-five miles on electric roads and then I walked. I had a five-mile stretch of land to cover, and the roads were very bad because of three days steady rain. In two or three places I went into mud over the top of my rubbers. I walked four and a half miles through this and then I met a man with a buggy. He asked me if I wanted a ride. I didn't refuse an offer like that, and he took me to my destination.

Yours very truly,
RUSSELL NEILON,
Philadelphia.



Urn Style — Alcohol Burner

Pot Style — For use on the Stove

UNIVERSAL Coffee Percolators

Coffee made in the UNIVERSAL Percolator is healthful and full-flavored, *because* the coffee is made *before the water boils*, none of the tannin or bitter elements having been extracted.

By the UNIVERSAL method ground coffee is placed in the perforated receiver at the top of the percolator, and cold water is poured into the pot below the coffee.

As soon as the water begins to warm, it rises in the central tube and flows over the coffee—filtering through and taking with it the rich flavor and aroma. The moment the first sign of steam is noticed, the heat should be turned off and the coffee is ready to serve—for boiling water passing through the coffee extracts tannin and other undesirable elements.

Others may imitate the external appearance of the UNIVERSAL, but they cannot duplicate the patented fundamental principles. Look for the name UNIVERSAL on every percolator.

UNIVERSAL Percolators, Electric, for making coffee at the table. These are made in either Urn Style or Pot Style.

UNIVERSAL Percolator, Urn Style, with alcohol burner, is for making coffee at the table where electricity is not available.

UNIVERSAL Percolator, Pot Style, is for use on the stove.

Write for booklet describing all the UNIVERSAL Home Needs, specifying whether or not you have electricity in your home.

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK,
545 Commercial Street,
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X-Ray View Electric Percolator — Pot Style

The Cromwell

This new design is one in which simplicity and beauty are combined with strength and durability. Delicate are the lines of ornamentation, yet the weight of each piece comes in the right place. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

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it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of 66 years.

It is not only the heaviest grade of silver plate, but our finishing process makes it the most durable.

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Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
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In your own home. Trial package "Agnesian Scalp Cleanser" sent free on request.
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A high, hard, durable lustre without hard rubbing or getting down your knees. The O-Cedar Polish Mop dusts, cleans and Polishes all at one time.
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The Economical Housewife

A Practical, Cooperative Department With One Idea—To Save Money

CASH prizes are paid every month for the best letters received on Economical Housekeeping. All material sent in should be essentially practical; we want facts and not theories. Special subjects will be announced from time to time. This month we want letters on HOW I CLOTHE MYSELF ON $50 A YEAR. Tell us about it in detail, giving facts and figures, in not more than a thousand words. The shorter the article the better. For every letter we publish we will pay ten dollars.

This is in addition to our regular monthly offer of ten dollars each for every available article of not more than one thousand words on How I Met the High Cost of Living.

DO NOT ENCLOSE STAMPS, AS ABSOLUTELY NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED.

Address: The Economical Housewife,
Pictorial Review Building, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York City.

How We Earned a Home of Our Own

I WAS a village girl and my husband a farmer's son. When we were married he was obliged to hire out to a farmer, for we had no money with which to provide an outfit for ourselves for farming. Moreover we wished to save something towards buying a home of our own.

The farmer paid my husband $28 a month during nine months of the year, gave us the use of a house, garden and potato patch, allowed us to keep chickens and pastured our cow. We paid fifty cents per month for horse pasture and fed the cow and horse at our own expense during the winter.

We began housekeeping on a very plain scale, buying only enough good, simple furniture for a kitchen, sitting-room and one sleeping-room. We lived and dressed plainly, never buying any article of any kind for which we had no need. As the proceeds from our cow and chickens paid for our clothing and food, we were able to save the most of our income. We were obliged to go in debt for our horse and buggy, which were necessities as we lived so far from town.

We bought two small pigs, and the waste milk and buttermilk almost fed them and the chickens. When fall came we had the meat from two large hogs to put away for the winter and following summer.

I was always interested in chickens and they proved a success. Our poultry returns have always proved a large source of income.

I always made it my aim to make our food, clothing and household furnishings last as long as possible, never wasting a thing of any kind that could be turned to account; for this was the best way in which I could assist my husband. During the three idle months each year my husband sawed wood and did whatever odd jobs he could. In this way he earned considerable.

At the end of two years we rented a farm of 120 acres, using the three hundred dollars we had been able to save towards the purchase of another horse, cow and a few farming implements which we bought cheap at public sales. We remained on this farm three years, increasing our live stock by careful raising, selling and buying. Then we went where land was cheap and the country new, buying forty acres with money we had accumulated from the sale of grain, hay and stock. After several years of hard work and economy we had our farm paid for. We still have much to do about the place, but we see our way clear to do this and live comfortably. During this time we have slowly added to our home furnishings. We have met with losses, but by careful management have been able to make up for them.

I do all of my own work and sewing to help in keeping down expenses. I set an economical table—eggs, milk, dry peas and beans often taking the place of meat. We eat fish, fowl and rabbits in place of the more expensive meats. Like the fowls the rabbits are grown on the farm.

MRS. C. B. W.—Ohio.

Reducing Expenses by Buying a Home

MY husband's income is $25 a week. Eighteen months ago I was obliged to come West for my health, my husband remaining East. We have three children. He allowed me $15 of his salary weekly. We found rent and food so high in price that I feared we could not get along on my allowance. We rented a five-room house at $18 a month which had no conveniences at all.

My oldest son obtained work occasionally which kept him in clothing. In the fall we moved to a much better house, for which we paid $16.50. During this time we had purchased a cow and chickens and were selling milk and eggs. An acquaintance supplied us with garden stuff, making us realize that if we could cut down expenses we, too, must have a garden. We also decided that the rent we were paying ought to be applied as payments on a home of our own.

Just at this time my oldest boy secured a steady position at $50 a month. Of this he gave me $20 for board. We decided to buy a piece of land, two lots 50 x 150 feet. This property was fenced in and had twenty-five young fruit trees, an abundance of berries, rhubarb, five hundred asparagus plants, etc. This property cost $1,250. For $400 extra the owner of the property erected a house on it. This house had only two well-finished rooms and a shed kitchen with a screened porch. We used a house tent for a bedroom, connecting it with the house.

Since buying we have painted the house and have a very attractive home. The owner also included in the $400 the erection of a woodshed, chicken house and small barn—these being built from material in a small house that stood on an adjoining lot.

We paid $100 down, my son paying half of it. We agreed to pay $15 a month or more at 8 per cent. semi-annually. We have been paying $20 monthly so far. Then we began to actually cut down living expenses. We moved into our new home in December, and in the spring planted the garden with every vegetable we could think of. As we have fine soil and several stand-pipes on the place we can irrigate our garden, and it is flourishing.

This first year we cannot put much money in the bank as we have had so much to buy for our new home—garden tools, etc. But the garden, cow and chickens enable me to purchase all these things which would be impossible did I have to buy all our food. By another year we expect to be able to save something as we will not have these small expenses the second year. My husband has joined us and is getting $25 a week here.

MRS. E. G. L.—Oregon.

Living Comfortably and Increasing a Bank Account on $15 a Week

OUR income is just $15 a week, and we not only live comfortably but have a fair sized bank account. Our family consists of three people—my husband, my father and myself. Each week I divide the $15 as follows:

Rent	$3.25
Heat	1.00
Table	7.50
Gas	.40
Church	.35
Sick benefit	.25

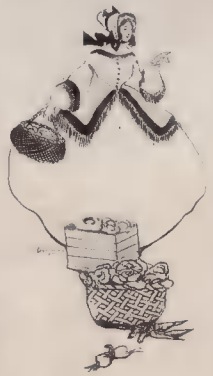
This leaves $2.25 each week or $117 a year for clothes and all incidentals. We live in a good neighborhood, and our table has good, wholesome food. I buy substantials rather than luxuries.

Once a week we have a roast, and here are some of the ways by which I make the most of the meat I buy: When it is a shoulder or leg of lamb I boil it slowly until nearly done, then remove and place it in the oven to brown for one-half hour. It is not so dry as when oven-baked, and the water in which it was boiled forms the basis for a good soup, either barley, vegetable or noodle.

For my beef roast I purchase the larger ribs, sixth or seventh, that are much cheaper than the first cuts and not too fat. I go to the market personally and have the center of the cut taken out with the layer of fat and roast it. It is tender and juicy, and I have no waste. The outer layer of meat and fat I put into brine and later have a nice rolled piece of corned beef from it. The trimmings are used for soup stock, and if he has it, the butcher will throw in a knuckle bone of veal. For veal and pork I have the bone removed, make a regular poultry dressing and put it into the pocket left in the meat. Cold roast meat of any kind can be used to the last scrap—for hash, croquettes or meat loaf.

I use all left-overs if possible. I do not consider it an economy to make a pudding with milk and eggs in order to save a half cup of cereal. Instead I put the cereal in a cup to mold. When cold I cut it into slices, flour and brown it on a griddle. With a little sugar or syrup this is excellent.

I never buy laundry soap but make it from fat not good enough for cooking. It is very simple and easy to make, is white and will float. To make this soap take one pound of lye and one-half pound of borax. Pour one quart of hot water over these, holding a cloth over the mouth and nose, as the fumes are very strong. Cool. Melt five pounds of clarified fat, strain and when cool pour in lye and borax, stirring it until as thick as honey. Pour into a paper lined tin. When cold mark off into cakes.



As to our clothes, we buy only good material and pay cash. One $30 tailor-made suit every three years and an overcoat every five years at the same price solve the outer clothing question for my husband. We have found this better economy than ready-made clothing. The tailor-made clothes wear well, keep their shape and last three years for best. Then, with one or two pairs of extra trousers, they wear three years more for work. By buying when the tailor is not rushed and paying cash we get good values.

I make my husband's shirts. Though costing only fifty and seventy-five cents apiece they are equal to the dollar and dollar and one-half qualities at the stores. This year the clothes problem demanded very little money; so we purchased a needed rug for our living-room at $25. When anything like this is needed for the home we try to get it the year that the clothing does not require so much.

Every cent not absolutely needed is banked monthly. If we save anything from the table fund it is added to our bank account. We do not bewail the fact that we cannot have things we cannot afford but live contentedly on what we have. MRS. C. T. H.—Connecticut.

The Economical Housewife

How My Garden Cut Expenses and Brought in Money

OUR family consists of my husband, our two-year-old son and myself. We live in a cozy, four-room cottage, having a back yard 40 x 51 feet. For the last three years that small yard has supplied not only the most of our food, but some to sell. I always plant two rows of potatoes, twenty-five cents worth in each row. I plant at intervals of six weeks, and in that way I have potatoes coming on at different times. As we live in California I was able this last spring to plant my first crop of potatoes in February and had new potatoes by the first of May. I planted five crops altogether and expect to have enough for all the year. Outside of those we used we sold five dollars worth.

From a planting of fifteen cents worth of wax beans we have had all we could use. I also sold $1.40 worth to neighbors. I have planted thirty cents worth of corn since April first, and we have had corn on the cob almost continuously since it came into bearing July first. As green corn in California seldom gets cheaper than thirty cents per dozen ears and as we are very fond of this vegetable you can readily count the saving on this one food alone.

It is the small vegetables that count the most in cutting the food bills. Five cents worth each of beet, turnip, carrot, cabbage, tomato, radish and lettuce seeds with careful planting and cultivating will produce enough to keep a large family in vegetables, and there will be some to sell besides. From one dozen tomato plants we have had more ripe tomatoes than we could use or give away. Less than one-third of a package of celery seed has provided us with plenty of this delicious vegetable for all summer, and there is enough left in the ground to bleach for winter. Of summer cabbage we had an abundance. My summer garden when nearly over gave me room to set out one hundred late cabbage plants for winter use. We had plenty of pole beans for our own use and sold five dollars worth to friends and neighbors.

My husband's income is $25 per week; but we are paying twenty-five dollars per month on a home of our own, as well as keeping up taxes, insurance, repairs and so forth. We are also paying nine dollars per month for some furniture and a course of study that my husband has taken up, so that economy is necessary in every possible way.

Thanks to our garden, our bills for food do not exceed ten dollars per month the year round. The outdoor work makes us strong and healthy, and besides giving us genuine pleasure brings in many small amounts of money that we use for pleasure we would otherwise have to do without.

MRS. H. B. K.—California.

Expenses Cut Down to Less Than Half of What They Had Been

MY husband is a lawyer, and our income consequently uncertain. We had been married nine years and had four children. While we had never lived extravagantly, we had not economized as much as we might. Some years we managed to put some money in the bank, but not often. I did all my marketing by telephone. Often I would notice that some food article had advanced in price. We paid the bills and thought no more about it until all at once we realized that the high cost of living had come on us unawares and that we were not financially prepared to meet it. We at once set about to find a way and by many different methods have found it.

Since the arrival of my first baby I had always kept a maid. We sent the washing out and did the ironing, plain sewing and other work ourselves. My first step in economy was to discharge the maid. Then I began systematizing my work so that I could manage it alone. When I had succeeded in this I studied the cooking question. After two years I am still studying it, for it is not an easy matter to set a nourishing and economical table for six people. I decided to give less variety but to have everything well cooked and nutritious. I ceased to buy expensive meats for any purpose whatever. I use the cheap cuts for boiling or roasting and find them delicious when properly cooked. They are just as wholesome and cost about half what the choicer cuts do. For dessert I ceased to have pies and cakes and so forth, but substituted fresh fruit and home canned fruits. These are not only better for both children and grown-ups, but save labor and fuel in preparing. I watch my fuel bills carefully and plan my meals to use the oven for the entire dinner on baking days.

But now comes the achievement of which we are most proud—our vegetable garden. We utilized every foot of space possible and have been abundantly repaid. Any one with a back yard can grow vegetables. Onions, lettuce and radishes are very easily grown. A little space about ten feet square supplied our table for weeks! Between the rows of onions we planted string-beans, and when they were ready for use we began to see what a valuable asset this garden was.

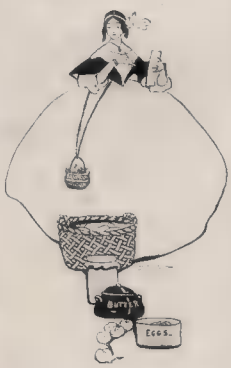
Separating our small plot of ground from the alley on one side and at the back is a wire netting five feet high. By this netting we planted corn beans. They completely covered the netting, making a fence of pretty green vines. We had more of these beans than we could use; so I canned many quarts for winter. We planted a dozen tomato plants in out-of-the-way spots and had an abundance of fresh, ripe tomatoes. I have canned one dozen quarts for winter use. When the beans were gone from the small space where we had our first early vegetables we set out a dozen late cabbages which matured for winter. The climbing lima beans are easily grown; so we planted a row of them on a netting across the front of our garden. We intend to use them for shade and screen on our back porch this spring.

Our little garden, besides supplying us with fresh, crisp vegetables, choicer than we could purchase in the market, has saved us many, many dollars. A small garden of this kind is not hard to care for.

We further practiced economy by having the telephone removed. I do all my marketing now in person, paying for each article as I get it. This is far more economical than the credit plan. We have kept up our table very nicely all summer on six dollars a week for six people. This includes gasoline for cooking. It takes forty-five cents per week to run the range.

To help with my large ironings I purchased an electric iron. This saves both time and fuel. Sheets, towels, wash cloths, et cetera, I lay away rough dried. I make all of the children's rompers, pajamas and petticoats of either crinkled seersucker or cotton crêpe. Neither of these materials requires ironing and both are inexpensive. I now do all my own sewing and for the past six months have been able to do my washing.

We have cut down our living expenses to less than half what they were two years ago and are living just as well. Both my husband and I belong to a club, and we have many good times socially. We are now putting money in the bank so as to be prepared for a rainy day.



We have learned that economy in one thing alone does not solve the high cost of living problem. It must be in everything—fuel, clothing and in purchasing labor-saving devices, as well as in the line of food-stuffs. Economy must be practiced all along these lines to find the correct solution

MRS. F. S. O.—Indiana.

Another Advocate of the Pay Cash Habit

I AM a wage-earner's wife with twenty years of housekeeping blunders behind me, and I think I have learned by experience a few things worth passing on to others just starting in life. When we married my husband was making $2.25 per day, which if wisely spent would have supported us comfortably and some to spare. Instead of buying a small home and economizing to pay for it while unencumbered by a family, we rented houses much larger than we needed and moved five times in four years—twice long distances by rail. The best cooks could be had for $1.50 per week; so I kept a servant all the time, and it was a long while before I realized that a wasteful, dishonest cook was dear at any price. I was fond of dress, too, and insisted upon having better clothes than our means justified. We were soon deeply in debt and at the mercy of the merchants with whom we traded. When pay-day arrived the money had to be divided among our creditors; so we seldom got the advantage of buying for cash and often had to accept inferior goods at exorbitant prices because the article was a necessity.

After four years of such management I began to see some of my mistakes, and I am sure that reading household articles in good magazines helped me to do so. My first step toward reform was to persuade my husband to buy a home. He ridiculed the idea—said he had nothing to buy a home with, was head over heels in debt, was not making enough to live on and so on. He was earning $2.50 per day then, and the family had increased to six—three children and three adults. Taking this into consideration, it did seem preposterous to buy a home; but I was determined to have one and finally induced him to make the venture.

We selected a large lot in a new but desirable locality. The owner had a five-room cottage built on it and sold us the place under a deed of trust for $1,000. We borrowed $100 for the first payment and gave notes of $100 each at 6 per cent. for nine deferred payments. This, with taxes and insurance, was about the same we had been paying just for the privilege of living in some one else's house. If we had bought our home four years before it would have been half paid for at the time when we actually took possession and we could have made the final payments much sooner and easier than we eventually did.

That was our fifth move and our last for nearly sixteen years. I dismissed the cook and buckled down to work, as I should have done at first. I studied household economy and soon discovered that our system of buying was at fault. To get the most for our money I saw that we must pay cash and buy in the largest quantities we could use to advantage; but it was a long while before I could fully test the theory on account of those old debts which harassed us for years. To pay an old bill forced us to make a new one, and as it went.

We managed to take up our notes every year, however, lived comfortably and decently and kept our children in school. We improved the place in many ways and were doing finely when serious sickness overtook first my husband, then myself. For two years we failed to save the money necessary to pay on the home and were wondering what on earth to do about it when Providence took a hand. A legacy of $500, to which we had no legal right and which we had never expected to get, was given to us by the people who had taken it years before. It was ours by moral right; so we accepted it thankfully, took up our notes, paid off our bills and had some left.

From then on we have prospered. My husband's salary went up to $3.00 per day, and with no debts to hamper us we tried out the cash system of buying and were astonished to find how it reduced our living expenses.

MRS. J. E. H.—North Carolina.

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Home-Making and Household

WHY WOMEN DRAW SMALL SALARIES

By Jennie Campbell Douglass

THOUGH each new census report shows an upward tendency in the character of woman's work and its compensation, yet figures, with their reputation for truthfulness, show that women are still holding positions of less responsibility and drawing smaller pay than men. And is there anything remarkable in this? How many of us can tell of great-grandmothers who went forth into the world to earn their living? Remunerative labor is comparatively new for our sex.

Men take up an occupation as [redacted] matter of course and usually follow it the greater part of their lives. With women the adoption of a vocation is less customary, and among the wealthy classes is really unusual. Consequently men have already established themselves in the berths that pay well, and it will be some time before they are turned out and women may take their places. This will not happen until women prove themselves more capable than the men with whom they are working. Here lies the young girl's chance. She must not make up her mind that because fine financial positions are usually reserved for men this will always be the case. Let her make herself an exception by gaining the top through hard study of her subject and [redacted] application to work.

But right here lies another stumbling block from a financial standpoint. A gentleman who employs both men and women said to me not long ago, "No matter how bright and capable [redacted] young woman may be a man not so bright and not so capable is usually worth more to his employer in the long run. The young woman may believe her whole interest to be centered in her work, but she usually finds herself mistaken when she meets Prince Charming. When love comes it is very absorbing and her interest flags. She becomes less devoted to the business she has formerly considered her life calling. On the other hand [redacted] young man when he becomes engaged feels added responsibilities as the prospective head of [redacted] family and consequently grows more actively ambitious."

Young women who of necessity are earning a living and were forced to begin to support themselves early in life form the large proportion of women wage-earners. If they feel that their lack of education holds them down, as indeed it does, why can they not find a little time each day to study? There are so many chances now for girls to take up special work in classes where the cost is really small. It will pay to give up the dance or the vaudeville for the chance to learn a little more. This study will not only lift them in their business but will associate them, too, with girls who are ambitious and thus give them more helpful and pleasant friendships. Intelligent labor is soon discovered by an employer and does not long remain unrewarded.

Women sometimes fall short of financial success from lack of originality. If the business world has no apparent need of a woman can she not create a call for herself that the world will come to hear? There is in New York City a little lady who conceived the idea of preparing steamer packages for people to present to friends going abroad. The gifts put up in dainty boxes vary in value from two to ten dollars. Her patrons telephone or write, giving whatever instruction they desire regarding the contents and price of the parcels. She buys the articles, does them up beautifully and sees that they are delivered to the desired person at the proper time.

Then, too, when it comes to ventures requiring financial output women are very cautious. They have little or no money of their own and they hesitate to borrow. One brave woman who found she must support herself and two children and had a taste for embroidery and crocheting believed that she might form classes in this sort of work if she learned all the newest stitches. She spent ten days in New York City taking lessons and studying materials, designs and stitches. She worked all day in the art shops and art departments of large stores and was busy until past midnight each night putting what she had learned during the day into shape to use in her classes. She had staked her financial all on this trip and she keenly felt the strain of the risk she ran. But she has scored a great success, and each year her income grows, for she keeps abreast of her work, going often to the cities to study the newest stitches and designs.

It does no harm to step a little beyond our own particular work to show a kindly and accommodating spirit in times of special stress. A fear of doing too little is far more promising for future success than the feeling more often expressed, "I don't propose to do one bit more than I'm paid for." Compensation for an obliging spirit may be delayed, but it is pretty sure to be meted out eventually in one form or another. No matter what your work or sphere the way of affluence as well as influence lies along the path of devotion to duty.

A businesslike manner is also a great asset. This does not mean a masculine bearing, but rather that every young woman should lose self-consciousness during business hours. The temptation to use pretty feminities to charm the customer should be suppressed.

Inexperience and ignorance are often accompanied by self-assurance. Suggestions that might prove very valuable are disdained. A self-satisfied person does not watch the methods of other workers with the idea of learning from them. On one occasion it was my privilege to give to a young lawyer a note of introduction to a business friend in another city. Afterwards the bearer of the note said to me, "Undoubtedly I secured clients through that introduction, but I gained something even more valuable. As I talked with your friend clerks came to him, sometimes two at a time, and while he gave me full attention, his hands automatically swept the pigeonholes of his desk, finding for the clerks the desired papers as easily as the skilled typewriter strikes the right keys. It was due to years of practice in systematic arrangement, and at once I began to study the same system."

Would the ordinary young woman under similar circumstances have learned the lesson? Do young women usually watch successful business women to learn their methods? It might prove an open sesame to some higher position if they would.

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Home-Making and Household

THAT TROUBLESOME LETTER

By Lelia Janes

SOMETIMES the little things in life seem to strike us as almost real tragedies, and I think the moment comes to every woman when she wants to write a certain letter and is most anxious to say just the right thing. But just what is the right thing and what is the best way to put it down? Without doubt a letter of condolence is the hardest one in the world to write; yet all of us are called upon to write them once in a while. A letter of congratulation or a social note is a much easier task, while a letter of recommendation falls into the class where more thought must be given.

Perhaps the key-note of all successful letter writing is naturalness—the wonderful, inimitable art of just being yourself and putting down on paper the things you would say if you were talking to another. For instance if your best friend had lost her brother and you met her on the street you would doubtless grasp her hand and say, "I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do?" Well, you could think a long time and pen many flowery speeches; but could anything, would anything strike home any deeper than just that "I'm so sorry?" After all it is what you want to say, and all the quotations and references to other sufferers in the past will not convey your meaning any better than those words.

I recall a letter which we received from a man at the time of my father's death. He was a traveler, a man of learning, a man of great culture, a writer of many successful books and had won a national honor. He had been a schoolmate of my father's and felt his death most keenly. He traveled over a thousand miles to be present at the funeral, and when he reached his hotel this is the note he sent to my mother: "I am so sorry. You know it. Is there anything I can do? If so command me."

He had written the natural thing and it rang with sincerity, and there you have the two things that make a successful letter of any kind—serious or otherwise. Most of us are practical, every-day people; we say things in a practical, matter-of-fact way. So why not write them so? If you are poetical and flowery in your manner and speech, then you can write a poetical, flowery letter at such times which will doubtless be a great help and comfort to the one who receives it; but bear this in mind—if you cannot do it naturally, don't do it at all.

So many girls have written to me saying they wanted to write a letter of congratulation to an engaged girl or a bride. In the first place the sentiment of such a letter is all wrong. You must never congratulate a girl on becoming a bride. By so doing you would infer that she was a drug on the market and you were glad she had finally found some one willing to marry her. That is not what you mean; so do not write and "congratulate her." Such a letter must be sent to the man lucky enough to have some nice girl say, "Yes," to his proposal of marriage. Write to the girl, of course, telling her how glad you are she is going to be happy and wishing her great joy in the years to come. If you are a married woman you can tell her some of the things marriage has meant in your life—the good things of course. If you are single tell her you hope that all of her dreams will come true.

A letter to a prospective bride wants to be full of the joy of life, just bubbling over with it; for remember her heart is overflowing with happiness and you do not want to be the one to quench it. Just pile on a little more happiness and you will have done the right thing.

It is not necessary to say very much in a letter of recommendation, but what little you say should be quite to the point and honest. Remember you can evade the truth when speaking; but what you put down on paper and sign should be the truth and nothing but the truth. This holds good in writing letters of recommendation in business life. Don't say much, but make every sentence count.

Letters of acceptance or regret in answer to an invitation of any sort should be answered as soon as you know whether you are going to accept or not. It is a great relief to a hostess to know in advance how many guests to count on. Do not wait until the last minute, keeping her in uncertainty. If you wish to send regrets and have a good excuse put it down as nicely as possible, telling your friend how sincerely sorry you are that you cannot be present. If your excuse is a flimsy one, just say, "I regret exceedingly that circumstances prevent my being with you." In case you are going to the entertainment write at once, telling your hostess how glad you are that she invited you and that you are delighted to be able to come. But the sooner you write either of these letters the better.

In writing to either a man or woman you do not know, and on a somewhat impersonal matter, you should begin your letter, "Dear Sir," or, "Dear Madam." On a more personal topic you may address them as, "My dear Mr. Jones." You address only people whom you know very well as "Dear Mr. Jones." The subject of what to sign yourself in writing general letters has long been under discussion. In formal correspondence the old "Very truly yours," or "Yours truly," has never been superseded. If you are acknowledging a favor it is well to say, "Gratefully yours." The words "Faithfully" and "Lovingly" are used only in most intimate correspondence, and an impersonal letter should ever be signed that way.

Undoubtedly the writing of love letters has caused more trouble than any other class of letters in the world. It is a pitfall into which both young and old fall. Indeed the most perilous ones have been written by women of mature age, for this seems to be one lesson that even experience will not teach.

The average girl or woman writes affectionate letters at night. Gas light or a flickering candle seems to make an ideal setting for the outpouring of her soul and heart. And it is very remarkable how many things you write in the evening, which you would never write in the daytime. Somehow the surroundings affect your mental condition. Go ahead and write the love letter at night and sign it, but do not seal it. Then go to bed and the next morning, when the glorious sunlight is streaming in and you have had a substantial breakfast, read over the letter that you wrote the night before. If it sounds all right, send it along. But—you will be surprised to know how many times it sounds ALL WRONG! In this case tear it up. This is also a good rule to remember in writing letters when you are in a temper.

Letters have a way of living long lives, of turning up and facing you when you thought you had lived them down, of calling your bluff just when you thought it was going so well. What you say is often forgotten or excused, but what you write will follow you like the relentless hand of Fate. And so when you sit at your desk with your pen in hand just remember the story our mothers used to tell us about the three sieves for everything we were to say or write—First, Is it true?—Second, Is it kind?—Third, Is it necessary?

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A. S. HINDS, 47 West Street, Portland, Maine.

Home-Making and Household

A SERVANTLESS HOUSE

By Agnes Athol

ON my street lives a woman who has rented a furnished house for the year with the express stipulation that she *shall not keep a servant*; that she is to use the kitchen utensils and crockery personally and surrender the house in the same exquisite condition in which it was when she entered. This clause in the lease does not bar her from having a woman in to attend to the cleaning, or from getting the washing done, though as a matter of fact a woman takes it home. It is intended, however, to provide against any of the three fastidiously furnished bedrooms being given over to a maid of doubtful habits; against the abuse of the unusual housekeeping facilities with which the house is equipped or of the appropriate and rare china which the owner was willing to leave to her tenant, Mrs. Baldwin.

The latter, after taking me through her remarkably convenient kitchen, assured me that therein lay the entire secret of the ease with which she had entertained and dined her friends through many months.

"The work is reduced absolutely to a minimum. I do not take an unnecessary step or waste a single movement putting things into temporary positions until I have made room somewhere else for them. Every modern device for doing housework is provided. I would never go back after the freedom and privacy of the home we have had, to the endurance of a presence continually in and out at our meals, listening to conversations and reporting them elsewhere, always about the house and always requiring supervision, correction and forbearance."

The first thing that struck me about her immaculate little workshop was the fact that no boxes, bottles, paper bags, dishes, pots or other paraphernalia were in sight. Of up-to-date utensils there were many, both for cleaning and cooking; but they were put away in securely closed closets where they collected little or no dust. These closets were within arm's reach of the sink so that dishes could be lifted directly into them as soon as dried. Not an inch of space was allotted to anything infrequently used.

A completely equipped kitchen cabinet stood between the zinc topped table and the deep, porcelain sink. Beneath a window next to the sink was a dish washing machine.

"Do you use it?" I asked. "I've heard they are not altogether satisfactory."

"I like it," my hostess replied. "I prefer to wash and dry my silver separately, although here is a compartment for the tableware, and of course I clean up the pots and pans as I am dishing my dinner. But think of the motions and time saved on all the china. I leave it to drain in the dish washer, and my hands never go into the dish water."

Mrs. Baldwin showed me a hose attached to the hot water faucet which was used to fill the dish washing machine.

"We have an instantaneous water heater in the cellar," she explained, "that heats as long as the water is turned on. A servant might be apt to waste gas in using it; but I do not find the bills higher since I am my own maid."

"I suppose you have a fireless cooker?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed. That is the secret of the frequent little dinner parties you have been reproaching me for having. With a fireless cooker I can manage to cook a delicious dinner for six people with very little labor and thus save my strength for serving my guests. It also means that I do not have to bend over a hot stove all afternoon and come to the table a tired and fretful hostess. No woman who does her own work ought to be without this labor-saving device a day, because it eliminates much of the real drudgery of cooking."

The gas range in Mrs. Baldwin's kitchen was a labor-saving device in itself—a splendid, modern type with elevated ovens and an oven thermometer, a plate warmer and a broiling oven, all within reach without stooping. A block on the wall which was provided with two chains served to regulate the furnace damper in the cellar, saving many steps daily.

The most important mechanical helper in the house was tucked out of sight in a closet off the kitchen. This was a stationary vacuum cleaner piped to both floors. Mrs. Baldwin could manage it easily alone.

"Your work wouldn't be so easy without electricity," I commented.

"Well, no, of course not. Still there are any number of electric devices that are good, and I get along without them. I wouldn't like to give up my electric toaster but I'd manage somehow without it. And I could use everything else here without electricity except the vacuum cleaner. If there had been no electricity available you may be sure the owner would have put in some sort of sweeper or cleaner that could be used without it. Have you ever seen a gasoline iron? I seldom have occasion to use this one as there is no place here for doing laundry work. However, I sometimes need to press a skirt or waist and then I simply fill the gasoline iron and sit up on a high stool to my ironing. One filling will last three hours."

Mrs. Baldwin declared that after her experience with modern household labor-savers she would never employ a servant again.

"Besides the cleanliness, quiet and privacy, it's cheaper in the long run to install good apparatus. Machines and utensils of metal are permanent. What you lay out for them in one year does not have to be repeated the next. The cost of housing, feeding and paying a servant for just one year is more than enough to buy all the modern, helpful devices you see in this house."

"How do you estimate that?" I asked.

"A girl's wages for general housework range from $16 to $25 a month. If you pay only $16 you will probably have to hire a woman to do the washing as I do now, and you will certainly find yourself doing all the cooking. I have had capable girls at $20 a month who would not wash clothes. However, take the lowest figure—$16; add to it $10 a month for extra food the girl consumes; count $5 a month more for waste, breakage, additional light and fuel—a conservative estimate you will agree—and you have $31 a month or $372 a year as the least cost of your servant. Now let's see how many of the things right here in this house we could buy with $372. My vacuum cleaner was $125.00, the hot water heater $35.00, the gas range which has unusual improvements $50.00, the kitchen cabinet $25.00, the electric fireless range $25.00, and the dish washing machine $10.00, which makes $270.00 in all. This estimate leaves about a hundred dollars of a servant's cost for investment in the little devices that help the work along—mop and wringer pail, dustless dusters and mops and such things." As I left Mrs. Baldwin I felt fully convinced that she was solving the problem of the high cost of living."

The Entertainment Department

Dollars and Dimes for the Church

By Julia Benedict

THE question of how to raise money for church is one that confronts us every month in the year, and a new solution to the problem is as welcome as a drink in the desert. Here is a really new idea.

A *Clock Social* is a "timely" entertainment for any month of the year, and is given in the following manner: Twelve persons are appointed to represent the hours, and each Hour selects as many helpers as she needs, these helpers to be called Minutes. For example—ten o'clock may have 10:10, 10:30, etc. Each Hour and her helpers form a separate group, and each group is to work in its own way to raise money, independent of the others. In this way a spirit of friendly rivalry is created which tends to greater exertions. Money may be raised in various ways. The 5 o'clocks could have a five o'clock tea. The 12 o'clocks could serve a midday meal from twelve up to a minute of one o'clock, or they could make it a silver luncheon where every one who came left a piece of money in silver.

There could be minute entertainments of various kinds, or the Minutes could have tags made and on a certain day tag their townsfolk. Each person tagged would have to give one penny. This amount would not tax the people as so many tag days have done. If all the Hours would fix on this method for the same day, it would afford much amusement. Each Hour would keep what her respective Minutes collected.

There could be 6 o'clock dinners at twenty-five cents each, 2 o'clock thimble parties where each paid a nickel and 12 o'clock school bells. This would be a school lunch counter where each child could purchase a lunch for twelve cents. There could be nine o'clock washing teas, sales of washing powder, bluing, soap, et cetera. There is no limit to the ideas such a contest would suggest.

At the end of a stipulated period of two or three weeks, the clock social would be held. Each person attending would pay according to the hour at which he arrived. Arriving at 7:00 would mean seven cents, at 8:00 eight cents, et cetera. In these small amounts no one would feel taxed; yet the sum total would amount to several dollars.

The feature of the evening would be the supper served at twelve tables arranged in a circle. Each Hour and her Minutes would have a table and collect twenty-five cents for each supper eaten at her table, or the supper could be made progressive, each Hour charging for what was eaten at her table. This offers much in the way of breaking the social ice and providing good fun. Hour One could have sandwiches at one cent each. Hour Two could have baked beans at two cents a portion. Hour Three could serve salads at three cents, and Four, meats at four cents a portion. Hour Five could serve rusks, rolls and bread and butter at five cents; Six could serve coffee, tea or milk at six cents a cup. The other tables could have candy, nuts, pieces of pie, cake, cookies, fresh fruits and so on down the hours to ices at 12 o'clock. This supper offers endless possibilities for unique arrangements and a general good time.

Sowing the Seed

ANOTHER amusing way of raising money is known as "Sowing the Seed." If this method is to be employed, it should be announced from the pulpit that for ten days or some specified length of time, seed for the purpose of "raising" money will be sown throughout the town. This seed consists of round disks of cardboard bearing an inscription which would suit the particular conditions of your parish. If it is not easy to get these printed disks, tiny muslin bags may be made and a little note inserted in them. A good inscription follows:

"This seed is planted here with the hope of raising a crop of money for our church. Cover it well with silver or wrap it snugly in a bill, stick it in an envelope and await the harvesters."

These disks or tags should be numbered. The seed is furnished to members of the congregation, who keep lists of their seed numbers, where planted, et cetera. They are planted by slipping them into coat pockets of the gentlemen, dropping them into mail boxes to friends, being left at the doors—in fact in any way that suggests itself.

The harvesters should have canvas bags and at the appointed time reap the harvest by calling on a given day at all the homes where the seed was planted. If the seed has not borne fruit, collect the seed anyway. Then invite all to a Harvest Home Festival when the crop will be gathered in, counted and turned over to the treasurer.

The harvesters may be in costume—overalls and broad brimmed straw hats for the men, sunbonnets, gingham gowns and aprons for the women. Singing of harvest songs, appropriate recitations and light refreshments should be arranged for. A little thought and preparation will make a very pleasant evening's entertainment and raise the money with but little expense and trouble.

A Magazine Fair

USUALLY a church fair of any kind is a financial success. With a good supper served and attractive booths with articles of real worth for sale, a fair is rarely a failure. A Magazine Fair could be made into a novel and successful entertainment. Booths to represent the various magazines are prepared, each one being decorated with copies of the current issue of the magazine represented. These copies should be sold, and orders for yearly subscriptions may be taken. A goodly amount would be raised in this way. In planning a fair of this kind, write to the magazines you are going to represent, telling them just what you wish to do, and see what financial arrangements you can make with them. Some of them will doubtless give you posters to decorate your booth, and all of them will allow you liberal commissions on all sales you make.

The Literary Digest could be the supper room. *Good Housekeeping* could have small articles for sale that tend to help the good housewife, such as dustless mops, paper towels, patent can openers, knives, et cetera. The *Table Talk* booth could have cakes, pies and home-made cookery for sale. *The Ladies' Home Journal* at once suggests a booth where small account books, diaries, order books and blank recipe books are sold.

Pictorial Review might call for a booth where copies of good pictures may be had. As artistic copies in sepia may be secured for a few cents, this booth could be made the most charming as well as most paying at the fair. Cameras could be sold on commission, and a very paying arrangement could be made with some one to take tintypes or post-card photos in the rear of the booth. Your local photographer would no doubt gladly give his services for the evening.

The Woman's Home Companion at once suggests sewing-room accessories and supplies. *The Youth's Companion* booth offers endless possibilities in the way of decorations and articles for sale—dolls, skates, books and toys of all kinds. This booth could be presided over by the children and would be very successful.

St. Nicholas would, of course, mean a Christmas booth, with all sorts of things suitable for gifts for young and old and for any time of the year, with a genial Santa Claus in attendance. *Little Folks* could be a booth entirely devoted to babies' wear, gifts, et cetera, with girls dressed as babies as attendants. They would wear a baby's first long dress with cap and curls. *The Designer* at once suggests pencils, drawing books and artists' materials, paint books to be colored, et cetera.

The Ladies' World should include a miscellany of articles that a woman would require. *The Country Gentleman* could make a most attractive booth. Men would attend to the customers at this booth and would be dressed as farmers in overalls and broad brimmed hats of straw. Hoes, rakes, garden tools and seeds would be on sale here. The *Modern Priscilla* could be a tea-room where girls dressed like Priscilla would serve tea and cakes.

To make it a success and to repay for the amount of labor such a plan involves, the fair should run two or three nights.

A Midwinter Clambake

IF you want to give something really "different" you will find it in a Midwinter Clambake. This is not nearly as impossible as it sounds at first. Take a new boiler and cover the bottom with clams (both hard and soft if you can get them). Add several cups of water to them, and with the juice of the clams this will be found sufficient for your broth. Now lay a piece of new white cotton cloth over the clams. This must take the place of seaweed used in the summer at the seashore, and will answer every purpose. On top of the cloth place a layer of potatoes—both sweet and white—then another layer of cloth. Now comes a layer of chicken, cut into quarters; another layer of cloth and then one of lobsters, which should first be parboiled and have their shells unbroken; another layer of the cloth and then your fish—small fish of any kind, for all fish steamed in this manner will be delicious—and another layer of cloth and then more clams.

Put the top of the boiler on and see that it is perfectly tight. Place the boiler over a hot fire and let the food steam for one and a half hour. It requires no attention, and the tables can be arranged while the "bake" is cooking. It does, however, need constant, steady cooking.

The following sauce should be prepared and served with the supper. Melt one pound of butter until it is of the consistency of molasses—no thinner or the other ingredients will not blend well with it. Add two tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce, two of mushroom catsup, two of tomato catsup, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of pepper sauce or horseradish.

When the guests arrive and supper is ready for serving it will be found a royal feast. First come the clams and their broth, then the fish and lobsters, both served with the sauce. Next are served the chicken and potatoes, finished off with a steaming cup of good, strong coffee. It is a unique dinner and will prove a great surprise to those who have never attended a clambake when the snow is on the ground.

The expense of such a feast is not as great as you might suppose. Perhaps there may be quantities of cloth used, but it can be used again and the boiler can be saved for another similar dinner. This one will be found so pleasant that a second will be demanded. Fifty cents each is not too much to charge for such a supper and as many boilers may be used as necessary. If the church kitchen can heat only one or two boilers, others could be prepared in the homes of interested members or friends living nearby, which could be brought to the church as needed.

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The really expensive dress is the one you make and never wear, because you are disappointed in its appearance or because you see others wearing more stylish, more fashionable or better fitting garments. You can avoid these costly mistakes by investing 25 cents at any Pictorial Review Pattern Agency or 35 cents by mail for

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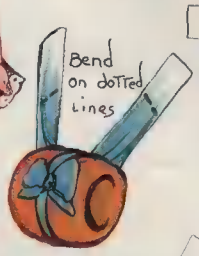

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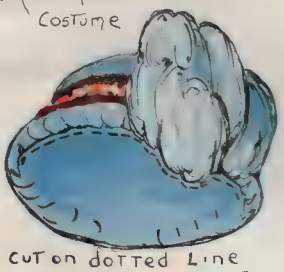

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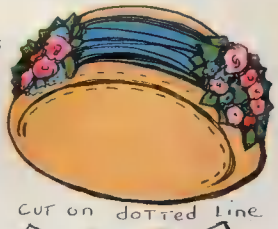

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

BEST DAY-DAY SUIT

PARTY DRESS

GYPSEY JANE'S DAY DAY SUIT

ROLLER-SKATING DRESS

Copyright, 1913, by The Pictorial Review Co., New York

DOLLY DINGLE of DINGLE DELL

Verse BY Margaret G. Hays.

Howdy-do, Little Playmates dear,
I know you're glad to see me here—
Me'n my dolly, Gipsey Jane,
Our dresses, fancy ones an' plain.
Gipsey Jane's old fashioned maybe,
But, oh, she's such a dear doll baby!
She's always ready for a play
An' don't mind if I put her 'way
Or leave her in her bed a week;
She smiles on—just as sweet an' meek.
I'm just a little girl, like you;
I love to do the things you do.
I have so much to-day to tell,
I live in pretty Dingle Dell.
We have a house all white, roof green,
The prettiest house you've ever seen;
A garden full of apple trees,
A chicken house, a hive of bees,
A Bossy cow—down in the field,
Who quarts of nice rich milk does yield.

❀

Then there's my dear ol' Nursey Dinah
Who came from 'way down South Ca'lina;
She makes nice goodies for my tea,
Cookies an' gingersnaps for me.
She's jolly—an' as fat's can be.

❀

Dear Mother makes the pretty clothes
The page opposite does disclose,
My rompers pink an' white an' blue,
All checked an' striped of gingham new.
These I wear to school on Mondays.

For His "Partner" Chooses Me

My "day days" suit's for church on Sundays.

❀

My dress I wear when roller skating
In spring-time when the birds are mating.
My frock's to wear to play milkmaid
With dear ol' Bossy—in the shade.
My slips of silk an' lawn an' laces
For dancing class, where I learn graces.

❀

Oh, dancing class—Now I must tell
'Bout Billy Bumps of Dingle Dell;
He is my "best-est" beau you see
An' for his "Partner" chooses me.
He likes me best of all the girls
'Cause I've got rosy cheeks an' curls.

I look jus' like my own dear mother;
I wouldn't change for any other.
Dear Mother, she's so sweet an' pretty,
So comf'y, kind, an' bright an' witty;
She teaches me to love what's right
An' to be always most polite.
My daddy's big an' smart an' tall;
He used—one time—to play football.
That was the time he went to college
Where he got his "heaps" of knowledge.
Some lady once on Mother called—
An' said my daddy's getting bald;
But I said, "No, that isn't true;
It's jus' his 'smartness' coming through."

❀

My daddy knows the nicest games
An' sometimes calls me funny names
Like "Fatty," "Dimples" an' all sich;
I guess my daddy's awful rich
'Cause one day, when I went to Jennie's,
He gave me ten big golden pennies.
Jennie's a little girl I know;
She lives in Dingle Dell an', oh,
We have such fun—mud pies a-baking,
An' playing house an' doll dressmaking.
Her dolly's name is Seraphine;
She made a dress for her of green,
The sweetest dress with dots of pink
An' golden buttons, too, I think.
My gran'ma, when she comes again,
Will make me one for Gipsey Jane;
Poor dear—her frocks are all so plain!

Dear Ol' Nursey Dinah

❀

My gran'ma lives far off in town,
In a big house—of stone so brown,
A big, tall house—with windowed face,
An' all the windows draped in lace.
My gran'ma has hair white as milk;
She always wears nice, rustly silk.
Her hands are long an' thin an' fine,
Not brown an' "pincushion'y" like mine.
She wears a lot of sparkly rings
An', oh, she sews such pretty things!
She makes my petticoaties, too,
With lace an' ribbons running through.
So when she comes again some day
She'll make dear Gipsey Jane so gay.

❀

Dear Mother, She's So Sweet and Pretty

I have a Birdie Peep who sings;
So sweetly in his cage he swings.
I keep him comf'y—give him seed,
Fresh water an' the things birds need.
Oh, gracious me, I 'most forgot
The dearest pet of all the lot,
My darling Kittie Cutie sweet;
I give her cream an' fish to eat,
She never catches little mice;
I told her that would not be nice.
She knows a cat's too mean for words
That kills an' eats sweet little birds.

Course some poor cats can't help it, see,
They don't belong to girls like me
Who feed them up so bounteously.

❀

Kitty Cutie's fat and gay;
She purrs so happy ev'ry day
'Less Frisky Fido comes our way.
That's Billy Bumps-es' dog, you know;
He teases Kitty Cutie so.
He growls an' barks so "rudishly"
Poor Kitty Cutie climbs a tree;

An' Not Come Down the Livelong Day

An' sometimes she will up there stay
An' not come down the livelong day,
Till I'm afraid—upon my word—
She'll turn into a real catbird
With wings an' beak; an' then you see
She never would come back to me.
She'd stay up there an' build a nest
An' love her kitten birdies best.

❀

Dear Billy Bumps he feels so sad
To see his pet behave so bad;
So I said, "Billy, it's all right;
Guess dogs an' cats was meant to fight."
Oh, I forgot I have a chickie,
A white pet rooster—named him "Dicky."
He's married to a big, gray hen;
They have some wee chicks in a pen.
Now I will you a secret tell;
No one knows this in Dingle Dell.
No one will know it yet but us;
Don't jump around an' make a fuss.
It doesn't make me proud an' airy;
But, well, I know a REAL live fairy!
Now don't you breath it to one other;
She is my darling own godmother.
She comes to see me in my bed
Each night-time when my prayers are said.
She's going to help us with the fun
That on these pages we've begun.
Her beau-ti-ful, gold wand she'll wave,
An' Frisky Fido will behave.

The Dearest Pet of All the Lot

❀

Cute Billy Bumps an' all his clothes
Next month these pages will disclose;
He'll tell you all the sport we've had
An' all our pranks, both good an' bad.
Oh, girls an' boys, I see quite clearly
That we will love each other dearly.
Run, get your scissors now an' see
What cozy plays you'll have with me.
Good-by—till next month—

Dolly D.

She Comes to See Me in My Bed

Keep your walls beautiful — Hand Woven Tapestry—clean — crystal and china with

SANITAS

THE MODERN WALL COVERING

Clean with a damp cloth and it is fresh as new. Hard floors and rugs have replaced musty carpets—the tin tub has gone with the parlor album.

And now Sanitas has replaced the old dusty germ-laden wall coverings.

SANITAS has a woven cloth foundation and is finished in oils. Its colors are those that can be used on cloth — not on paper. It never fades.

SANITAS reproduces the most beautiful designs of tapestry, leather, fabric, Japanese grass cloth and imported wall papers.

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with their chilling, marring roughening breath, leave no trace on the fair face guarded by LABLACHE. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded. Invisible, adherent, delicately fragrant. Always a delight to women of refinement.

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"The Care of the Skin and Hair"—Wm. Allen Pusey, A. M., M. D., Professor of Dermatology, University of Illinois.

You can't avoid the dry, cold, irritating winds of winter, but you can protect yourself from their damaging influences. Before going out, your skin should be softened by a light application of Vanishing Cream. It is just the cream to use in this way, because it *contains no greases of any kind.* It won't harm your gloves or veil.

Vanishing Cream is made in accordance with the advance in dermatology and contains ingredients which have a special affinity for the skin. The moment you apply it, your skin takes it up. You can see it vanish.

It never reappears on the skin as do so many other toilet preparations.

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THE CARE OF COLDS

BECAUSE most children have colds at some time it does not necessarily follow that a cold can be regarded as of little consequence or as something that can be allowed to take care of itself. In considering the various conditions inimical to child welfare the common cold is now recognized as of decided importance and must be combated as strenuously as any other disease. Even though a simple cold may not develop into bronchitis or pneumonia it is detrimental because it lowers vitality, interferes with nutrition and retards a baby's growth. In fact a baby with a cold cannot thrive, and because of the lowered vitality he is always easily infected by the germs of any disease to which he may be exposed. Improper food, stuffy, overheated rooms, too warm clothing and lack of fresh air are all causes of lowered vitality and are productive of colds.

Fresh Air of Great Importance

THE ounce of prevention, worth more than a pound of cure, is the best policy. It requires a process of "hardening"—not the kind which exposes a child's bare limbs in all kinds of weather, but the kind which puts every function in good working order. Children should be taught to breathe properly, to stand erect with the head elevated, to sit without stooping, to masticate their food thoroughly and slowly and not to drink while eating. They should have as much outdoor air as the condition of the weather will permit, but it must be admitted that some are so sensitively constituted as to quickly take cold when subjected to only a moderate extreme of cold. When this is the case it is very unwise to risk a cold and its consequences by taking a child outdoors in any kind of weather. However, children who have been reared according to the ordinary rules of hygiene as related to fresh air, exercise, good food and the daily bath do not require any other hardening process.

In the treatment or prevention of a cold fresh air is of the greatest importance. The living and sleeping-rooms should be well ventilated. A cool room is necessary for refreshing sleep. During the daytime the living-room should not exceed 68° Fahrenheit. Two or three times a day the windows should be thrown open and the air completely changed. The baby can be taken into another room until the windows are closed and the room reheated.

It is not possible to entirely guard against infectious colds; but the risks may be lessened by avoiding sneezing or coughing near the baby. If the mother has a cold she can shield her breath while nursing by a handkerchief tied loosely over her mouth. Under no circumstances should any one with a cold be allowed to kiss a baby.

Usually a cold begins with a running of the nose during the day, and at night there may be a stoppage of the upper part of the nostrils, causing the baby to breathe through the mouth. If this is neglected an irritating cough may develop, owing to the discharge from the back of the throat dropping down into the larynx. Cough medicines are of no use for this condition. They should be avoided, if for no other reason than that they always impair the baby's digestion. The treatment consists only in local applications and healthful surroundings. Attention must be given to the condition of the nasal passages. They must be kept clean.

In very young infants very little more can be done than to keep the inside of the nostrils free from discharge. A little vaseline or olive oil may be applied inside the nostrils by means of a little wad of cotton on the end of a match. A little vaseline or camphorated oil warmed and applied about the root of the nose is very soothing. Older children should be taught to wash out the nostrils two or three times daily. Make a solution of one tablespoonful of borax in a pint of warm water, put two ounces of this solution in a cup or shallow vessel and let the child snuff this up the nose and blow it out without letting it go through to the throat. Repeat this until the two ounces are used. This cleans out all dust and mucus, which cannot be done by the simple act of blowing the nose, and will often cure a cold in the head quicker than anything else. When there is any hoarseness a mild mustard plaster applied to the chest two or three times a day for not more than ten minutes will generally afford relief.

One of the fallacies to avoid is "that to feed a cold is to starve a fever." Nothing could be more erroneous. To load the stomach with more food than is necessary is to produce indigestion. The undigested food putrefies in the intestines and quickly infects the whole system. In the treatment of all diseases the digestion should be kept in as perfect condition as possible, which cannot be so by any kind of overfeeding. The speedy recovery is obtained only by rest and the strict observance of the rules of health, the avoidance of stuffy, overheated rooms on one hand and draughts and chills on the other, besides keeping the bowels acting at least once every day.

Whooping cough is one of the infectious diseases of childhood occurring in epidemics. It may occur at any period in the year and attacks children of all ages, but it is most common in the early years of school life. It is not dangerous to life as are such diseases as pneumonia or diphtheria excepting in very young babies; but there are many possible complications which make it advisable to have the attendance of a physician rather than attempt any home treatment.

The disease usually begins like an ordinary cold, being attended by the running of the eyes and nose, with some fever. Then follows the second stage—the convulsive or paroxysmal stage. This consists of attacks of short, violent, rapidly interrupted coughing, followed by loud, crowing inspirations. This is followed by expectorating a thick, glairy mucus or vomiting. During the attack the child becomes red or bluish in the face and seems ready to suffocate. The third stage begins when the attacks become less severe and the expectorations smaller in quantity.

Diet for the Child

THE mother can best assist the recovery by faithfully following the doctor's instructions. The disease in the early stages is treated like an ordinary cold, keeping the child in a warm, but well-ventilated room. In fact the principal treatment throughout consists in an abundance of fresh air. The bowels should be kept freely open and the diet restricted to milk, farinaceous foods, gruels, soups and broths. If vomiting occurs after a meal has been taken, the child may be given a cupful of warm milk, milk and Vichy water, or broth free from irritating seasoning. The diet should be generous but not to the extent of interfering with digestion, as any disturbance of the digestive functions is apt to bring on an attack of coughing. For the same reason, during the paroxysmal stage, all kinds of exciting play should be forbidden.

Much relief can be obtained by the inhalation of steam made from a diluted compound tincture of benzoin. A teaspoonful may be placed in a pint of boiling water and the steam inhaled. All other medicinal treatment should be left entirely to the doctor.

Home-Making and Household

THE CHILDREN'S TASKS

By Helen Christine Bennett

THE discussion began at The Woman's Club.

"I believe," said a heavy matron ponderously, "in leaving childhood unfettered. My children have no responsibilities. They are free."

"But they have to have responsibilities sometime," argued a little woman in a faded suit. "Would you plunge the children into them all at once? Wouldn't it be better to work up to great responsibilities gradually?"

"It don't make much difference either way," retorted a blunt, practical person who had a large family. "A very few of us may be able to spare them if we care to; but in the most of our households the children simply have to help or we can't get along. The only problem for me is how to make them do it cheerfully."

It seemed to me that the blunt, practical person had the best of it. In the average middle-class family some help from the children is a necessity, and the main problem of the average mother is to make them help cheerfully, without being obliged to nag continually. Very little children help spontaneously. It is a matter of pride with a three-year-old to help to carry dishes off the table or to fetch things from one room to another; but the novelty wears off at about seven, and from that age until maturity the mother puzzles as to how to secure willing assistance.

One mother of my acquaintance settled the matter forever by putting things to her children in their true light. She explained why she needed their help—that she could not manage her housework without them; that she could not afford to pay them for their services, since all the money earned was necessary for actual food and clothing. The children listened and believed, and now regard their tasks as a matter of course and perform them willingly. There is no reason why a child should not be paid for service if the parents can spare the money and care to do so. My own mother made a practice of paying us for the tasks which were in their nature disagreeable. I remember I received two cents weekly for putting out the ashes, and when the load was unusually heavy it was three cents. And I do not think I ever failed to put out the ashes. I also received two cents a week for darning stockings and various small sums for other tasks. Mother was poor but not too poor to give us a small sum for pocket money, and in this way we felt that we had earned it and went about our tasks with alacrity.

If there is any plan by which a child can be made a cooperative producer in the household he will respond to it instantly. I recollect a conversation which I heard not long ago on a train much used by commuters.

"You know we have a lot of chickens," confided one father. "We like them and get so many fresh eggs for the table. Well, I thought the boys would take care of them; but every year except this we have had the dickens of a time. Wife had to take care of them mostly and she had enough to do. Well, this year I bought the chickens and proposed that the boys take care of them and sell us the eggs and fowls. I advanced the money for the birds and for the feed until they got even, and then I made them pay back every cent. I buy the stuff at market price, and we don't have a bit of trouble. The chickens are taken care of. We have lots of eggs with no trouble, and we are actually hardly out of pocket for the boys pay us for everything—*even for the privilege of using the garbage for feed.*"

This last was a shrewd deal. Usually the family is out of pocket, for the very reason that it furnishes so much free food. This man established his sons on a real business basis, and the household lost very little by the exchange, to say nothing of the gain in an unharassed mother.

In this particular household the boys evidently kept the money as pocket money to be spent as they pleased. But in a household where dollars are too scarce to make that possible it is often practicable to follow the same plan with the understanding that the child is to buy something useful with it—clothing, ties or shirts—but that he is to have the privilege of selection. Of course his taste is apt to be faulty; but even the purchases of glaring ties and shirts are small matters when compared with a cheerful household and willing assistance.

One of the reasons why a child is so willing to help a neighbor and so reluctant to help at home is because of the greater recognition of service. There is no reason why service should not be recognized just because it is a daily performance or because it is paid service. A good business man recognizes a daily task well done even though he pays his employees. A housewife wants her husband to praise her dinner even though she has cooked it a hundred times before. And children are not free from this human weakness. Yet it is only too common for mothers to scold when tasks are not performed or are done badly, and to accept complacently a well-done piece of work without a word of praise. Of course the matter of praise can be overdone, but in actual experience it is far oftener left undone entirely. Common courtesy toward the members of your family grows stronger as the children grow in years. Boys and girls of sixteen feel some awkwardness about accepting small sums for tasks, but they have just begun to realize the sweetness of appreciation.

Too often the interest of children in home and home tasks is taken for granted. Left on the outside in family conferences, knowing little of the struggles and triumphs that have made the home and its comforts possible, children cannot reasonably be expected to take a vital interest in home affairs. They take the home for granted and feel injured that their personal liberty is interfered with. It may be impracticable to confide in the children, but it is always possible to create an interest in home tasks for them.

There is a school in Oregon which has developed a plan for securing home service, so excellent that the only wonder is that it should be left to already overburdened school-teachers to develop it instead of the parents themselves. In this school the children have reports on home work, such as washing dishes, feeding chickens and various household tasks. Daily the parent credits so many minutes of home work, and at the end of the week signs the report. The scholars are graded exactly as in other studies, and the highest receive some award, usually the honor of having their names on a special roll. The children in any household could be graded by the time spent in home help and an award given every week. Even a mark or average similar to those given for studies in the schoolroom would prove a stimulus to effort. It is quite as sensible to give one hundred for running errands as for arithmetic—perhaps more so, for any child can run errands who has the will, while arithmetic is an exceedingly difficult study to many children.

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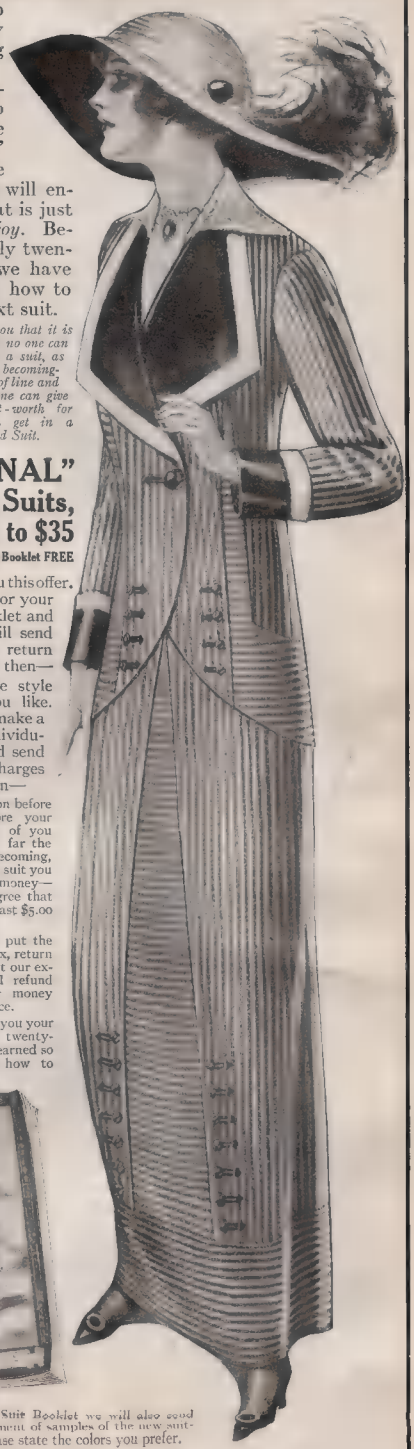

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Home-Making and Household

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

By Alice Grant

WE began to sleep outdoors as a cure-all for all our afflictions. We had suffered from incessant colds, wakened in the morning just exactly as weary as when we lay down and had had insomnia in an aggravated form. When the news of the beneficent healing accomplished by fresh air and outdoor sleeping reached us we welcomed it with open arms. We have slept out for three years and we still sleep out, much to the endless astonishment of our neighbors and our own satisfaction. But we are by no means converts to the theory of a wholesale cure-all. Outdoor sleeping is a practice to be indulged in with the utmost care; otherwise it is quite as likely to be dangerous as helpful.

In all the sanitoriums for outdoor sleeping that I examined the beds of the patients remained indoors all day. The patient undressed in a warm room, entered a warm bed and was pushed out on the sleeping porch by an attendant. In the morning he was pushed back into the warm room where he dressed. Obviously this condition was impractical in a workaday household; but I determined to approximate it. I could not move the beds in and out, but I could see that they were kept warm. Every night before we retired I warmed the covers and mattress thoroughly by means of a hot water bottle. On very cold nights, when the thermometer registered sixteen degrees, I have gone to bed attired in a tight fitting suit of underwear, flannelette pajamas, a pair of stockings, arctic shoes made of eider-down, an eider-down cap and a loose sweater. I felt queer, but I kept warm!

The third year of our outdoor sleeping we built a special porch for the purpose. I placed this on the southwest corner of the house so that the beds would have the sun the whole afternoon all the year. The roof of the porch projected quite a way beyond its edge, and this afforded some protection from rain. To this I added curtains that let air in but kept sun glare and rain out. The porch was walled up on the sides to a height of three feet to prevent air from sweeping in under the beds. Instead of a troublesome mosquito canopy we had a permanent screening.

All this meant trouble and expense, and it is but just to explain why we thought it worth while. The main reason was that we liked it. Despite the fact that it had not proved the cure-all claimed for it, outdoor sleeping has produced certain definite, practical benefits. It cured our insomnia, and any one who has suffered that torture will appreciate the relief that was. We awoke in the morning reluctantly, not because we were not refreshed, but because we wanted more of that delightful, deep sleep. We felt refreshed as we had not for years. We did not lose our colds, but we reduced their number and intensity. And we liked outdoor sleeping. We felt cooped up when we went inside and unable to breathe freely; we were restless and uncomfortable.

When we hear a neighbor assure us that his room has five windows and they are all open and it is "just like sleeping outdoors" we smile. We know better. No indoor sleeping is like outdoor even in a room with five windows. There is a staleness about inside air that it takes hours to remove. Even in the morning after the windows have been open all night the air inside has a far different quality from that outside.

The novice at outdoor sleeping should proceed with the utmost caution. In the first place he should if possible have a roof over his head and two sides of his sleeping place entirely enclosed. Draughts are not dangerous, but a strong wind that actually lifts the covers, will chill a sleeper without awakening him. The third and fourth sides of his porch should be built up to the height of the bed.

On top of the spring there should be a thick pad of newspapers or of building paper. Then should come a good, thick mattress. On top of the mattress place a wool quilt or two or three blankets. In summer one blanket will be sufficient. Except in the warmest months cotton or linen sheets are not to be thought of. Wool blankets are best, but if these are not desired cotton blankets will answer. All the bedding used should be light, warm and large enough to extend well over the foot of the bed as well as the head and sides.

Making a bed for outdoor sleeping is a fine art. For cold weather the two inner blankets should be sewed together at the foot and along one side. The second side should be sewed up halfway. This bag is laid upon the mattress which has been well covered with two or three wool blankets. The ordinary covers will not be long nor wide enough for comfort; but a clever housewife can splice them. Lay the first cover low and tuck it well in at the foot and right side. Lay the second high and tuck it in at the left. The top covers may be laid in the ordinary way. No one can tell how many covers will be needed. In very cold weather I have used six blankets, two wool quilts, two cotton quilts and one wool comforter.

Sleeping bags which are water-proof and which are lined with as many blankets as may be desired may be preferred, though personally I have preferred the bed I described. The sleeping bag is difficult to ventilate, difficult to get into and difficult to get out of. It is impracticable for the mother of small children who is likely to be called at any time during the night. A well-sewed-up and tucked-in blanket bed entered from the top is far more convenient and gives more room to stretch and turn.

Clothing for outdoor sleeping should also be warm and light. The best garment for the purpose is one like that worn by very little children, one piece with feet. Under this, in very cold weather, a suit of knitted underwear should be worn. The underwear fits closer than any night garment and is far more comfortable. After giving pajamas a thorough trial I am about to discard them in favor of a warm gown. Pajamas have an awkward habit of parting at the waistline. My new gowns have a hood attached and at the foot is a hem about sixteen inches deep which is divided by stitching it into two foot pockets. Tucking the feet into these enables you to hold the gown in place and keep the feet warm at the same time. The cap which I wear comes down to the eyebrows. Our first experience in sleeping out in cold weather proved to us that the head needs covering night as well as day, and this is especially true of women who keep the top of their heads overwarm all day with the masses of hair piled upon them and then take down and braid their hair at night, exposing the scalp with the pores open.

The greatest care must be exerted when warm weather necessitates a change of clothing. Usually it is better to discard the covers first one by one, and last of all the underwear and warm gown. In many parts of the country there are not more than two months when you can wear a thin muslin gown with impunity.

There is one last caution about outdoor sleeping. Separate beds are a necessity. Covers cannot be tucked in when two people occupy the same bed, and one of the two will have a draught of icy air as an additional bedfellow.

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SEEDS

Home-Making and Household

STARTING YOUR GARDEN

By Henry Wangner

GARDENING in March must of necessity be mostly preparatory work as in most sections of the country there is still danger of severe frosts. If you intend to have a vegetable and flower garden this year, and every one who has ten square feet of ground *should* have one, begin to plan it now. The garden, especially if it be [redacted] small one, should be planned on paper. Measure the plot you intend to use; then decide what vegetables and flowers the family most enjoy and determine the quantity of seeds required.

The table at the bottom of this article will be of great assistance in planning your garden. The vegetables mentioned are the most useful, are not difficult to raise and do not require a great deal of space. The quantity given will plant rows fifty feet long.

Tomatoes require about four square feet and cabbages about two square feet. As parsley germinates so slowly it is well to plant this very early by scattering it over a small bed.

Plan Your Space Carefully

BY planning your garden on paper you can see just what you will have space for. Plan to have all the vegetables in rows running north and south and allow ample space for cultivation and for the maturing of all plants. If you intend to plant flowers in the same garden [redacted] good plan would be to divide it in halves, having a two-foot path through the middle. On either side have a strip of sod a foot or more in width. If this is kept trimmed and lined up occasionally with a spade you will always have an effective foreground for your flowers.

Back of the strip of sod have two flower beds the full length of the path and at least two feet wide. Select low plants to set nearest the path, as pansies, candytuft, sweet alyssum, etc. Back of these set plants that are a little taller, such as salvia, phlox, asters and so forth. If there is room for a third row plan to have still taller plants, such as golden glow, hollyhocks or sweet peas. Of course these should not be set in stiff rows like vegetables, but massed in such a way as to form pleasing combinations of flowers and foliage. This division of the garden, especially if the path be an approach to an arbor or leading from the back door of the house, is very effective, screening the humbler vegetables from view and forming a charming perspective. All this should be provided for in your plan, for after you have begun the actual planting mistakes cannot be easily corrected.

For the flower garden sow pansy seeds in shallow boxes now and place them in a hotbed or sunny window on the south or southwest side of the house. The temperature of this room should be about 65 degrees. Sow the seeds sparingly and cover them lightly with earth about one-quarter inch deep. Press the surface firmly with a small board. Keep the soil moist. In about three weeks the pansies should be large enough to transplant to boxes of fresh soil. Set the plants two inches apart. On mild days give them plenty of fresh air. Pansies may also be started in cold frames by sowing the seeds this month.

Asters for early fall flowers may be planted in a similar manner in flat boxes. They require a rich, loose, loamy soil with plenty of moisture. The best way to provide this moisture is to immerse the box in water to within one-half inch of the top of the soil and leave it for about thirty minutes. Like pansies they thrive best with plenty of fresh air and the temperature at about 65 degrees.

Other flowers which may be sowed this month in shallow boxes are alyssum, balsams, candytuft, cosmos, mignonette, hollyhocks, etc. Most of these could be sowed in the open ground about May first, but by careful attention to the seed boxes and to transplanting you ill have much earlier flowers. You can also start dahlia bulbs in the house now and have good, stocky plants when the soil is warm enough to transplant them to the garden. Most of the vine plants can be started indoors in March, either in small squares of sod, root side up, or in berry boxes. Muskmelons and watermelons, squashes, lima and other beans may be started in this way. In planting all large seeds be sure to have the eye end down. When ready to transplant to open ground do not remove the plants from the sod or berry boxes. If boxes have been used remove the bottoms and then set the box and all in the ground. All the soil used for this indoor planting should be sifted and combined with leaf mold or other rich earth.

While it is well to begin work in the garden as soon as possible do not start this work when the soil is wet or you will have hard lumps to contend with. The soil must be thoroughly pulverized; this can be done only when perfectly dry. The first planting of sweet peas should be made this month as soon as the ground can be worked. These flowers require a very deep, rich soil; two feet is not too deep. Loose and fine the soil to that depth if possible and combine it with well-rotted and pulverized manure. Plant the peas from three to six inches apart and from one to two deep. Firm the soil by laying a board over it and treading down the board. Keep the plants well cultivated and hoe [redacted] shallow trench six inches from the row on both sides to receive liberal quantities of water during a drought.

As soon as the frost is out of the ground, trample the earth all around the hardy trees and shrubs and cuttings which were planted last year. This should not be done, however, until the ground is perfectly dry. March is a good month in which to clean up the grounds and gardens. Save all the leaves and clumps of sod for the compost heap. If you have [redacted] hotbed and cold frame transplant all early seedlings from the hotbed to the cold frame. In the hotbed sow beets, early cabbage, carrots, egg-plant, peppers, radishes and tomatoes.

The Time to Prune Shrubs

ON mild days, when the wood is not frozen, prune the hardy shrubs and trees. The lawn should also be gone over and any poor spots re-seeded. The newly wedded couple who have, perhaps, just moved into their new bungalow with newly graded grounds, and the city dweller who has only an unkempt back yard to start with sometimes are not optimistic enough to plant even a sunflower. There is considerable work in starting and cultivating a garden, but it is profitable employment in many ways. The soil may be poor; but labor and fertilizer will improve it. The city dweller may procure street sweepings and manure at little cost which will make excellent garden soil.

The value of successional planting in a small garden cannot be too highly estimated, as the yield comes a month or two after the profusion of fresh summer vegetables. Two crops of peas can be raised on the same ground in one season; butter beans and string-beans will bear twice. Three or four crops of radishes and lettuce may be raised, and turnips may be planted (as late as September after some other crop.

Name	Quantity	Distance Apart in Rows	Rows Apart	Time to Come Up
Beets	1 oz.	4 inches	12 inches	7 to 10 days
Carrots	½ oz.	4 "	18 "	10 to 15 "
Lettuce	¼ oz.	12 "	12 "	6 to 10 "
Onion Sets	1½ pint	3 "	12 "	6 to 10 "
Onion Seed	¼ oz.	3 "	12 "	6 to 10 "
Peas	1 pint	2 "	24 "	5 to 10 "
Radish	½ oz.	2 "	12 "	4 to 6 "
Swiss Chard	½ oz.	10 "	16 "	6 to 12 "
Kale	⅛ oz.	18 "	24 "	6 to 10 "
Parsley	¼ oz.	Plant in Small Bed		5 to 6 weeks

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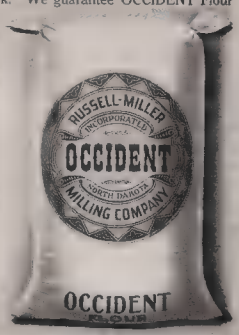

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Home-Making and Household

ALUMINUM WARE IN THE KITCHEN

By May Emery Hall

ONE lesson the housekeeper needs to con over and over and learn by heart is that true economy cannot be wholly expressed in terms of dollars and cents. A seemingly extravagant expenditure may save time, money and labor in the end, and conversely the most alluring "bargain" may prove anything but an economical investment.

When aluminum ware first invaded the counters of our housefurnishing and department stores it was examined with interest by many housekeepers, only to be cast aside with indifference or disappointment when the price tags were read. "It's all very fine if you can afford it," was the common exclamation, in a tone that implied, "but it's a luxury for all but the well-to-do." Something of this feeling has fortunately departed with an intelligent and thoughtful consideration of the subject; yet the price still constitutes the principal objection to a more general equipment of kitchens with utensils of this material.

Is the cost of aluminum really prohibitive for the average housewife? Is it in keeping with only the most luxuriously appointed kitchen? I think not. If utensils made of it stood only the ordinary wear and tear of the usual short-lived cooking appliances then the above questions might be answered in the affirmative. But—and this is a point that needs emphasis—the factor of durability and almost unending service must be taken into account.

Well do I remember my first experiment with an aluminum vessel. It was a double boiler in which I hastily prepared a lunch dish, thoughtlessly putting the utensil over the gas burner without the usual supply of water in the under dish. The omission was not noted until the contents of the upper dish were ready for the table. "Burned?" do you ask? Nothing of the kind. And the contact of the dish with the flame had by no means destroyed its future usefulness. A few bubble-like spots had put in an appearance on the bottom, it is true; but except for this pebbly surface the boiler was as good as new and has been in constant use ever since. This does not mean that it is safe to leave an empty aluminum utensil over a flame for any length of time, but imagine what would have been the result had a tin or even granite saucepan been subjected to the same heat. The material would have cracked, developed a leak instantly or at least become so weakened that one would have followed in short order. Therefore—to go back to the original question—it is safe to say that the surplus initial cost of aluminum over the commoner and cheaper materials is more than compensated for by its wearing qualities.

But there are other reasons why aluminum is the metal *par excellence* for the kitchen. It both heats readily and retains the heat for an appreciably long time and thus aids in the quick preparation of a meal and the keeping of food hot. Absence of seams with their attendant lines of weakness is another good point.

New aluminum or that which is kept in good condition has an attractive finish not unlike silver or new pewter. Alkaline substances, however, readily show their presence on this material, requiring care in removing traces of discoloration. Gritty scouring powders should never be used in cleaning aluminum, nor should washing soda be employed. In general preparations that brighten silver acceptably are all right.

Now it would be an unwise thing to advocate the wholesale turning out of good kitchen utensils to make way for an entire new outfit of aluminum. The *gradual* replacing of worn-out pieces with the more durable and superior ware is far better. In this way the expense is borne a little at a time and is not noticeable. Special sales, too, may often be taken advantage of in the city stores, and the mail order service is always at the command of the country woman.

Some department stores offer unusual values in aluminum ware at certain times of the year, the sale continuing throughout an entire month. This is not a scheme to dispose of inferior goods at attractive prices. A high grade of aluminum will occasionally be found on the bargain counter. Find out how to distinguish a reliable make and then look for the mark of quality before buying. When you have in time entirely substituted aluminum appliances for those of less desirable material you can then safely turn your attention to other household needs, secure in the thought that for an indefinite time thereafter your kitchen equipment will make no drain on your purse.

With the bride or new housekeeper the stocking of the kitchen presents a different proposition. The larger and more essential pieces must be purchased at one time. For the benefit of such untried housewives it may be said that purchasing aluminum ware in quantity often means a material reduction in cost. In one store I was recently told that on approximately thirty dollars worth of utensils five dollars discount was given. No set combination of pieces need be purchased; groups may be formed to suit the individual taste.

The list which follows can be purchased in the neighborhood of twenty dollars and includes the bulk of the more important appliances needed in the new kitchen: One coffee pot, one teapot, one teakettle, one two-quart double boiler, one one-quart saucepan with cover, one two-quart saucepan with cover, one four-quart kettle, one medium sized frying pan, two bread pans, three jelly cake pans, one muffin pan, three pie plates, one roasting pan and one quart measure.

Besides the larger kitchen essentials an increasing number of small aluminum pieces are being put upon the market. The prices for the most part are very reasonable, some of the most practical little helps selling for the modest sum of ten cents. Tea-strainers and tea-balls in aluminum are common, as well as coffee filters. Then there are drainers, strainers and ladles galore, besides various sizes of knives, forks and spoons. One very useful strainer is provided with a long handle, and opposite the latter is a curved hook for holding the utensil in a horizontal position over a bowl or other receptacle.

The egg slicer deserves passing notice. It has a frame constructed with a depression conforming to the outline of the egg. When the egg is in position a row of parallel wires is drawn down and through it, and the egg is thus cut in lengthwise sections of equal width.

Aluminum has truly come to stay, any that it deserves an honored and useful place in the up-to-date, well-equipped kitchen is the general opinion of those who have experimented with it.

Home-Making
and
Household

TESTS FOR PURE FOOD

By Alice Grant

EVERY housekeeper wants to give her family pure food. Usually she buys the best that her purse allows, *trusting* that it may be pure since she has no means within her reach of determining that it is so. The experiments here outlined will enable a woman or a group of women to analyze a number of the foods which suffer most from adulteration and to determine for themselves their purity. The apparatus needed is simple and inexpensive. The work is very light and very interesting, and the results if intelligently used would enable any woman's club to inaugurate a local pure food era.

To conduct the experiments outlined in this article the following apparatus and chemicals are needed, in addition to an ordinary kitchen equipment. Any of these may be obtained at a first-class drug store. The expense will be very slight.

APPARATUS
- a Lactometer
- 1 Test-tube
- 1 Piece of Filter Paper

CHEMICALS
- Hydrochloric Acid .....4 oz.
- Ether .....4 oz.
- Ferric Chloride, 5% solution.1 oz.
- Tumeric Tincture U. S. P. ..2 oz.

To Test for Pure Coffee

THIS is a simple test and needs no apparatus except a glass tumbler, some ice water and a teaspoonful of finely ground coffee. Fill the tumbler three-quarters full of ice water. Add the coffee to the water and stir thoroughly for a minute. Withdraw the spoon. If the coffee rises to the top of the water, leaving it clear, the sample is pure. If the coffee is adulterated with chicory, cereals or browned peas, beans, etc., these will sink to the bottom of the glass. Chicory will color the water a light muddy brown as it sinks. This test must be performed with ice water and must not last longer than five minutes, as otherwise the coffee itself may color the water.

To Test for Pure Tea

TEA is adulterated by a treatment with pigments. Such tea is known as faced tea. Sometimes the facing is injurious, but even if it is not injurious it is annoying to pay for graphite instead of tea! To determine whether tea is faced, place a tablespoonful in a wide mouthed bottle or jar. Add six times the bulk of the tea in cold water. Shake vigorously. Strain through a fine sieve. Any insoluble mineral substances will settle at the bottom of the liquid.

Testing Milk

ONE of the most important foods to keep pure is milk. Milk is the food of babies and of invalids. It may be adulterated in so many ways that several experiments are necessary to determine whether the baby is getting real milk without any foreign substances added. The most frequent method of adulterating milk is by adding water. To detect water in milk a lactometer is necessary.

Place about a pint of milk in a wide mouthed jar. Take the temperature. If the milk is at about sixty degrees the lactometer may be inserted. Be sure the lactometer floats in the milk. If the quantity is insufficient add more milk. Read the lactometer. The scale should be somewhere between 1.027 and 1.033. If the scale is less than 1.027 and the milk is watery and blue water has been added. If the reading is less and the color of the milk is creamy it may be unusually rich milk. No decision should be made until the tests for coloring have been made, for it may be watered milk which is colored. If the scale reads over 1.033 the milk has not been watered but it has been skimmed.

The second test for milk is for artificial colors. These are of two kinds: coal tar dye, which is usually harmful, and annatto, a vegetable substance which is harmless and is used to make skimmed or watered milk look rich.

To test for coal tar dye place a small quantity of milk in a test-tube. Add an equal amount of hydrochloric acid. Shake thoroughly. If the milk is colored with coal tar dye the mixture will turn pink.

To test for annatto make this experiment in a room where there is no fire. Place a tablespoonful of milk in a test-tube. Add two tablespoonfuls of ether. Shake well. The liquids will separate. Pour the upper one into a teacup and set the teacup into hot water. The liquid in the cup will evaporate. Add to the residue a few drops of ammonia and pour out on a small, wet piece of filter paper. The fat will collect on the top of the paper, while the annatto if present will fill the pores of the paper. Wash off the fat gently. If annatto is present the paper will show orange.

Even more dangerous than coloring matter are preservatives in milk. The most common of those used are formaldehyde, borax and boric acid.

Formaldehyde is one of the most poisonous preservatives known.

Test for Formaldehyde in Milk

PLACE four tablespoonfuls of milk in a teacup. Add one drop of ferric chloride to four teaspoonfuls of hydrochloric acid. Add this to the milk. Set the whole in a dish of boiling water. Let stand for five minutes. If formaldehyde is present the milk will turn lavender or purple.

Test for Borax and Boric Acid

PUT a tablespoonful of milk into a thin, clear dish. Add one drop of hydrochloric acid and five drops of tincture of tumeric U. S. P. Set the dish in a pan of hot water and let the contents evaporate. If borax or boric acid is present the residue will show a deep orange or red color.

Beware of Renovated Butter

BUTTER is almost as frequently adulterated as milk. Often it is renovated. After the grocer has held it until it is musty or sour it is returned to the factory, steamed and sweetened with a preservative. To this is added a little skimmed milk. The milk is then rechurned and returned to the grocer as fresh dairy butter.

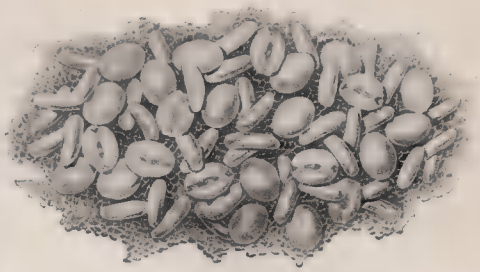
To test for renovated butter melt a lump of butter in an iron spoon over an alcohol lamp or gas jet. If the butter melts quietly with much foam it is pure. Renovated butter and oleomargarin sputter and fly like hot grease and produce very little foam.

Oleomargarin is not an objectionable article if properly labeled. Unfortunately it is often sold as butter at a much higher price than it should bring.

To test for oleomargarin heat a half cup of sweet milk in a tin cup. When it is near to boiling point add a teaspoonful of the butter to be tested. Stir this with a small, flat stick until the sample is thoroughly melted. Place the tin cup in a vessel filled with ice water and stir until the fat solidifies.

If the sample is oleomargarin the fat will collect in a lump. If it is renovated butter the fat will collect on the flat stick used to stir or on the surface of the milk when the stick is removed. If the sample is fresh butter the fat will not collect but will be found to be emulsified with the milk.

In conducting these experiments it is well to be careful of all materials used. Do not leave any of the chemicals where the family may mistake them for medicine or the children can get them. Keep the hands, face, clothing and all else away from the acids. If they are spilled wash them off with warm water, then with diluted ammonia or a strong solution of baking powder. Glass test-tubes, tumblers and dishes are used because they may be looked *through*. Never look *into* anything when glass is to be used.



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It applies to the guns 550 degrees of heat.

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They are eight times normal size.

They are four times as porous as bread.

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The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

The Cookery Department

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

By Lola D. Wangner

WITH many people the Sunday night supper has become a most delightful way of entertaining in a small way. There is a lack of formality and a delightful sense of intimate hospitality about such suppers that is making them most popular. At such a meal there must be no elaborate menu. Rather do we expect one novel and appetizing dish for which the hostess is famous. One little woman makes a specialty of broiled beefsteak with mushrooms, while the husband of another is noted for his planked fish.

With the coming of March the woman who looks keenly after the health of her little family finds herself confronted with the necessity of a change of diet from that demanded by the hearty winter appetite. As spring draws near the craving for lighter fare and for green foods is prompted by Nature. Yet there must be no radical drop in food values. A certain amount of hearty foods is essential, and one substantial dish should be made the basis of these Sunday night suppers. All fish, shell-fish, fried chicken, broiled steaks, cheese dishes and vegetables, either creamed or in cases, may be served at these meals. For the simple family supper on Sunday night one such dish with possibly a light salad and dessert is all that is necessary. For this meal dishes that may be wholly or partially prepared the day before are most desirable. Fish is delicious at this time of year and is substantial and appetizing.

Planked Fish

Fish
Parsley
Salt and Pepper
Lemons
Melted Butter
Bacon

TO plank a fish before a wood fire select any white fleshed fish. Heat the plank until hot. If the plank is new rub it with melted butter or olive oil.

A plank improves with age, but it should be scraped after each using, rubbed with dry bread and polished with crumpled brown paper. The plank should be of hard wood (hickory is good) and one inch thick.

Wash the fish; then dry and split it down the back. Baste it well with melted butter and season with salt and pepper. Fasten the fish to the plank, the skin side down, with a nail at the head and tail. Fold the fish over, bringing the two halves together. It is then ready to be raised before the hot wood fire and basted occasionally with butter. If preferred strips of bacon may be fastened to the fish with toothpicks, their drippings basting the fish nicely. A small pan should hold the end of the plank. Cook the fish until well browned (about thirty minutes). Potato puffs or mashed potatoes in any form should be served *on the plank* with the fish, which is garnished with lemons and parsley. Watercress is also delicious with this dish.

Findon-Haddock à la Newburg

2 Cups of Findon-Haddock
2 Tablespoons of Butter
1 Cup of Sweet Cream
2 Tablespoons of Flour
Pepper
Hot Milk
Yolk of One Egg
1 Cup of Canned Mushrooms

SOAK the fish one-half hour in cold water, the skin side down. Drain and cover it with hot milk. Allow it to remain in the hot milk five minutes; then drain it and remove all bones and skin. Flake the fish in small pieces, heat one tablespoon of the butter in a pan and stir in the fish until very hot. Cook the other spoonful of butter with the flour and add the hot cream. Cook until thick and creamy and pour over the fish. Add pepper (salt if necessary) and stir in the mushrooms. Remove from the fire and stand the whole over hot water for ten minutes. Do not cook canned mushrooms, as it toughens them. Just before serving add the well-beaten yolk of the egg and if too thick thin with a little milk. If desired a tablespoon of sherry may be added. Serve on hot toast points. Crab meat or any other meat may be served in this same manner.

Oysters With Mushrooms

2 Cup of Rich, Hot Milk
2 Tablespoon of Butter
Salt and Pepper
2 Teaspoons of Parsley
1 Teaspoon of Onion Juice
½ Cup of Mushrooms
2 Teaspoon of Flour
2 Pint of Oysters

COOK the flour in one-half the butter and add to the hot milk. Boil until creamy and add the seasoning, onion juice, parsley (chopped fine) and the rest of the butter. If the mushrooms are canned add them to this mixture and set over hot water ten minutes. If they are fresh wash in cold water, drain and simmer for ten minutes in the cream sauce. Five minutes before serving add the oysters which have been washed and drained. When the oysters curl they are done. Use a double boiler for this dish, as the mixture scorches easily.

Oyster Croquettes

½ Pound of Oysters
½ Pound of Veal
Yolks of Two Eggs
2 Pound of Veal Suet
2 Tablespoons of Bread-crums

CHOP fine the veal, suet and oysters. Moisten the bread-crums in a little of the oyster liquor and add them to the meat mixture. Beat in the yolks and season with a little salt and pepper. Mix well together, form into cylinders, dip in egg and in crums and fry in hot fat.

Chicken Terrapin

2 Tablespoons of Flour
1 Cup of Cream (or Half Cream and Chicken Stock)
2 Tablespoons of Butter
Salt and Pepper
2 Cups of Cold, Chopped Chicken
2 Eggs

HEAT the cream. Cook the flour and butter together and add to the hot cream. Cook until thick and creamy and add the seasoning. Remove from the fire and add the well-beaten eggs and the chicken. Butter a baking dish, pour in the chicken mixture and set the dish in a pan of hot water. Cover the top with crums and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Chicken en Casserole

2 Young, Four-pound Chicken
3 Tablespoons of Butter
2 Onion
1 Carrot
1½ Cup of White Stock
One Bay Leaf
1 Cup of Potatoes
1 Cup of Mushrooms
Salt and Pepper

DRESS the chicken and cut it in portions for serving. Melt the butter in a pan, add the onion and carrot (each cut in slices), add the chicken and cook until brown. Remove to the casserole and add the white stock and the bay leaf. Cover and cook an hour until nearly tender; then add the potatoes cut in slices and the mushrooms which have been slightly cooked in butter. Add the seasoning and cook until tender. Serve at once.

Welsh Rarebit

1 Tablespoon of Butter
½ Teaspoon of Salt and Paprika
½ Teaspoon of Dry Mustard
½ Cup of Ale or Beer
½ Pound of Cheese

MELT the butter and add the salt and paprika, mustard and beer. Stir constantly and when hot add the cheese cut into small pieces. If it seems too thick add more beer. If the rarebit is desired creamy instead of stringy add one well-beaten egg just before serving. Serve at once on hot toast or saltines.

Lamb Kidneys

½ Dozen Kidneys
½ Can of Tomatoes
1 Tablespoon of Flour
2 Tablespoon of Butter

CUT the kidneys in halves and soak them one-half hour in cold water. Drain and cover them with boiling water and parboil until tender, changing the water several times. Drain, dredge with flour and brown slightly in a little butter or olive oil. Season with salt and pepper. Strain the juice from the tomatoes. Cook the butter and flour together and add to the tomatoes. Cook until creamy. Pour the tomato sauce into a deep platter, arrange the kidneys on the sauce and serve hot.

The
Cookery Department

FOR SCHOOL LUNCHES

By Lola D. Wangner

MANY children find it necessary to carry a lunch to school. Some schools maintain a school lunch counter where for a few cents sandwiches and so forth may be secured. Students, however, tire of this readily, and it is certainly not as economical a plan as to bring a home lunch. Whether the home lunch be more healthful or not depends on the mother.

Last year in a nearby school three children went daily to the nearest grocery to buy their lunches. Their mother found it too much trouble to prepare these lunches at home. They generally bought a pound each of whatever cakes they fancied most, with cheap candy for dessert! Two other children brought a jar of jelly daily, while two others never had their lunch basket packed without pie and pickles in them.

In this same school there was a little girl whose mother realized the importance of the lunch box and the need of varied, healthful food. One of the first things she did was to purchase a pretty box that folded like a pocketbook when empty and could be easily slipped into a school bag or ulster pocket. Then she bought paper napkins at eleven cents a hundred and waxed paper at four cents a roll, so that each article of food might be daintily and separately wrapped.

On her pantry shelves this mother had a collection of marmalade jars, and among them she found two small, glass jars with screw tops. They held about one-half cupful each. Salads, desserts, baked beans, cold meats or other equally wholesome foods were packed in these. She had one rule concerning these lunches—there should be no sticky, messy cake and no smeary sandwiches.

Of the sandwiches, she made two kinds,—sweet sandwiches and those filled with chopped meat or salad foods. The sweet sandwiches were used as substitutes for rich cake and to supply the sugar that a growing child craves and requires.

Circular slices of brown bread were buttered and spread with fig paste, chopped dates or raisins and nuts pounded to a paste. Most of the fig fillings for cakes she found delicious for these sandwiches. One that was especially liked was made up in quantity and kept on hand. To make this take one large, sour apple, one pound of figs and one small cup of granulated sugar. Pare the apple and grate it. Chop the figs until they are almost a paste and add the sugar and apple pulp. Boil this in a double boiler until it is thick; then pack in jelly glasses for use.

Fresh fruit fillings were often used to give variety. To make these use ingredients in the proportion of one cup of ripe fruit (or canned fruit well drained), one cup of confectioners' sugar and the whites of two eggs. Whip the whites until stiff. Mash the fruit with the sugar and add this to the eggs. Mix to a smooth paste. Thin slices of sponge cake or unsweetened crackers were used for this in place of the brown bread.

A good fig filling was made by mixing a few chopped figs moistened with enough jelly to make a paste.

A raisin filling that the small maiden liked greatly was made with one cup of chopped and seeded raisins, one cup of granulated sugar and the unbeaten white of one egg. These were mixed together and thoroughly whipped for twenty minutes until they formed a smooth paste.

When baking bread this mother kept the lunch box problem in mind and on baking day made either date rolls or raisin bread. These are very nutritious, and all children like them.

Date Rolls

Bread Dough — Milk
Melted Butter — Dates

TAKE a piece of dough from bread dough as for Parker House rolls. Roll this dough into a long, thin strip and spread this with melted butter. Sprinkle with finely chopped dates, roll like a jelly roll and cut in one-inch pieces. Place these pieces flat side down on a greased pan, brush them with milk and allow them to rise until double in bulk. Bake in a hot oven. They are very wholesome and tempting.

Raisin Bread

2 Pounds of Flour
1 Tablespoon of Salt
½ Pound of Lard
½ Pound of Raisins
2 Compressed Yeast Cake
2 Cup of Sweet Milk
1 Cup of Warm Water

SCALD the milk and add the lard. Set aside to cool. Dissolve the yeast in the water, which should be lukewarm. Sift the flour and salt into a mixing bowl and add the raisins. Make a well in the center and stir in the milk and water mixtures. With a spoon mix in about one-half of the flour, cover it and allow to rise for one hour. Then mix in all the flour, making a soft dough. If required add a little more warm water. Cover again and allow to rise for another hour. Divide this into very small loaves, let rise for about twenty minutes and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

On most packages of oatmeal will be found recipes for delicious oatmeal cookies. These cookies are very wholesome. Often this mother would use these cookies in the sweet sandwiches with a fig or date paste filling.

For the plain sandwiches there was an almost endless variety of fillings. For the peanut butter sandwiches the butter was bought in bulk. Two tablespoons of butter were put in a bowl, three tablespoons of boiling water added and the whole beaten to a thick, creamy paste. If this was not enough water more was added. This made a delicious filling and one that the little girl did not tire of readily.

Egg sandwiches were well liked. A small piece of butter and a pinch of salt were put in a frying pan, and when hot a whole egg was broken in the pan, the whole being rapidly stirred until the egg was well cooked. This was spread between buttered slices of wheat bread.

Other fillings were made of cold meat chopped very fine and moistened with mayonnaise dressing. Lettuce sandwiches were always liked, and one that was especially fancied was a baked bean sandwich. The baked beans were mashed to a paste and mixed with either a little mayonnaise dressing, some cream cheese or both. A hard boiled egg was often mashed and added.

Fish mashed to a paste and mixed with salad dressing also made appetizing sandwiches.

The little jars for dessert often held sliced oranges and bananas, small baked custards, creamy rice pudding or any left-over bit of pudding. These "left-overs" were broken into small pieces and mixed with stiffly beaten cream. Even a plain Dutch apple cake found favor served in this way. Small pieces of sponge cake, a little apple sauce and some whipped cream make a delicious dessert. It requires only two tablespoons of cream (flavored) for each of these tiny jars, so that almost any mother can prepare these desserts if she skims the cream from her milk bottles.

Meat rolls made of chopped left-over beef or chicken and biscuit dough were another well-liked article of food.

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The Cookery Department

COOKING CANNED AND DRIED FRUITS

By Julia Benedict

THE housewife who has jars of canned fruits on her shelves has much material from which to draw in making many tempting dishes. If her supply of canned fruits is running low, now that winter is nearly gone, the dried fruits that may now be had in such perfection make most excellent substitutes. These fruits must be slowly simmered, *never* boiled. Most of them require but little sugar, and this is usually added after the fruit is cooked and the fruit juices have been released. Evaporated peaches are best if soaked in cold water for several hours, or overnight if the outer skin seems tough. This skin can then be removed easily and the fruit simmered slowly.

Prunes are among the most useful of all dried fruits and may be made the most delicious as well. Soaked in tepid water until soft and stuffed with nut meats, then sugared, they are delicious for children's parties and make the best of sweets for the lunch box. If chopped they make excellent filling for sandwiches. They are delicious when added to steamed rice or left-over cereals, and served with cream. Prune pudding is one of the most delicate of desserts and is suitable for serving at any small social affair. Prunes properly prepared not only form a healthful dish, but they are most appetizing as well. Wash the prunes carefully; then soak them for several hours to bring them back to their natural state. They must be soaked at least six hours in lukewarm water, or longer if cold water be used. Soak them only until they are soft, *never* until the skins break. Sugar must be added to this fruit while it is soaking. When the prunes are soft put them on to simmer in the water in which they were soaked. *Never* boil prunes that spoils them. The long, slow simmering is what they require. When the prunes are well puffed up and tender, with the skins unbroken, they are done. If you wish the liquor thick like syrup, drain the prunes and boil the juice down by itself until it is thick. Pour as much of this as you wish over the prunes and serve them with whipped cream.

Prune Pudding

1 Pound of Prunes — 1 Cup of Sugar
4 Eggs

SOAK the prunes and stew them until they are very soft. Remove the pits and beat the prunes with a fork until they are light and foamy. Beat the whites of the eggs and sugar together until the mixture is stiff. Fold this lightly into the prune mixture until all is well mixed. Put into a buttered pan and bake about thirty minutes in a moderate oven. This should be stiff and browned. It may be served with whipped cream, or a custard sauce may be made with the yolks of the eggs. Beat the yolks with one pint of milk and one-half cup of sugar. Put the mixture into a double boiler over the fire and cook it until thick. Serve cold on the cold pudding. Dried or canned peaches, pears or apricots may be prepared in the same way and may be served hot without the sauce or with whipped cream if desired.

Prune Jelly

1 Cup of Prunes — 1 Ounce of Gelatine
Sugar to Taste — Juice of One Lemon

STEW the prunes until they are tender. Press them through a sieve and add the gelatine which has been soaked in a little cold water. Add the juice of the lemon and sugar to taste. Put this mixture over the fire, cook three minutes and pour into molds. Serve with whipped cream.

Steamed Prune Pudding

1 Egg — 2 Tablespoons of Butter
1 Large Cup of Buttermilk — 1½ Cup of Prunes
1 Teaspoon of Soda — Pinch of Salt and Nutmeg
3 Tablespoons of Sugar — 1½ Cup of Flour

CREAM the butter and sugar and add the beaten egg and the soda dissolved in the milk. Sift the sugar and nutmeg with the flour into the mixture. Pit and chop the prunes fine and add these last. Steam three hours. This may be served with hard sauce or any custard sauce desired.

Fruit Charlotte

1 Pound of Cherries — Bread
Vanilla — Butter

THIS may be made with cherries or any dried or canned fruit desired. Cherries are especially good served in this way. If prunes are used, soak one pound, pit and sweeten them. Line a buttered pudding dish with slices of bread and butter. Pour in the fruit and flavor with vanilla. Cover with more slices of bread and butter and bake. When done serve with cream and sugar.

Cherry Pudding

1 Egg — ½ Cup of Sugar
1 Tablespoon of Melted Butter — 1 Quart of Cherries
1 Cup of Sour Milk — ½ Teaspoon of Soda
2 Cups of Flour

DRAIN the cherries from the can (they must be previously stoned). Beat the egg until it is light and gradually add the sugar and the butter. Dissolve the soda in a little warm water and add this to the sour milk. Add this to the mixture and add the flour until the batter is as thick as for a cake. Beat the mixture until it is light and smooth, add the cherries and bake in a moderate oven for about 45 minutes.

Fruit Tapioca

1 Cup of Peaches — ½ Cup of Cold Water
3 Tablespoons of Tapioca — Yolks of 3 Eggs
3 Cups of Milk — ½ Teaspoon of Vanilla
Pinch of Salt
½ Cup of Sugar

SOAK the tapioca in the cold water for one hour. Put the peaches through a food chopper. Scald the milk and add the tapioca. Cook this until it is clear. Add the egg yolks beaten light with the sugar. Cook for five minutes. Remove from the fire and add the peaches (or any fruit desired), salt and vanilla. Mix thoroughly and set aside to cool. Served with cream this is a most healthful and appetizing dessert.

Fruit Potpie

Dried or Canned Fruit — 3 Teaspoons of Baking Powder
Sugar — 1 Cup of Rich Milk
2 Cups of Flour — ½ Teaspoon of Salt

STEW any dried or canned fruits, making them very rich with sugar. When bubbling and nearly done, drop in the dumplings made from the flour, salt, baking powder and milk.

To make the dumplings sift the flour, salt and baking powder together, add the milk and beat until smooth. Drop by spoonfuls into the bubbling fruit and cover *tight*. Do not open for ten minutes; then remove the cover and serve at once.

If preferred these dumplings may be dropped on a buttered plate and cooked in a steamer over rapidly boiling water. The fruit with the syrup is then poured over them.

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The Cookery Department

FOODS FRIED IN FAT

By Julia Girard

FRYING is cooking by immersion in deep fat. While food prepared in this way is not quite as healthful as if baked or boiled, if the frying is rightly done it is not as indigestible as it is commonly supposed to be. Frying in deep fat is a much more healthful way of preparing food than if the food is browned in a little fat in a frying pan. French fried potatoes for instance are better than those fried in a small amount of butter or other fat. If fried food proves indigestible it may be generally attributed to one of these causes: the food has not been completely coated with eggs and crums, the fat has not been at the right temperature or the fat used was of an inferior quality.

Fried foods are mostly cooked by the steam formed in them. The moment the article touches the fat its surface becomes coated, making it impossible for the food juices to escape. These are turned into steam which cooks the food. The fat merely browns the outside. About three pounds of fat will be required for a kettle eight inches in diameter. This fat may be used many times if clarified by cooking a few slices of raw potatoes in it.

In successful frying these points must be remembered: the fat must be deep enough to cover the food to be fried; it must be hot enough to form a coat quickly, which prevents the absorption of the fat, and the article to be fried must be entirely covered with egg and crums. The white of an egg and fine, stale bread-crums are best to roll the food in. The whole egg may be used if desired; but the white with two tablespoons of milk added is excellent. Only a few articles should be fried at one time. Too many cool the fat and thus prevent the quick formation of the coat on the food. When the food is fried drain it on coarse, brown paper.

To determine when the fat is at the right temperature drop a piece of dry bread into it. If this browns in forty seconds it is right for croquettes and all foods that have been previously cooked. If it browns in sixty seconds it is right for doughnuts and other uncooked foods. Do not allow the fat to become too hot; this is as harmful as if the fat were too cold. Use a frying basket if possible; if you do not possess one use a cream skimmer or a wire egg beater. Food well fried is free from grease. Fried foods that leave grease on the serving plate are neither well cooked nor dainty.

French Fried Potatoes

Potatoes — Hot Fat

PARE the potatoes and cut them into eighths, balls or any fancy shape. Soak in cold water for one or two hours; then dry on a towel. Drop quickly into fat hot enough to brown them by the time they come to the surface. They are done when they float. Skim them from the fat, drain on brown paper, salt and serve at once.

Potatoes En Surprise

1 Can of Peas or 2 Cups of Creamed Chicken
2 Cups of Mashed Potato
8 Tablespoons of Cream
1 Teaspoon of Salt
Dash of Pepper
Dash of Nutmeg
12 Drops of Onion Juice
1 Tablespoon of Parsley
Yolks of 2 Eggs

MIX the potato, cream, eggs and seasoning over the fire until smooth. Have ready cooked one can of peas or two cups of creamed chicken or any other vegetable or meat you desire. Form the potatoes into balls about the size of a duck's egg. Scoop out the center, making a space large enough to hold one large tablespoon of whatever mixture you wish to serve. After putting in the peas or other food cover the hole with a little potato. Dip the ball in egg, then in crums and fry in hot fat.

Fish Balls

2 Cups of Raw Fish
8 Large Cups of Pared, Raw Potatoes
2 Eggs
Butter the Size of an Egg
Salt and Pepper to Taste

CUT the fish into small pieces and place them in a kettle with the potatoes. Cover them with boiling water and boil until tender—about 30 minutes. Drain off all the water and mash the potatoes and fish until fine and light. Then add the butter, seasoning and the well-beaten eggs. Have a kettle of deep, hot fat. Dip a tablespoon in the fat and then take up a spoonful of the fish mixture. Drop this into the hot fat and cook until brown. This takes about two minutes. Keep the fat hot and dip the spoon in it before forming each ball. Drain the balls on unglazed paper and serve hot.

Codfish Balls

½ Pound of Codfish
4 Large Potatoes
Pepper and Salt to Taste
4 Tablespoons of Milk

BOIL and mash the potatoes. Pick the fish into small pieces. Scald it, then drain, cover with cold water and bring to scalding point. Repeat this three times; then drain until dry and add to the potatoes and other ingredients. Beat until light and form into balls. Dip in egg, then in crums and fry in hot fat.

Salmon Croquettes

1 Can of Salmon
1 Cup of Bread-crums
1 Tablespoon of Butter
2 Well-beaten Egg
Pepper, Salt and a Little Chopped Parsley

BEAT the egg thoroughly and mix with the bread-crums. Remove the skin and bones from the salmon. Add the salmon, seasoning and melted butter to the egg. Mix thoroughly, form into cylinders, roll in egg and crums and fry in deep, hot fat.

Salmon Croquettes With Peas

2 Cups of Cold Salmon
2 Tablespoons of Butter
3 Tablespoons of Flour
1 Cup of Milk
1 Cup of Peas
3 Tablespoons of Cream
Salt and Mustard

FREE the salmon (either cold boiled or canned) from bones and break it into small pieces. Season it with a dash of salt and mustard. Cook one tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of flour together and add to the hot milk, boiling this until it is thick and creamy. Add to the salmon and set away to cool. If the mixture is not salty enough add more seasoning. Heat one cup of canned peas with one tablespoon of butter, one of flour and the cream. When the salmon mixture is cold and firm mold it into round, flat cakes. Put a spoonful of peas in the center of the cake, cover with another salmon cake, press into a ball, egg and crum and fry in deep, hot fat.

Plain Fritter Batter

1 Cup of Flour
1 Teaspoon of Salt
2 Eggs
1 Cup of Milk
½ Teaspoon of Baking Powder

SIFT the dry ingredients together, add the beaten eggs and milk and beat with a Dover beater until smooth but not frothy. If to be used with fruit, add one teaspoon of sugar to the batter. Apples, peaches, pineapple and strawberries make delicious fritters.

Doughnuts

1 Cup of Sugar
2 Eggs
2 Teaspoons of Butter
Pinch of Salt
1 Cup of Sweet Milk
4 Cups of Flour
2 Teaspoons of Baking Powder
¼ Grated Nutmeg

CREAM the butter, sugar, salt and nutmeg together. Add the two eggs well beaten and the milk. Sift the flour and baking powder together and take enough of this flour to make the dough just stiff enough to handle, using the remainder of the flour on the board. Roll dough out one-quarter inch thick, cut into shapes and drop into hot fat. The dough should be as soft as can be handled. Drain the doughnuts on coarse, brown paper and roll in powdered sugar.

Croustades

Bread — Hot Fat

CUT the bread into slices one inch thick. With a round cutter cut out rounds from the slices. With a sharp knife remove the center from these rounds, leaving the sides and bottom of a small bread "cup." Drop these into hot fat and remove as soon as a light, golden brown.

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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Detailed Description of a House Dress

By Anne L. Gorman

A SIMPLE house dress I have chosen for our lesson this month, because sometimes, contrary to general opinion, the garment which appears simplest is the most difficult to finish well. At least amateurs have found it so. The becoming design illustrated is PICTORIAL REVIEW pattern No. 4929, and may be made up as a house dress of gingham, chambray, linen or other wash material. It will be particularly smart if developed in serge or light wool goods for an afternoon house frock, or even in one of the inexpensive silks with a figure on a dark background. The dress will require for a medium size 5¾ yards of gingham a yard wide and 1 yard of chambray 27 inches wide for trimming. The guide shows the collar, cuffs and belt cut of the gingham also, to be used for doubling or underfacing these portions.

Before beginning to cut, decide upon the length you desire for the finished skirt. Measure the pattern and see how it compares with your own length. In a dress of this kind you should always allow four inches for a hem. If your quantity of material does not warrant this, a three-inch hem may be allowed; but four or five inches is always better, since an inch or more may have to be trimmed off for one reason or another. With this deep hem you will be on the safe side for any emergency. Especially in a tub frock this is advantageous for should the material shrink after washing you may let the hem down. Measure each gore of the pattern and with the extra allowance for the hem you will in all probability find the length just right, unless you are extra tall, when you may add the little that is necessary; or, if you are short, take it off at the bottom of this plain skirt.

Now that you are ready for cutting, you may fold the material with the selvages exactly even, the full length of the goods; this will cause a fold in the center of the width. It is very essential that the selvages lap over each other, else the fold will not be directly in the center, and there is danger that when you cut a gore the under half may not extend the full size. Always place the largest gore on the goods first and lay the widest part of the pattern to the cut edge of the material. Observe the cutting directions indicating that in every instance the large "O" perforations must be laid on a lengthwise thread, which is exactly on the straight of the goods.

In this particular skirt pattern this arrangement will place the front edge of the side gores (below the double and triple notches) along the selvage. Lay the different sections of the goods according to the cutting guide shown in illustrations Nos. 1, 1a and 2. Place the side gore "K" with its lower edge along the cut edge of the goods. Place the front gore on the opposite edge which is the double fold, moving it up as far as possible toward the side gore, but allowing enough room for the shears to pass through. Keep the edge of the front gore marked by triple "TTT" perforations exactly along the fold of the goods. Next place the side gore "J" exactly like "K", but reversing the position, and with the large "O" perforations on the lengthwise thread. Now lay on the belt at the double fold below the front, remembering that this is only one-half the pattern. Later you will cut along the fold, for this constitutes both under and outer belts. Pin all the pattern pieces to the material carefully before cutting.

House Dress of Gingham and Chambray. Made by Pictorial Review Pattern No. 4929. Price of Pattern, 15 Cents

It is necessary that you fold the remaining material another way since there are left more sections which must be cut on the fold of the goods, than you have fold at present. You know we want to get the entire pattern out of the most economical quantity of goods.

Therefore, open out the material and as the crease is along the center, bring one selvage over to this crease. Then draw the opposite selvage over until it reaches the crease, just meeting the first selvage. In this way we have two lengthwise folds on one width of material. Illustration No. 2. Now lay on the back gore "L" with the triple "TTT" on one of the folds. On the opposite fold place the back waist portion with the center back, indicated by triple "TTT", on the fold, and place the shield section below, with its center front on the fold. There is still room left for you to fit the large sailor collar with its triple "TTT" edge on the fold, smoothing the long ends so that they fall just back of the shield. The high standing collar has its triple "TTT" edge placed on the fold just below the back gore.

The goods must be folded still another way now, to cut out the waist fronts and sleeves. The front is too wide for the goods as folded first, so we must have the full width. Open out the remaining material, and lay the two cut edges together. Illustration 1a. At the cut edge place the upper part of the sleeve, carefully observing that the large "O" perforations are on a lengthwise thread. The front is placed with the shoulder to the cut edge of the goods, paying due attention to the large "O" perforations. The cuff is laid below the front. If double cuffs are to be used put the pattern on a second time just below the first cuff.

If the short sleeve has been selected the cuff may be laid below the sleeve. If contrasting material is used for the collar, cuff and belt, as shown in the illustration of the finished garment, the 27-inch material is folded through the center. Place the cuff along the cut edge first. Below this lay the collar with the edge having the triple "TTT" on the double fold of the goods. Along the selvage below the cuff place the belt. If the waist is larger than normal, piece the belt on the under side of the front where it will be hidden by the lap-over.

Now that you have cut out your dress carefully, the skirt must be put together properly. Turn under the front gore at the line of slot perforations, keeping a perfectly straight line from top to bottom, and pin. Lay this over the side gore on the line of small "o" perforations and pin through both, from top to bottom of the skirt, observing first that the single notches on front and side gores meet. Pin on the opposite side gore in the same way, then baste both, leaving the left side of center front open about ten inches from the top for the placket. In similar fashion you turn under the edges of the back gore on the slot perforations, lap to corresponding, small "o" perforations in the second side gores; pin and then baste. Lastly join both side gores in like manner, making the two notches in each meet.

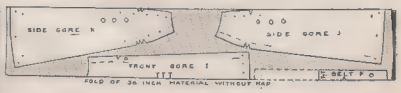
You will next baste the waist, forming the tucks in front by creasing on the lines of slot perforations and basting one inch from the folded edge. Baste the underarm seams and shoulders with the seams on the right side of the garment. Fit the waist, making any necessary alterations at these seams. Then fit the skirt.

If your waist measurement is larger than the skirt pattern, let out a little at the seams where the second side gores join. If need be each seam may be let out a trifle. Follow the same directions if the size of your waist is small, taking in the material at the seams, instead of letting out. Remove the frock; when the skirt is rebasted, stitch the plaits about three-quarters of an inch back from the edge.

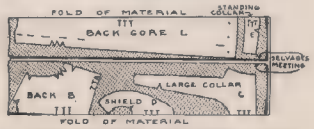
Before stitching the left edge of the front panel however, you must prepare it for the placket. To reinforce this cut a strip of the gingham one inch wide and ten inches long, on the straight of the goods. Slip this into the plait of the front gore so that one long edge rests along the slot perforations, then baste it in place. Do not fold over any of this inner piece. Now stitch by machine to match the other gores and press. For the finish of the seams on the reverse side of the skirt you will follow the method shown in No. 3 where the raw edges are simply turned in toward each other and overcast. Some workers find it quicker to join these edges with running stitches.

After the seams are neatly finished you may go on with the placket. Sew the hooks on the panel side, one and one half inch apart. Place each hook with the bills extending just beyond the machine stitching and the rings toward the raw edge, as shown in illustration No. 4. Sew the hooks on securely as this is most important. The raw edge of the panel is then turned over once on the right side, and this edge slipped under the bills of the hooks and hemmed to position as shown. On the

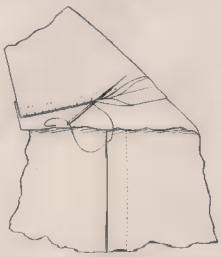
No. 1a.—Material Taken Full Width But Folded Crosswise



No. 1.—Cutting Guide Showing Placing of Pieces Cut with Goods Folded in Half



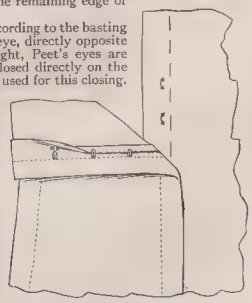
No. 2—Cutting Guide Showing Placing of Pieces Cut with Selvages Folded to Center



No. 3—Showing One Side of Back Panel Stitched and Method of Finishing Seams on Inside of Skirt

opposite side you simply face the placket. Cut the facing on the straight of the goods, one and one half inch wide and eleven inches long. Place the right side of this to the right side of the skirt, and stitch a seam the length of the placket. Turn over the facing, keeping the seam directly on the edge, and baste along this edge. Now you will turn in a goodly seam on the remaining edge of the facing and baste.

Lap the panel front over the side gore according to the basting after fitting, and mark carefully for each eye, directly opposite to the position of the hooks. The straight, Peet's eyes are necessary on this placket since it is not closed directly on the edge. Patent snap fasteners could also be used for this closing. For the under belt turn over both long edges and baste. Then baste this belt to the skirt with small stitches, holding the skirt edge just a little "easy." Baste the hem as you marked it off from the pattern, but do not stitch it until the skirt is joined to the waist, as the position at the waistline might necessarily change the hem.


No. 4—Front Panel With Placket Finish

You will now work on the waist. It has been carefully fitted, so you will stitch the tuck at each side of the front, as basted. Stitch French seams at underarms and shoulders. These are made thus: Allow half an inch seam beyond the correct basting, cutting away all surplus material beyond this half-inch. With the seam on the right side stitch first one-quarter of an inch from the edge, and trim off the seam edges a trifle narrower. Turn to the wrong side of the waist, crease the seam edge sharply, and stitch another seam one-quarter of an inch wide. This will take up the half-inch allowed, and makes a neat finish on the wrong side.

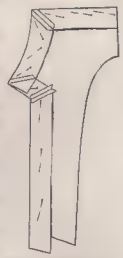
At the bottom of the waist form a plait by bringing the single "T" perforation nearest the underarm edge to the small "o" perforation. You must again fold at the remaining single "T" and bring this fold over the first plait until it touches the single large "O" perforation just beyond. Now gather the bottom of the waist. You will finish the large collar according to the way it is cut, either single or double. If cut double, you will lay one collar over the other right sides together and stitch an even seam around all edges except the neck. Then turn collar right side out, baste and then stitch along edges on the right side. If a single collar is cut the edges will have to be faced. This method is shown in illustration No. 6. Cut straight strips of the material one and one-half inch wide, and fit them all around the edge of the collar, except over the shoulders, where a wider piece will have to be pinned on, shaped like the outer edge and then measured an inch and a half wide inside the edge. These are to be cut from the small pieces which were left over.

No. 5—Method of Joining Double Cuff to Sleeve.

Be careful in mitering the corners to allow just a seam. In illustration No. 6 the width of seam is pictured, but at one corner I have purposely left the surplus to show it before the correct seam has been cut. After these pieces have been fitted on the right side and each miter stitched, sew the facing to the collar along the outside edge by machine. Now you must turn over the facing carefully so that the seam is exactly on the edge, and baste along edge. Turn in the remaining edge and baste as for a hem; then stitch by machine.

If you put the large collar on the neck and front edges of the waist, with the center backs even and corresponding notches touching, it will fit correctly. Cut a bias facing for the neck edge one and one-quarter inch wide, and lay the right side of this on the right side of the neck edge of the collar with edges even; then baste it through all. You may now stitch this by machine; then turn the facing over, spread the collar away from the waist, crease on the line of stitching, and when perfectly flat, baste near the stitching through to the waist. Now you must stretch the facing a little to fit the curve of the neck, then turn in the raw edge of the facing and baste to position. You may hem this by hand through the waist only, as shown in illustration No. 7. If the collar is double you will sew it on as described below for the double cuff.

The short sleeve has been chosen for the frock illustrated, so you will have the turn-back cuff. Stitch the sleeve itself with French seams, as described for underarms and shoulders. The cuffs should be double. Join the seam of both outside and lining cuffs from the bottom to the small "o" perforations and press each open. Lay the outside cuff over the lining, right sides touching, baste the top edges together, and stitch by machine. You must now turn the cuff right side out with this seam directly on the top, and baste all along the edge. If the cuff is single, fit a facing around the top as you did on the collar.


No. 6—Under Side of Collar with Facing Fitted by Mitered Corners

You now baste the outside of the cuff to the bottom of the sleeve having the double "oo" perforations in the sleeve meeting the double "oo" perforations in the cuff. You will find a single large "O" perforation in the cuff; this must touch the seam of the sleeve. When properly basted, stitch by machine. Turn this seam over on the cuff; turn in the remaining edge of the lining and hem by hand just at the machine stitching, as shown in illustration No. 5. Baste the sleeve in the armhole with the single notch touching the single notch in the front of the waist, and the two notches at the back of the armhole. Any little fulness remaining you will "ease" at the top, over the shoulders.

The shield you may make either single or double. If single, hem all around the edge. If double, place both pieces with right sides together, stitch around all edges but the neck, and turn inside out. Stitch the standing collar and its lining together at the top and sides, turn right side out, and baste along the stitched edges to hold it flat. Join the right side of the collar to the double neck edge of the shield with the notches at either side of center front meeting, and stitch by machine. Turn the seam up inside the collar, then turn in the remaining edge of the lining, and hem by hand over the machine stitching, as illustrated for the cuff.

No. 7—Front of Waist Turned Back Showing Manner of Attaching Collar and Facing the Attached Edges

Join waist and skirt together by basting the waist to the top of the belt, which is attached to the skirt, having the seam of both on the right side of the dress. Try on the frock, and if all is correct, fit the outside belt over this lining belt, and stitch all around by machine. Then stitch in the sleeves. If you measured the pattern correctly before cutting and have turned up just the four inch hem, the skirt should be the correct length. Should any slight alteration be necessary however, you must make this now, then stitch the hem by machine.

If the long sleeve is chosen its lower edge is faced with a strip of the material one and one-half inch wide. This is basted to the lower edge of the sleeve on the right side, and then stitched by machine. The facing is then turned to the inside of the sleeve, creased with seam at the edge, basted, and then hemmed by hand.

The amount of material required for the dress is 5¾ yards of gingham 36 inches wide and 1 yard of chambray for the collar, cuffs and belt.

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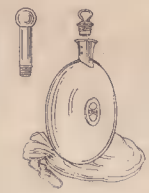
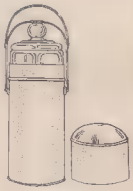
Handy Things for the Home

Editor's Note—Manufacturers of household articles are invited to send samples of their products to the Household Editor. They will be tested, and if found of practical value, will be described in these columns.



A HOT water bottle of nickel-plated copper is a novelty that ought to be appreciated. The heat which it gives off is dry and is retained for an exceptionally long time. When the water inside does get cold it can be reheated by placing the bottle on the radiator or other heating apparatus, thus saving the bother of emptying and refilling. The bottle is furnished with a removable flannel cover, to protect the flesh from the hot metal, and with an extra long, adjustable handle which may be used when massaging with the bottle. A spring hidden inside the bottle takes care of the expansion and contraction of the metal so that the danger of sudden bursting is avoided, and the adjustable handle is provided with an air chamber which keeps it cool, a desirable feature.

THE telescope cot bed is as unobtrusive when not in use as it is handy when needed. It is strongly braced and will sustain 800 pounds, though weighing only 15 pounds itself. When packed in its case it is easily carried and will be an invaluable addition to the emergency outfit of the home or for use on the outdoor sleeping porch or in camp in summer.



THE comfort and convenience of a vacuum jar can scarcely be imagined by any one who has never used one. It will keep not only liquids but solid foods ice cold for forty-eight hours or steaming hot for twenty-four hours, a fact which will be appreciated when picnics, auto trips and camping expeditions are contemplated as well as in the ordinary routine preparations of every day. As a butter crock it is preferable to the ice-box where other articles of food are kept, for butter absorbs the odor of anything near it and its taste and quality are affected. A small piece of ice should be placed in the vacuum jar with the butter, and it will be kept hard and sweet for days. As a sideboard refrigerator, water cooler or as a diminutive fireless cooker it is equally valuable, and in the sick-room it is indispensable.

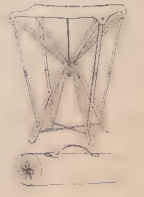
IT has been said that however clever a woman may be she cannot drive a nail straight. With the invention of this new kind of hammer, however, some of the horrors of nail driving and drawing have been eliminated. The shape formed by the two claws of the hammer enables the user to start a nail without holding it with the left hand, so that there is no danger of hurting the fingers. It also does away with the use of a block in drawing out nails and relieves the worker of considerable strain.

AS an important factor in labor, time and fuel economy the fireless cooker has won an established place in the household, and now with these triplicate pails three things may be cooked at the same time in one of its compartments. Each pail holds two quarts, and the three will fit over one burner.

SCARCELY an article in general use in the household has escaped the eye of scientific invention in the endeavor to improve sanitation and safeguard health. How many salt and pepper shakers have you standing around catching the dust through opened pores, allowing it to mingle with the condiments which you use so frequently in your food? Here is a better idea—a shaker with a metal cap on a hinged spring. The cover is lined on the under side with a chemically prepared fiber material which absorbs the moisture from the salt and keeps it in good condition and ready for instant use.

A MOST convenient mop handle is this one shaped to simulate the angle of the human arm and hand. Attachments are provided to scrub, mop, oil or dust floors while standing up, with the same results as might be obtained by the old back-breaking drudgery on hands and knees. When the attachment for dusting is inverted on the handle it may be used for cleaning off the tops of high furniture and shelves, without strain or inconvenience.

WITH the approach of spring the lure of the out-of-doors is already becoming irresistible, and whatever will serve to enhance the pleasure of a long tramp and a picnic feast in the woods, or a porch party or a day on the beach, is sure to attract interested attention. The steel folding chair certainly comes under this classification. It is so cleverly constructed that it folds up to a size no larger than the ordinary music roll, and in its neat cloth cover it is no more conspicuous or inconvenient to carry. The chair forms itself when unfolded, and the same many-jointed quality which makes it possible for it to be folded so compactly braces it so securely that it holds three hundred pounds.



Any information as to prices of these articles and places where they may be obtained will be gladly furnished to readers upon receipt of a letter addressed to the New York office, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply.

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The four special offers here shown are selected at random from our big money-saving catalog—typical Boston Store values.

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As a special inducement to interest you in our line of Spring merchandise, we offer this tastefully made hat at a price considerably less than the cost of the raw material. Every woman will readily recognize the great value of this becoming and practical hat. For $2.95 we will send you a hat that has distinctive style and splendid workmanship, and in which the quality has not been sacrificed in order to quote this very low price. Order by number—No. 1231.

Turbans Will Be Favored This Season

This is one of the fine small turban effect hats with close rolling brim; made on a neat frame, with black and white, soft silk finished braid. Crown is draped in large folds and enriched with a wreath of tiny velvet flowers with green foliage. A large, graceful, wired bow of silk crush-pile velvet is worn the left side finished with a handsome knot, while ends of the velvet are laid in folds and intermingled with soft folds of braid in the crown. The brim is faced with velvet and finished with a rose of braid to match the crown.

We urge you to avail yourself of this opportunity to purchase a splendid spring hat at a nominal price. We welcome most critical comparison with similar offers from other concerns. This hat comes in the following colors: Green and red, red and black, white and black, tan and red, navy and green, black and green, black and red, in any color of velvet. No. 1231. Price, **$2.95**

No. 1232—SILK SHIRT

To extensively advertise our mammoth department of ready-to-wear apparel, we offer this ladies' handsome silk shirt at this low price. $1.50 is exactly what it cost us for each and every one of the 500,000 shirts we have manufactured for this sale. You will be astonished at the wonderful value you receive. You will undoubtedly say: "How can they do it? I would have expected to pay twice as much for a garment of this kind." Every woman who intends to purchase a waist should investigate the value of this special offer. The waist must be seen to be fully appreciated—a style becoming to young and old alike. Made of very fine quality tub silk, in neat blue and white or lavender and white stripes; cut in the new mannish effect, strictly tailored, double stitched; single yoke effect. The sleeves are regular man-shirt style; set in, turn-back cuffs. The collar is the new turn-over, 2-button mannish style, has a pleat at each side of front to give desired fullness; straight front pleat closure; breast pocket at left side, which adds to the true mannish effect. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. No. 1232. Price, **$1.50**

White Boots and Oxfords Will Be More Popular This Spring and Summer Than Ever Before

Here are two leading styles, representative of our mammoth shoe section. Judge our entire spring line of footwear from these two offers:

The Nubuck Buttoned Boot No. 1233. Genuine Lawrence White Nubuck Buttoned Boot, 14-button pattern, short vamp, high raised toe, extension sole and military heel; sizes 2 to 8½; widths C, D and E. Boston Store system of money-saving enables us to offer them to you, charges prepaid, at this special price of a pair, only . . . **$2.00**

White Poplin Oxfords No. 1234. This is known as our Little Beauty Oxford. An extra quality white poplin buttoned style, plain toe, short vamp, 5-button pattern, Milo Bottom, Milo Bottom soles, smart Cuban heels; sizes 2 1-2 to 8; widths C, D and E. Positively worth a great deal more. Extra special price, all charges prepaid, pair **$1.25**

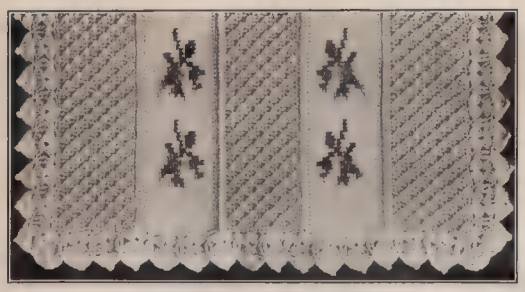
Catalog Free Judge our entire institution by these values. There are over 5,000 more bargains just like these in our new Spring and Summer Fashion and Economy Guide No. 1235. *We send this book free.* Write at once, today, and get the valuable purchasing guide. It tells you how and where to buy the things you need at a tremendous saving to you. Boston Store is known throughout the country as the popular supply center for buyers everywhere who know and appreciate real money-saving offers.

We sell merchandise only of such merit as will warrant our absolute guarantee with every purchase. Trial orders have made thousands of permanent customers for us. Send us a trial order for the goods shown here and you will be so pleased with your purchase that you will not only continue to deal with us but will advise your friends and neighbors to do likewise. We want to help you to *reduce the cost of living.* In quoting prices in our 1913 catalog we have taken advantage of the *New Parcels Post Rates.* Every article which you purchase from our catalog will be sent you express or mail prepaid. No matter where you live, you can buy from us with the same confidence and saving through our catalog as though you were here and could personally inspect the goods. Carefully look for this special catalog today and take advantage of our money-saving mail order service. WRITE FOR CATALOG NO. 1235.

Boston Store Chicago

SPRING MILLINERY STYLES

A BABY'S CROCHETED AFGHAN

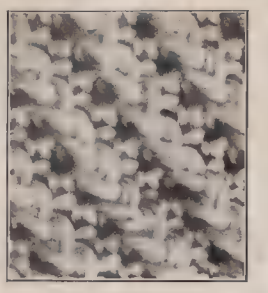


End of Afghan Worked in Philadelphia and Afghan Stitches

INSTEAD of dying out with the cold weather and the need for warm and comfortable woolens, the popularity of crocheting and knitting is still at its height. In the stores the display of worsteds in all shades and weights is as important a feature as it was during the winter and fall. Cool, damp days must be provided against even in summer, and at the seashore and mountain resorts light shawls and wraps are a necessity. Moreover a bit of needlework or crocheting is almost a necessity during the days when there is nothing much to do except to sit around in cool and shady places. So if you are wise you will get your worsteds early, roll them into balls of different colors and make a dainty little bag of flowered lawn in which to keep them clean and handy and ready for use when the inclination seizes you.

Light-weight knitted or crocheted garments are especially desirable for infants in the spring and summer as well as in the fall, for the uncertainties of the weather affect them in their helplessness much more than it does the rest of us if we are not invalids. A hand-crocheted afghan for the carriage is not only a credit to the mother and an evidence of good taste but it is a great comfort to the baby. It is soft and pliable and may be tucked in around him cozily. Another big advantage it has is the ease with which it may be laundered. No starching or ironing is necessary and only a sousing in warm suds and rinsing in plenty of warm water are required to make it fresh and bright again when it does get soiled.

The afghan pictured on this page is a beauty. It consists of five stripes and a shell and scallop border. The center and outer stripes are blue in the model while the connecting stripes are white. On these white stripes a conventionalized flower spray is worked in cross-stitch after the crocheting is completed. The three stripes of color are in Philadelphia stitch, and the two stripes of white are in afghan stitch. The flower may be omitted and you will still have a dainty effect, but where time is not a prime consideration the additional touch of color introduced in the green leaves and the pink or blue or old rose of the buds which must match the color of the other stripes is decidedly charming.



Detail of Philadelphia Stitch

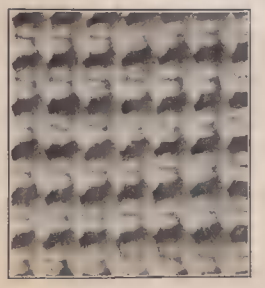
For a warmer coverlet a quilted lining might be made of one or two layers of sheet wadding between two pieces of silk, sateen or lawn. The lining should be finished separately and tacked lightly with worsted to the afghan. Of course the color chosen for this must be the same as the colored stripes of the afghan, and a ribbon bow of the same shade or of a soft green that matches the leaves of the flowers will make the finishing touch. A piece of an old blanket dyed the proper shade would answer this purpose nicely. If the blanket is very much worn it could be covered with white or dyed cheesecloth, and the softness and daintiness of the result will surprise you.

Details of the Philadelphia and afghan stitches are shown, but it is hard to learn much from a photograph of worsted work. The Philadelphia stitch is rather loose and fluffy and has a raised appearance in contrast to the regulation afghan stitch which is close and flat and extremely neat.

Another good color scheme for this design would be to have the stripes all white and the color introduced only in the flower and the ribbon bows. This is merely a matter of taste; but the most conservative people seem to consider too much color or pronounced shades of color a detraction from the charm of anything intended for infants' wear. Moreover there is less danger of spoiling it in the laundering if the afghan is made mostly of white yarn. Very great care should be exercised in choosing the colored yarns. Get only the best and be sure that the colors are guaranteed not to run, lest your time and labor prove to be wasted. For an article like this that will last forever, figuratively speaking, such care pays in the end and the difference in the price of the best and of the cheaper grades of worsted is more than compensated for. Besides for their Infantile Majesties nothing but the very best should ever be thought of.

As one good idea suggests another so the beauty and charm of this afghan suggests the completion of an outing set all worked in the same stitches and with the same general color scheme. A cap crocheted in close afghan stitch with the shell and scallop edging around it would be decidedly attractive lined with the same color of silk as the lining of the afghan and trimmed with ribbon rosettes and bows of the same shade. A tiny pair of thumbless mittens might also be made from the same wool for cold weather wear. The flower motif should be repeated on the mittens, one tiny bud being used on the center back of each, and a bud might be worked on each side of the cap just over the part that will cover the ear.

This will make a carriage outfit that will repay the effort and time spent on it many times over. It would make a most delightful gift for a new baby.



Detail of Afghan Stitch

Directions for making the Afghan shown on this page will be sent to readers upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address your letter to the New York office and enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

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220 West 24th Street, New York City

Pretty Ideas in Spring Suits and Costumes

4960–4907—Of unquestionable smartness is this attractive costume of medium gray charmeuse. Strikingly effective are the trimmings, which consist of a large collar in the new, favored shaping and fancy bandcuffs of gray chiffon velvet, together with revers of black and white striped silk. Shadow all-over lace was used for the lower portion of the chemisette, while the upper portion and standing collar are of plain net. A crush belt of gray suede leather is worn, but, if preferred, a girdle of the velvet may take its place. Very pretty in cut is the waist which is mounted on a lining. A simple surplice design, it is made distinctive by the pretty cuffs, the curved revers, the deep vest-like chemisette and the becoming shoulder collar. The three-piece skirt is in keeping with the waist in point of style. The plaits at the side front come just at the closing of the waist, producing a very pleasing effect. The plain back gore is slightly gathered at the top, and when no girdle is worn a strap of the material is attached over the gathers. The width of skirt, which is in high waistline, is about 2⅞ yards. Waist No. **4960** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material, ½ yard 22-inch velvet, ⅛ yard striped silk and 2 yards 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4907**, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Much favor is shown the tailored cutaway suit. Those having braid-bound edges are very smart. The skirts of these are plain, or show a few plaits.

4973–4946—Cutaway effects in coats have proved an immense success, and while they have been much worn this Winter they are even better adapted to Spring wear. Every variety of outline is shown, from the conservative rounding of the front corners to the decided cutaway, with its short front that slopes precipitously down to the very long tails at the back. The model illustrated is capable of several of these variations. The pattern has square front ends, but is perforated for rounded corners and for the decided cutaway illustrated. Two styles of neck finish are provided for—a shawl collar and a notched collar. The skirt shown with this coat is a new four piece model with inserted front panel and a back gore having a plaited lower section and an applied plain upper section that suggests a postilion. Among materials suitable for the suit are corduroy, Bedford cord, éponge, serge and broadcloth. Jacket No. **4973**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4946** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4965–4855—An attractive little Spring frock is shown in black and white checked silk serge with trimming of white satin. If desired white broadcloth may be substituted for the satin and any of the light-weight woolen fabrics in place of the silk. The waist design with its natty shoulder collar of the new shaping is very Spring-like in appearance. While the long, close-fitting sleeves are excellent for a silk or woolen dress, we have included short sleeves in the pattern, as being adapted to dresses of wash materials for hot-weather wear, for many women begin now to prepare their Summer wardrobes. A waist lining is supplied which may be used or not. The closing of both waist and skirt is in front. The latter is a six-gored model, measuring about 3½ yards in width. Waist No. **4965**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material and 1¼ yard satin 24 inches wide. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. **4855** is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4952—Front closings are one of the most pronounced of new style points, and it is to this feature that the dress, shown owes much of its style. Here again is an illustration of how thoroughly inseparable are simplicity and smartness in present fashions. The two plaits at the termination of the closing are a pretty arrangement. There are two corresponding plaits at one side of the back; this one-sided effect being considered very chic. White serge proved a charming selection, but any of the corded weaves, ■ well ■ éponge are also among the new fabrics suitable for the mode. The pattern of the adjustable chemisette is given. The attached skirt is a four-piece model 2 yards in width, with inserted plaited section at the left front. The model is adapted to the firmer wash fabrics such as linen, ratiné and gingham. Costume No. **4952**, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Considerable use continues to be made of the chiffon-veiled bodice. Nothing has been found to bring the suit bodice into harmony with the skirt quite so well as veiling it with a chiffon of matching color. The vogue for the peplum on the separate waist is still in force. Many new models are distinguished from last year's by full length sleeves.

For ■ complete assortment of Costume Designs ■■ THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Tailored Dresses Leaders in Garment Styles

4979—The prominence of one-piece dresses goes hand in hand with the vogue for long coats, the one depends upon the other. The strong vogue for the long coat has created a corresponding demand for tailored and fancy dresses. On this page are shown a number of stylish garments that can be worn under light-weight coats for early Spring, or without any outer wrap later in the season. The dress illustrated under this number is as smart as it is simple, depending upon the unique arrangement of the front closing for its individuality. One of the loosely woven light-weight Spring woolens showing a popular tan and black mixture was used, with chemisette-yoke, flat collar and cuffs of black chiffon velvet. Any other color might be substituted for black; old blue and cerise would be attractive. Or broadcloth or satin might be used instead of velvet. The model is also well adapted to serge and ratiné. Linen, éponge and the heavier cotton crêpes are excellent fabrics for this design, and are recommended to the woman who is preparing her Summer wardrobe. No lining is required for this model, and if you like, a standing collar may take the place of the flat collar shown. Choice is also given between long and short sleeves. The skirt, while exceedingly simple is pretty in cut; it is composed of four gores, and measures $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards around the bottom. Costume No. 4979 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material, with 1 yard velvet 18 inches wide; if the dress is made of material that is 36 inches in width 5 yards will be necessary, and $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be required if the material is 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

4914—One of the most attractive of recent imported models is illustrated under this number. Its style is unquestionable. Shown here in one of the new Bedford cords in a prune color with a mixture of white silk threads it is very dressy. White satin supplied material for the low cut chemisette, and a pretty flowered taffeta in various shades of dull violet and lavender for the large collar, cuffs and girdle. The original model was produced in navy blue serge, with trimmings of the fashionable plaid silk. If desired a chemisette of net may be worn with the gown, or the vest may be extended to the neck and finished with a standing collar. The attached skirt is cut in four gores and measures $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards around the lower edge. The design is also admirable for éponge, the heavier cotton crêpe cloth and linen. Costume No. 4914 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting material 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18-inch satin and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents.

4989—The majority of new one-piece dresses have as a marked feature some attractive arrangement of the front closing. This model is no exception to the general rule; its fronts lap in surplice style, forming the closing which continues down the skirt in an unusual outline. The dress is of Spring weight, black and light gray, mixed woolen goods, with collar and girdle of light gray broadcloth. An adjustable shield of lace or net gives a pretty touch. Besides the long sleeves the pattern makes provision for the shorter length with cuff finish. An attached five-gored skirt with triple box plait back completes the design. It measures about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards around the lower edge. Costume No. 4989 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard contrasting 36-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18-inch all-over lace. Price, 15 cents. Braiding design No. 11290, price, 10 cents for perforated pattern.

4950—An unassuming yet smart little dress model is shown here in gray whipcord with no other trimming than the buttons of smoked pearl with black rims, aside from the dress accessories worn with it. In a simple model like this much depends upon the neckwear selected; a varied choice in this affords means for changing the appearance of the gown. A white, emerald green or red patent leather belt provides a pleasing note of contrast. Serge, rep, éponge and taffeta make serviceable dresses for general wear, while linen, piqué and ratiné are suggested for late Spring and early Summer. Other variations possible with this pattern are a low, square neck and short sleeves. The five-gored skirt measures about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard around the lower edge. Costume No. 4950 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

The best authorities in Paris have chosen to make yellow the high novelty color, and it will be seen in millinery trimmings, in fabrics and in accessories. The new reds are of uncertain tone. Some have a strong yellow cast, the orange reds, while others are touched with violet. Leading into lighter tones these shades give, on the one hand, salmon and coral tints and, on the other, rose, dahlia and aster. Two series of blues are used—the gray blues and those with a purple cast.

Popular Styles for Outdoor Wear

4973—4997—A Spring suit of gray diagonal suiting cut on the very newest lines is shown here. The jacket pattern provides for several outlines for the lower edge. It may be cut straight as shown in the illustration; it may have rounded corners; or it may be in decided cutaway effect. A shawl and notched collar are both given. The two-piece skirt with high waistline is 2⅜ yards wide, and has a shallow plait at each side of front and back forming panels, and a dart-plait at each side of the panels. Serge, checked suiting, whipcord and éponge are also suggested. Jacket No. 4973, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4997, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4970—4882—Three-quarter length coats have, in a measure, displaced the long coats, and are particularly well adapted for Spring wear. However, this pattern provides for three lengths—full length and the long and short three-quarter lengths. The model, which may be adjusted close to the neck, is one of the most popular of its type, and will be very easy for the amateur to make. A tan mixed coating is shown here with broadcloth collar. Black and white checks and loosely woven white coatings are much worn with trimmings of black velvet. The skirt, a four-piece model with plaits, has a hip yoke and is 2⅞ yards wide. Coat No. 4970, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4975—4999—An attractive suit of navy blue serge with black soutache braiding. The coat may be in decided cutaway effect as illustrated, or in the modified outline, which is shorter at the back. In addition to the large collar, a shawl collar and one of Robespierre shaping are supplied. The skirt, in high waistline, is cut in three gores, and has an inverted plait at center front, center back and at side seams. It is 2½ yards wide. Jacket No. 4975, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4999, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅔ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Braiding design No. 11277, price of perforated pattern, 20 cents.

4964—4969—For the Russian blouse a strong vogue is predicted in the near future, and some of the handsomest advance styles of this type are shown. That illustrated in black and white worsted suiting, with collar of rough tan agaric bound with white cloth is one of the more conservative models. A two-piece skirt in high waistline completes this suit. It has an inverted box plait of flounce depth at each side seam, and is 2⅞ yards wide. Jacket No. 4964, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4969, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Coat and Suit Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Novel Features Mark These Simple Costumes

4604–4969—Russian blouse effects are to experience a strong revival within the near future. French designers are working out novel ideas at present in costumes and suits of this style. The model illustrated is an advance idea that is not in the least extreme. It is admirably adapted to combinations of materials. A waist of silk and wool brocade (matelassé) will form a smart costume worn with a skirt of broadcloth, satin charmeuse or chiffon velvet. Yoke and collar are of shadow lace, while bands of Venise fill in the corners. A lining is used in the waist, which closes at the back, though a front closing is simulated. The skirt of broadcloth is a two-piece model measuring $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards in width. An inverted plait in the lower part of each side seam gives greater freedom in walking. Waist No. 4604, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard all-over lace and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4969, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4822–4825—This charmingly simple costume model illustrated in white cotton crêpe would serve as an informal evening dress or for Summer wear. While the design is not elaborate, the effect is, nevertheless, dressy. Cotton crêpe is the novelty for the coming season, and makes up effectively with bands of macramé lace and Bohemian all-over for the yoke, as illustrated. A waist lining is included in the pattern, but its use is a matter of choice. The gown closes at the back, and may be made with high neck and long sleeves, if preferred. A short train in square or round outline is provided for in the circular skirt pattern, the width around the round train being about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Waist No. 4822, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard all-over lace. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4825, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4979—In spite of its simplicity of construction this dress model is exceptionally smart, showing as it does several fashionable details. One is the pretty rolling collar attached to a chemisette, while the front closing of unusual outline is another distinctive point. An attractive feature of the attached four-piece skirt is the overlapping of the gores at center back giving the effect of a plait. Tan and white striped woolen crash is illustrated, with trimmings of brown velvet. The width around the lower edge of the skirt is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Costume No. 4979, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, with 1 yard contrasting fabric 18 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4998–4946—The original of this tasteful afternoon costume was shown in taupe colored brocade charmeuse, with velvet trimmings in a self-tone, white satin vest and yoke of net lace. The girdle, cutting across the vest is a pretty detail, as are the vest itself, the straight revers and flat collar. A lining is supplied, which may be used or not. Completing the costume is an attractively cut skirt with inset front panel and plaited back gore, having an applied, plain upper section. Width around bottom about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Waist No. 4998, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 18-inch all-over lace, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18-inch satin for vest and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard velvet. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4946, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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Simple But Effective Dresses for Home Wear

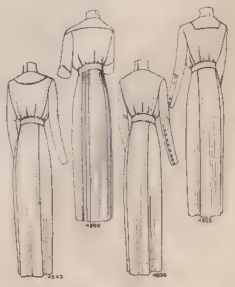
4936—A favorite model for a house dress is shown here in a dark blue and white checked gingham, with an inexpensive cotton band trimming in light green and dark blue machine embroidery, such as may be found in infinite variety at the notion counter. Two tucks at each side of the waist in front and one at each side of the back provide fulness that permits the housewife perfect freedom of movement, when busied about the house. While long sleeves are illustrated, the pattern indicates how they may be cut short for greater comfort. A cuff finish is used on the short sleeve, making it a pretty feature. The attached skirt is in five gores, and is about 2½ yards in width. For a dainty, little, afternoon house dress, challis and linen are suggested. House Dress No. **4936** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 8 yards of 27-inch material and 3 yards of band trimming. Price, 15 cents.

4950—In this design, developed in tan colored percale with dark blue dots, we have one of the neatest and prettiest of house frocks. A simple edge trimming in blue embroidery on a cream white ground gives a finished look to the frock, costs very little and is no trouble to apply. One of the most attractive features is the square cut neck and yoke. The latter offers many possibilities for trimming, or like the belt it may be made of material in a contrasting color. Though extremely simple the model would make a suitable street gown developed in serge, wool éponge or a black and white check for early Spring, or in linen or cotton ratiné for Summer wear. The pattern provides for several variations. The neck may be made high with a standing collar, and full length sleeves may be used. An attached five-gored skirt completes the model, the width around the lower edge being about 1⅞ yard. Costume No. **4950** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material, with 5 yards edge trimming. Price, 15 cents.

4943—The prettiest of challies are shown for early Spring; among them the satin striped wool varieties are favorites. These are delightfully dainty for little, afternoon house gowns. The dress illustrated is of cream white with a pale lavender satin stripe and sprays of flowers in mauve tones. Trimming it are a uniquely shaped yoke, cuffs and belt of lavender satin. If wash goods are preferred, gingham, madras, percale and kindergarten cloth are recommended. The tuck at the shoulder, a very becoming feature, continues down front and back. If desired the neck may be completed with a standing collar, and long sleeves may be used.

Two and one-eighth yards is the width around the lower edge of the five-gored skirt. No. **4943** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 7½ yards 27-inch material, with a yard contrasting fabric in the same width. Price, 15 cents.

4989—Reseda green cashmere in a dark tone with trimmings in a lighter shade of the same color made this a very attractive little house gown that is pretty enough for outdoor wear as well. The embroidery design on the collar is done in several shades of green, with a touch of old rose, and adds much to the appearance of the costume. Serge and similar light-weight woolens are also adapted to the model, while any of the pretty wash fabrics would be practical mediums. If preferred, the shield may be made with a standing collar, and the sleeves may be cut short, being then finished with turn-back cuffs. The skirt, a five-gored model, is 2½ yards wide. Costume No. **4989** is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 44-inch material, with a yard 27-inch contrasting material for collar, shield and belt. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. **11750**, price of perforated pattern 15 cents.



While the above designs are adapted for house dresses, made of suitable materials, they will be admirable for general wear.

For a complete assortment of House Dress Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for [redacted] all agencies at 25 cents a [redacted] including [redacted] pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

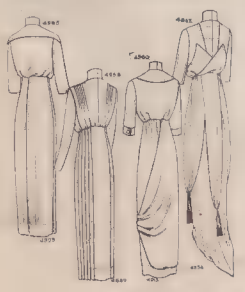
Smart Styles Adapted for Various Occasions

4965–4999—One of the newest patterns in foulard is used here—a light taupe ground with Oriental design. Edge trimming on large collar and sleeves, and the crush girdle are of brown satin. The waist may be made with or without the lining. White satin for the vest with small pearl buttons, and shadow lace for the chemisette complete the waist. A collar of the foulard is covered with Bohemian lace. The three-piece skirt is 2½ yards wide. Waist No. 4965, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material, with 1 yard 27-inch satin and ⅞ yard 18-inch all-over lace. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4999, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4958–4689—Dark blue charmeuse and velvet, with cream all-over lace were the fashionable selections made for this attractive model. The waist is made without a lining, and, if desired, the vest may be continued up to the neck and completed with a standing collar. The design is ideal for the slender woman. An eight-gored skirt 2⅝ yards wide accompanies this waist. The dress closes at the back. Waist No. 4958, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material, with ½ yard 18-inch velvet and ⅞ yard 18-inch all-over lace. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4689, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4960–4913—This charming design is worthy of the beautiful fabrics used in its development, namely, old blue charmeuse brocade, darker blue velvet, white satin and all-over lace. The waist is made over a lining, and the three-piece skirt, 2⅜ yards in width, may be made with or without the back drapery. Both waist and skirt close in front. Waist No. 4960, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material, with ½ yard 22-inch velvet and ⅝ yard 27-inch satin. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4913, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch material, with 1½ yard extra for drapery, on 2⅛ yards 54-inch fabric, with 1½ yard extra for drapery. Price, 15 cents.

4962–4954—It is not usual to find a design for an evening or dinner gown that is as graceful as that illustrated and yet so simple in construction. Even the woman with little experience in dressmaking could make a handsome gown of this model. For the reproduction illustrated were used pale pink satin, with bands of Venise lace for the dress proper, and white net elaborated with crystal beads in different tones of light and old blue for the tunic and bib sections. Very beautiful also would be pale blue charmeuse, with old blue or white net, chiffon or net lace for the tunic. Should the model be selected for an afternoon toilette, and it is admirably suited for such, charmeuse in a dark color might be combined with chiffon, or chiffon velvet with satin. The dress closes at the back and the waist is mounted on a lining. Bib sections are included in the waist pattern, while the draped tunic is part of the circular skirt which measures 2½ yards around the lower edge in the regulation length. Waist No. 4962 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4954 is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The entire costume in size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch satin, 2¼ yards 45-inch beaded net, 4 yards lace banding and 1¼ yard lining 36 inches wide.



Many of the new silk fabrics are intensely Oriental both in color and pattern. There are Japanese, Chinese, Persian, Turkish and Egyptian effects, embracing a marvelous blending of colors, together with a skilful introduction of metal threads.

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Recent Novelties in Waists and Skirts

4808—The introduction of the Robespierre effects in collars has revolutionized waist and shirt-waist styles. Practically all of the designs in waists, both fancy and tailored, now show the rolling or turn-down collar in some form or other. In the waist illustrated a prominent collar form appears, namely the rolling collar attached to a chemisette. This offers many pretty possibilities for varying the waist, as it may be made removable. Checked taffeta is shown, with collar of white satin; however, piqué, fancy lawn or lace trimmed plain lawn may be used, as well as lace or embroidery. Waist No. 4808 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch material, with ⅜ yard satin 18 inches wide for collar and chemisette. Price, 15 cents.

4977—A good design in a tailored waist is shown here, with one of the new soft collars of silk, satin or washable fabrics. Light gray challis in a pretty design was used, the collar of gray satin and tie of black velvet ribbon producing a very pleasing effect. Plain white and striped Habutai silks are much in vogue for waists of this kind, but linen, madras, cross-bar lawn and chambray are equally suitable.

The model may be made with or without the shallow back yoke. The use of the latter is considered an advantage, as it reinforces the portion of the waist that is apt to be worn through by contact with the lower edge of a stiff collar.

Waist No. 4977 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4808 4998

4998—One of the most effective of waist designs is shown here. Its many attractive details suit it admirably for combinations of materials, and consequently for dressy wear. It can be used with draped, or plain skirts of dressy character or with a model showing very few plaits. Charmeuse, broadcloth, serge or éponge might be used for the waist, with brocade satin for the vest and flat collar, and chiffon velvet for revers and girdle. A body lining is given which may be used or not. Waist No. 4998 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material, with ¼ yard all-over lace 18 inches wide, ⅜ yard 18-inch satin for vest and flat collar, 1¼ yard 18-inch velvet and 1¼ yard 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents.

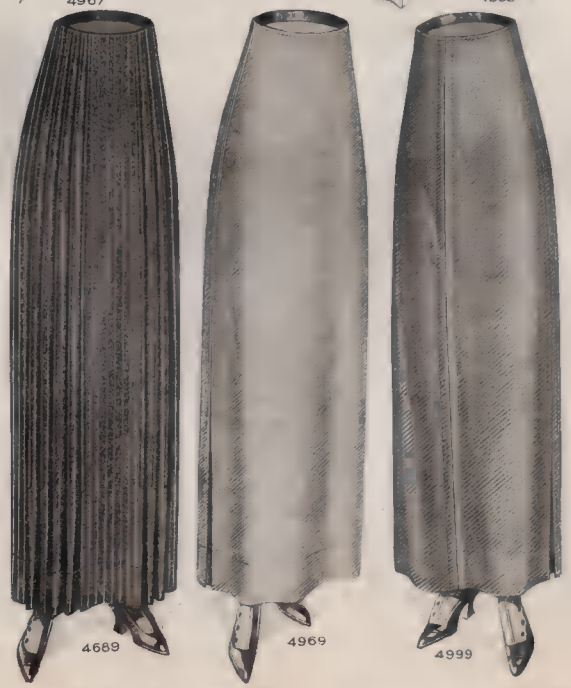
4853—Laced effects in shirt-waist closings are a pronounced style feature, and demonstrate the influence of the popular middy blouse. By means of the lacing, the collar of the waist illustrated may be drawn close to the neck and converted into the high turn-over type. The eyelet holes embroidered in a color, with lacing to match provide a pretty waist trimming. The blouse shown is of the new wide wale piqué in white with a narrow blue stripe. Pongee, Habutai, corduroy, taffeta, satin or any of the popular wash fabrics would develop this model attractively. Waist No. 4853 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of material 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4977 4967 4853 4773

4967—The picturesque collar lends distinction to this shirt-waist, which, while plain, is of excellent cut. Another attractive feature is the bishop sleeve with dainty turn-back cuff. A very stylish model was produced using cream white, cotton éponge or ratiné, with dark blue stripes. Collar and cuffs are of linen, the hems being attached with entre deux or veining. The addition of a satin tie gives a jaunty effect. Waist No. 4967 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch material, with ¾ yard linen 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4689—The styles of skirt designs that predominate in tailor-mades, recently launched by the best French designers are the models with simple, straight lines, and the plaited types. In the latter class, variety is obtained by grouping the plaits in a distinctive manner. The model shown under this number is an excellent example of the plaited skirt now in vogue. It is cut in eight gores, and has five plaits at each side of the front and back. The closing is at the left of the center back, and the width around the lower edge 2⅝ yards. White striped blue serge is illustrated. Skirt No. 4689 is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3⅛ yards of material 54 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4969—A well cut two-piece skirt is illustrated. The width at the lower edge is slightly increased, and walking made more comfortable by the inverted plait at each side seam, the width including plaits being about 2⅝ yards. A high waistline and side closing are featured. The back gore is slightly gathered at the top, and held in by a strap of material, a detail of the most recent mode. Among suitable materials are serge, whipcord, wool éponge and linen. Skirt No. 4969 is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch material. Price of skirt pattern, 15 cents.



4689 4969 4999

4773—Another attractive variation of the popular mannish shirt-waist with rolling Byron collar is shown under this number. For its development was used cream white cotton éponge, with crystal buttons and cotton soutache loops. The style is extremely natty, particularly when the sailor tie is worn. If a high neck is preferred the shield and standing collar will be used, either with or without the rolling collar. Plain and striped wash silks, brocade, satin, linen and the new cotton crêpes are the favored fabrics for waists of this kind. Waist No. 4773 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of material 36 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4999—A smartly cut skirt is here illustrated in a navy blue whipcord. It is made up of three gores, and has an inverted plait at the center front and a simulated inverted plait with an understay piece at each seam. These plaits with their stitching multiply the vertical lines, making the model an excellent one for a short or stout figure. It can be suitably combined with plain or semi-dressy waists that have a front or back closing, as the placket opening can be arranged either at the front or back of the skirt. The width around the lower edge is about 2½ yards. Skirt No. 4999 is in sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards of material 54 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

The more dressy tailor-mades show much individuality of construction. A leading feature is the use of different materials for coat and skirt. Suits composed of these combinations are usually made with cutaway coat.

For a complete assortment of Waist and Skirt Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Waist and Skirt Suggestions for the New Season

4953—A charming model that has proved a general favorite for lingerie waists is illustrated here. For this development white handkerchief linen was used, with a yoke of all-over Valenciennes lace. The waist seems purposely designed for hand embroidery. However, silks, light-weight woolens such as challis, albatross, etc., and the plain and striped cotton crêpes are all excellent mediums for a waist of this kind. A lining pattern is supplied, which may be used or not. Waist No. 4953 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard all-over lace in the same width and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11589, perforated pattern 25 cents; transfer pattern 10 cents.

4960—Several of the prettiest features are combined in this handsome waist model. One of its advantages is the opportunity it offers for combining contrasting materials. In the illustration light gray charmeuse is shown, with trimmings of blue and white striped silk and all-over lace. A lining is provided, which may be used or omitted, as preferred. The closing is in front. Waist No. 4960 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch contrasting fabric and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining, or if 44-inch material is selected $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required for waist. Price, 15 cents.

4953

4965

4965—Satin in two tones of the same color produced a very beautiful effect in this waist. This waist might be used with a skirt of the darker satin or of broadcloth in the same color, with equally good results. A body lining is supplied, and the one-piece sleeves may be in full length, if preferred. Waist No. 4965 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch material, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard in the same width for collar and vest, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18-inch all-over lace and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents.

4962—One of the most attractive waist models adapted for dressy wear is shown. While it could be used as a separate waist, it will find its best application in conjunction with a skirt as a dressy costume. Satin is used for the foundation or lining, over which beaded net is placed, and for the pointed bib sections. The waist closes at the back. Waist No. 4962, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch beaded net, with $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch satin and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18-inch all-over lace; or if the entire waist is to be made of one fabric, it will take $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material that is 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

4960

4958

4793

4962

4958—An effective waist for combination with a suitable skirt to produce a dressy toilette is shown here in midnight blue satin with velvet trimmings in a self-tone. The vest is an excellent means for introducing the fashionable touch of lace. Bohemian and shadow all-overs are favorites for this purpose, but the net laces are also enjoying a good vogue. The trimming pieces may be omitted, and the vest extended to the neck and finished with a standing collar if a high neck is preferred. Short sleeves are also provided for, and a back closing is featured. Waist No. 4958 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch material, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard all-over lace 18 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard velvet 18 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4793—Cream white brocade satin and all-over net was the fashionable selection of materials made for this waist with large revers. Plain satin, charmeuse, broadcloth or serge might be substituted with good results. The shirred vest is mounted on a plain foundation piece which may be in a contrasting color, if desired. The placing of buttons on one revers and the bound buttonholes on the other is a prominent fashion point. No lining is used, but a plain foundation or lining piece is supplied as a stay upon which the shirred front is applied. If desired, the latter may be omitted and the foundation faced with velvet or plain satin and trimmed with small, fancy buttons to simulate a vest front. Waist No. 4793 is in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch material, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard net 18 inches wide for vest; or if 36-inch material is used for the waist, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards will be required. Price, 15 cents.

4994

4997

4983

4994—The newest development of the plaited skirt is shown here. It consists of nine gores, and has a plait at each seam, in addition to an inverted plait at the center back. Being made in high waisted effect it can be worn without a girdle or belt. The pattern provides for both regulation and shorter length. About $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards is the width around the lower edge. No. 4994, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4997—One of the smartest of skirt designs is this model of white serge, which is cut in two pieces only. The plaits that appear at both front and back are very shallow. Those nearest the center front and back produce the effect of an inset panel, while the short plaits at each side serve as darts, and help fit the skirt at the top. The closing is at the left front under the plait, and the width around the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Skirt No. 4997, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 44 or 54 inches in width. Price, 15 cents.

4983—The design of this up-to-date skirt is decidedly unique. It is cut in four pieces, and consists of a plain front and back gore, with a plaited gore at each side. A striking feature is the manner in which the front gore is extended around to the back, giving the appearance of a hip yoke at the sides, decreasing to girdle width at the back. Serge, black and white shepherd checked materials, woolen crash and charmeuse are all adapted to this model. The width of the skirt is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards, and the closing is at the back. Skirt No. 4983, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material, or 4 yards of material that is 44 inches wide, or if the fabric selected is 36 inches wide $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards will be necessary. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

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Charmingly Girlish Party Frocks

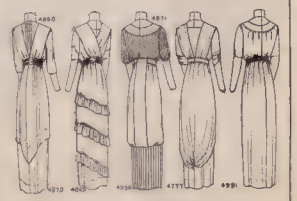
4860–4879—An unusually attractive little dress like this model resulted from the use of a fine, cream white cotton crêpe, with insertions of Cluny lace. For center front and back pieces embroidered crêpe all-over was used, the closing being simulated with pearl buttons. The dress, however, really closes at the back. A waist lining is supplied, but this may be used or not, as preferred. The skirt is made up of a three-piece foundation $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard in width and a one-piece tunic. Waist No. 4860 is cut in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4879 is in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. For entire dress in 16-year size 4 yards of 44-inch material are required, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 27-inch fabric for front and back vest portions, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide and 2 yards of narrow lace banding.

4865—A charming frock suitable for evening or summer wear is illustrated under this number. Very effective is the arrangement of the flouncing that makes up the skirt. One wide and two narrow flouncings, the width of the skirt, are joined one above the other, the scalloped edge being carefully appliquéd to the plain material of the flounce below. Narrower matching flouncing makes a pretty fichu for the surplice waist of all-over embroidery. The addition of an edge trimming of velvet ribbon is a modish note. The closing is at the back, and the width of the attached two-piece skirt is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Costume No. 4865, in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 22-inch flouncing, with $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 10 inches wide for skirt; 2 yards 6 inches wide for fichu; $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 18-inch all-over for waist; and 2 yards of wide and a yards narrow velvet ribbon. Price, 15 cents.

4777—One of the quaintest of fancy dresses for a miss is illustrated here. Pale blue silk with a satin dot was used for the foundation, while cream white net lace made a charming overdress. A touch of heavy Venise lace trims the vest front. The dress closes at the back and is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard wide at the bottom. Costume No. 4777, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch silk for foundation, 2 yards 36-inch all-over net lace and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18-inch Venise all-over. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

4991—Delightfully simple and appropriate for a young girl's party dress is this model shown in cream white cotton crêpe, with foot band of dot-embroidered crêpe and frills of Val lace. A girdle of satin or velvet ribbon is the only additional trimming. The dress closes at the back, and has an attached, straight gathered skirt $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards in width. Radium silk, foulard, charmeuse, eolienne, crêpe de Chine and batiste are also well adapted to this design. A dainty reproduction in cream white batiste, with band and bertha collar of all-over embroidery and frills of butter colored Val lace was charming. Costume No. 4991, in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard material 36 inches wide for band and 20 yards of lace. Price, 15 cents.

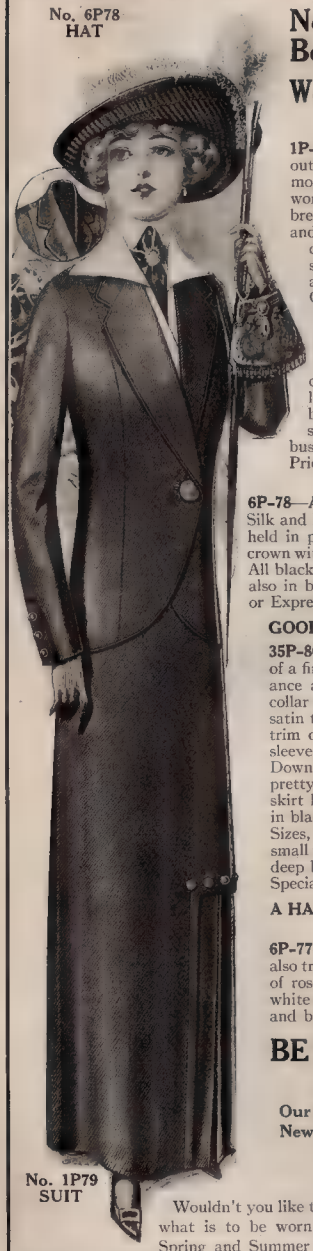
4971–4956—A soft, pliable material naturally suggests itself as a medium for this picturesque, accordion plaited, pannier dress, crêpe de Chine having been used with charming effect in this instance, with Princess lace banding and edging. The dress closes at the back, and the foundation skirt measures about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard in width. A pretty feature is the band of fabric or velvet ribbon which apparently holds up the pannier at the back. While this detail is very effective it may, however, be omitted. Waist No. 4971, in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard lace banding, 5 yards edging and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4956, in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material, with $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards lining for foundation and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard velvet ribbon about 8 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.



For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER: for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

ADVANCE SPRING STYLES—SUITABLE FOR EASTER

No. 6P78
HAT



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No. 6P77
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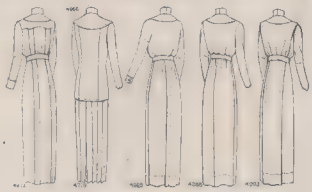
A Selection of Fashionable Misses' Models

4972—Much of the style of this misses' costume depends upon the novel, jaunty collar. The dress is one of the most recent models, and suggests the coat effect with its front closing and simulated box plaits. In this development white serge was used, with a touch of broadcloth in a contrasting color for the wedge-shaped pieces at the front of the collar. Silk tie, ball buttons and patent leather belt are also in the contrasting color. The model is equally desirable for éponge, broadcloth, Bedford cord, linen, chambray, kindergarten cloth and similar firmly woven wash fabrics. A pretty effect is obtained in both woolen and cotton goods by making the collar and cuffs of material in a contrasting color or weave. The waist may be finished with a high turn-over collar if desired, and the turn-back cuffs may be omitted. The skirt is in five gores and measures 1¾ yard around the lower edge. Costume No. 4972 is in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3⅞ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4966 – 4719 — An exceedingly natty little suit that is just the thing for Spring is here represented in brown and tan whipcord, with pretty rolling collar of biscuit colored éponge. The jacket is in cutaway style of most attractive outline and is exceptionally good looking. It may however be cut straight with very slightly rounded corners if the cutaway effect is not liked. The double arrangement of collars is very smart; one a pointed collar of the newest shape rolling over the other—a regular shawl collar.



With the jacket is shown a straight, side plaited skirt that is about 2¾ yards in width. Among other fabrics recommended for Spring suits are wool éponge, the attractive corded fabrics, broadcloth and loosely woven black and white, and gray and white woolen crashes. Jacket No. 4966 is in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, with ⅜ yard contrasting material 24 inches wide for pointed collar. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4719 is in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4995—A very effective street costume for a young girl is this model of light gray, loosely woven, diagonal material. The jaunty rolling collar which emphasizes the youthful appearance of the design provides opportunity for the use of contrasting fabrics. Satin is one of the present favorites for collars of this kind. It is here used in a medium dark blue, with fancy loops and buttons of light gray soutache. A smart feature is the long, one-piece sleeve with over-lapping cuff, which is set into a long shoulder. Another variation of this model has the high neck finish with standing collar. The side-fronts of the waist are cut in one with the back, while the front panel is in one continuous piece from neck to bottom of skirt. The closing is at the left front and the width around the bottom of the attached five-gored skirt is 1⅞ yard. Costume No. 4995 is in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3½ yards 44-inch material, with ¾ yard contrasting fabric 22 inches wide for collar. Price, 15 cents.

4988—One-piece dresses are the most suitable form of apparel for the growing girl. Designs in these were never prettier, as much attention is being directed to them, owing to the great favor shown this type of dress by fashion originators. A pretty woolen crash in a light tan with a brown stripe used for this dress was made even more attractive by the addition of tan broadcloth. This design seems at its best in striped fabrics, and among suitable selections are mentioned striped taffeta, silk and woolen serges and messaline. The model is also ideal for linen. An attached five-gored skirt, 1¾ yard in width is featured. Long sleeves may be chosen, and the neck may be made high with standing collar. Costume No. 4988, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3½ yards 44-inch material, with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting fabric. Price, 15 cents.

4993—Another attractive variation of the one-piece dress is shown in this model. It is here reproduced in gray blue wool éponge with shallow round yoke and belt of Oriental embroidery in various soft colors on tan colored faille silk. However, printed velvet or satin may be substituted. Another variation of this model has square neck and short sleeves. The diagonal line of the front closing is not only becoming but very fashionable, and reproductions of this model in blue serge or black and white checked fabrics are frequently seen. Attention of those preparing their Summer wardrobes is called to this design owing to its possibilities for development in the firmer wash fabrics. An attached six-gored skirt 2 yards wide is featured. Costume No. 4993, in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch material, with ⅝ yard contrasting material 18 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

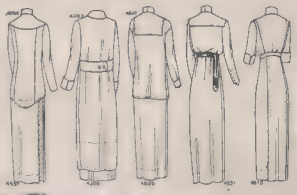
Decidedly practical for the young girl is the one-piece dress of navy blue serge. If a jacket of the same material is added, she will be prepared for the cutting winds of early Spring, while the dress alone will suffice for milder days.

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Approved Spring Styles in Misses' Wear

4931—This effective misses' model represents the maximum amount of style with the minimum amount of work. Aside from the good lines and cut, the attractiveness of the dress depends upon such simple details as the flat collar, the arrangement of the front closing, and the up-to-date girdle. A brown and white checked worsted material was selected for this development, with collar of yellow agaric edged with brown velvet, and a brown satin girdle. The long, one-piece sleeves used are perforated to indicate the shorter length, and a high neck is also provided for. An attached three-piece skirt, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard in width, completes the model. Misses' Costume No. 4931 is in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting fabric 27 inches wide for collar and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch satin for girdle. Price, 15 cents.

4870—Sage green French serge with collar, cuffs and pipings of darker green velvet proved most satisfactory selections for this fashionable misses' model. For the matinée and semi-formal social functions white broadcloth, charmeuse or fine éponge are in vogue for frocks of this type. The same fabrics in darker colors are suggested for general wear. Amateurs will not experience any difficulty with this design. The tuck at each side of front and back is becoming to the girlish figure and, if desired, the one-piece sleeves may be made short and finished with a cuff. An attached six-gored skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide, is used. Costume No. 4870 is in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard velvet 18 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.



4966–4957—The cutaway style is the leading effect in coats this Spring, and this model is an admirable adaptation of the mode to the girlish figure. The large round collar, also, enhances the youthful appearance of the design. A pretty blue and gray striped mixed material developed it most effectively, with light gray broadcloth for the collar. Handsome results are also obtained with serge, whipcord and wool éponge. Suits of the last mentioned fabric are exceptionally smart. While the graceful cutaway is illustrated, the pattern also makes provision for a straight lower edge with slightly rounded corners. Other variations in the neck finish are also offered. A shawl collar may be chosen with or without an overlaying, pointed rolling collar. The skirt is a two-piece model with an inserted section at each side. These sections may be of material that contrasts with the rest of the skirt. The latter is in high waistline and measures $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards around the lower edge. A closing is provided for at the left front. Jacket No. 4966, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2 yards of material 54 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard contrasting fabric for collar. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4957, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 54 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4963–4696—A coat design that has won great popularity is shown under this number. While the three-quarter length is in high favor for general wear, the model in the full length is admirably adapted as a storm coat. A light-weight wool ratiné is illustrated in light brown, with collar in a lighter shade. Very smart, also, are the models made up in white éponge, and the loosely woven coatings in white, or black and white mixtures, with black velvet collar. The use of the patch pockets and the half belt at the back is a matter of choice. With this coat is shown a six-gored skirt having three plaits at each side of the front and back. The closing is arranged under plait at left of center back. Two and one-half yards is the width around the lower edge. Coat No. 4963, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch material, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting material 27 inches or more in width. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4696, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards material 54 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

4947–4935—Middy blouses, because of their suitability to girlish figures, continue to hold their popularity to a marked degree. They are usually made of white or blue linen, and worn with a skirt of navy blue serge or cheviot. The model illustrated is of white linen with collar of dark blue linen. With it is shown an attractive skirt model of serge. It is in three pieces, the two front gores lapping under the plait at the center front. The back gore is slightly gathered and held in at the top by a strap of the material. Width around lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Middy Blouse No. 4947, in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch material, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard contrasting fabric in the same width. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4935, in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

While blue is the accepted and favorite color for dress with the nautical suggestion, other colors are sometimes used with good success. A very attractive model was shown, with brown as the basic note. The skirt was of brown cheviot, the blouse of tan colored linen, with collar and cuffs of brown linen and the tie of brown silk.

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H. L. BARBER, Pub., R 494, 26 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Young Folks' School and Play Dress

4775—A practical suit for a boy, shown in blue and white kindergarten cloth, with trimming of blue linen. The blouse having high neck and turn down collar is easy to adjust. Knickerbocker trousers with side closings. No. 4775, sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 4¼ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4984—Attractive dress of tan serge, with pale blue linen collar, cuffs and belt all of which may be made adjustable. The dress closes at back, and has a straight, plaited skirt. No. 4984, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8-year size requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4781—Simple little child's model in the new, light-weight, white corduroy. May be made in high neck. The sash inserted through the slashes is a pretty detail. Challis, piqué, chambray and lawn also are suitable. No. 4781, sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 2 yards 30-inch material, with 2 yards of ribbon about 6 inches wide for sash, allowing for bow with loops and ends. Velvet ribbon suitable also. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

4951—Suitable for light-weight woolens and the firmer wash goods. White pongee shown, with plaid silk and plain satin. The model slips on over the head. No. 4951, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8-year size requires 4¼ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4986—A pretty model of crimson cashmere, with shield and cuffs of pearl gray satin. Embroidery in pearl gray. No. 4986, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8-year size requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting material, or if 36-inch material is chosen the dress will require 3¼ yards. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11750, perforated pattern price, 15 cents.

3890—Boy's suit of dark blue linen, having knickerbockers with side closings. Kindergarten cloth, galatea and chambray are used. No. 3890, sizes 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. The 4-year size requires 3 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4959—Simple dress of lawn, with inverted plait at underarms. No. 4959, sizes ½, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. The 2-year size requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 11335, perforated pattern, 20 cents; transfer pattern, 10 cents.

4978—A comfortable model for rompers. Neck may be made high and sleeves long. No. 4978, sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. The 4-year size requires 3 yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

4976—Pretty model for cashmere, serge, pongee, linen or gingham. No. 4976, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8-year size requires 4¼ yards 27-inch material, with ½ yard contrasting fabric. Scallop design No. 11661, perforated pattern, 15 cents. Scallop 1 inch wide.

For a complete assortment of Children's Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Attractive Apparel for Little Ones

4819—This smart looking dress of tan serge, with brown velvet collar closes in front, and has an attached, straight plaited skirt. The applied pocket may be used or not. No. 4819, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2½ yards 44-inch material, with ⅜ yard 18-inch velvet for collar. Price, 15 cents.

3992—Challis, pongee, lawn and dimity are desirable fabrics for this little frock with yoke and sleeves in one piece. No. 3992, sizes ½, 1, 2 and 4 years. The 2-year size requires 2¾ yards 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 11751 price, 15 cents for perforated pattern.

4821—A popular little dress model is here shown in a light-weight gray and blue woolen mixture, with plain blue serge trimmings. No. 4821, sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 2⅛ yards 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

4720—One of the most practical and becoming dresses for a girl or small boy is here shown in blue and white striped kindergarten cloth, with blue linen trimmings. The dress closes in front. Serge, linen, galatea and gingham are also suggested. No. 4720, sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 3⅜ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4874—A charming frock of white corduroy for a girl or small boy. Closes at the back, and has an attached, seven-gored, plaited skirt. Piqué, linen, galatea and kindergarten cloth also suitable. No. 4874, sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 2⅜ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4974—A pretty Spring coat of light-weight, tan coating. The collar may be adjusted close to the neck. No. 4974, sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4955—Pretty model in navy blue serge, with straight plaited skirt attached to an underbody, and a blouse that slips over the head. No. 4955, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material and 1¼ yard 27-inch lining for underbody. Price, 15 cents.

4980—An attractive little frock, shown here in gingham, with trimmings of linen. Suitable also for challis, pongee, linen, etc. No. 4980, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8-year size requires 3¾ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4741—Suit of tan and white striped flannel, with tan serge collar. Blouse may have front closing, or may slip on over the head. Trousers with side closings. No. 4741, sizes 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 6-year size requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch material, or if 36-inch fabric is selected 3⅞ yards will be necessary. Price, 15 cents.

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 948 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 510 Locust Street, St. Louis; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 4 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 256 King Street, West, Toronto.

Light brown suit dyed black — *White sweater dyed grey—white serge skirt dyed black*

Diamond Dyes Saved Her Suit

"I know you will be interested in my experience with Diamond Dyes.

"Last fall I was in a serious dilemma. I had bought a light brown suit, which soiled so easily that I determined to dye it a darker color. I purchased a package of —— dyes. The druggist had told me this would dye any kind of material, but as I had never dyed anything before I thought it would be well to test it with a small piece of the cloth. This little precaution saved my suit. The sample came out of the dye so 'streaky' that I knew something must be wrong. Fortunately just then a friend called to tell me that she had changed the color of her 'sweater suit'—a white sweater and a white serge skirt. She dyed the sweater gray and the skirt black.

"When I told her how unsuccessful I had been she said she knew what the difficulty was and told me to ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool. I went at once to another drug store and this time I got a package of Black Diamond Dyes for Wool. To be absolutely sure though I again tried a small sample first. The results reassured me, and I found that the suit could be dyed perfectly, with the proper dye. My suit looks as new and fresh now as when I bought it, and the color is far more becoming."

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There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

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There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**. **Wool** and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. **"Union"** or **"Mixed"** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

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AND REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.**

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package

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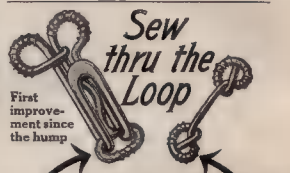

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Gertrude Snyder, thirteen years old, daughter of Robert Snyder of Natrona, Pa., was born with Club Feet and was brought to this Sanitarium in May, 1911. The position of her feet at this time is shown in the left picture, while the position and condition of her feet at the present time, after treatment at this Sanitarium, is shown in the picture on the right.

The correction was made without Chloroform, Ether or any General Anaesthetic. Plaster Paris was not used.

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Dainty Ideas in Lingerie Dresses

4779—This pretty, little child's frock of white lawn is adapted for "best" wear. The design while a little more elaborate than the dress for ordinary wear is not difficult to make. The long French waist portion and the skirt with inverted plait at each side are very becoming to small maids. No. 4779, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. The 3-year size requires 2¼ yards material 30 inches wide, with 5½ yards insertion and ½ yard edging. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11407, perforated pattern 15 cents; transfer pattern 10 cents.

4961—A quaint little party dress in high waisted effect with fichu like this model would be most suitably developed in batiste, lawn, dimity or China silk, with Valenciennes lace edging. The dress is complete without the fichu, and can be made with high neck and long sleeves. Figured challis would be appropriate in the latter case. No. 4961, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 3⅛ yards 27-inch material, with 5⅞ yards lace edging. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11399, perforated pattern 15 cents; transfer pattern 10 cents.

4336—Lawn, batiste, pongee, challis, cashmere and China silk are all excellent materials for a simple little frock like that illustrated. The tucks, arranged in yoke effect, together with the larger shoulder tucks provide the necessary fulness for the skirt. While low neck and short sleeves are illustrated, the dress can be made with long sleeves and high neck. No. 4336 is in sizes ½, 1, 2, and 4 years. The 2-year size requires 2¼ yards material 27 inches wide, with 4 yards insertion, or if material that is 36 inches in width is selected, 1¾ yard will be necessary, while 1¼ yard 44-inch fabric will make the dress. Price, 10 cents.

4526—This child's model was prettily developed in white pongee with insertions of Valenciennes lace. As this material is both attractive and durable it is worth embroidering. A dainty design in eyelet is shown on the yoke; this increases the effectiveness of the frock materially. Several variations are possible with this pattern. The dress may be in high or low neck and may have long or short sleeves. The use of the ruffle is optional. No. 4526, sizes ½, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. The 2-year size requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material, with 5½ yards insertion. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 11335, perforated pattern, 20 cents; transfer pattern, 10 cents.

4833—While this little frock, strictly speaking, does not belong to the baby class, it is no more difficult to make, nor is it less childlike than that type of dress. The long French waist makes the design suitable for the older child. Several different styles of dresses may be made with the one pattern. A dear little frock of challis would be suitably fashioned like this model, using the long sleeves and high neck finish. Cashmere and pongee could also be used for this variation. For a gown made of batiste, cotton crêpe, dimity or lawn, the short sleeves and square neck are best adapted. In the illustration linen lawn is combined with Irish lace. The straight skirt may be plaited or gathered. No. 4833, sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 3½ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4277 — A delightfully appropriate child's dress model is shown here in white linen daintily embroidered. There are but three pieces to the dress—front, back and belt. The only seams are on the shoulders and at the sides. An inverted plait at the latter provides extra fulness for the skirt. Cashmere, pongee, challis, lawn, chambray and gingham are also good mediums. No. 4277, sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. The 4-year size requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design 11750, perforated pattern, 15 cents. Scallop design 11661, perforated or transfer pattern, 15 cents.

4541—Nothing could be in better taste than this model developed in challis, cashmere, taffeta, lawn, batiste or cotton crêpe. Batiste is illustrated with Valenciennes insertion and hand embroidery. A new feature is the girdle with overlapped ends. No. 4541, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8-year size requires 3⅞ yards 27-inch material and 7½ yards insertion. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11742, perforated or transfer pattern, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Children's Designs — THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Newest Ideas in Negligees and Underwear

4945

4945—A very pretty design in a dressing sack is shown in the illustrations in the upper corners. That on the left represents old gold cashmere, with collar and cuffs embroidered in brown dots. On the right is shown sage green albatross with collar of Persian silk and lace chemisette. A girdle of black velvet ribbon is a tasteful addition in either case. Two styles of collars are shown, both with open neck, but, if desired, the neck may be made high and finished with a standing collar. Dressing Sack No. 4945, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4985—This new version of the necessary corset cover differs from the usual designs in that the closing is at the back. This is an advantage when sheer lingerie dresses or waists are worn. The front closing in corset covers is never so neat in appearance as the back closing, and showing through the thin fabric is apt to mar the appearance of the dress. Lawn, batiste and long-cloth are favorites for corset covers. Corset Cover No. 4985, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch material, 3½ yards beading, 3½ yards edging and 4 yards ribbon. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 11808, perforated pattern 20 cents.

4945

4911—This novel combination of corset cover, drawers and petticoat is an excellent foundation for the fashionable figure, there being no superfluous material to mar the fit of the outer garments. No. 4911, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material, with 7 yards 5-inch embroidery for ruffle and 2½ yards edging. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11729, price of the perforated pattern, 15 cents.

4985

4862—This slip may be in high neck, or it may be cut in round, square or pointed outline. It may be sleeveless or have long or short sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch material, with 1⅞ yard extra for flounce; for embroidery flounce 2½ yards will be necessary, with 5¼ yards insertion and 4½ yards edging. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

4911

4920—A comfortable, simple and decidedly pretty dressing gown like this model could be made of flannelet, cashmere, Japanese crêpe, China silk or crêpe de Chine. The last mentioned fabric is really very practical in spite of its dainty appearance, as it launders beautifully. The sleeves may be made short, or on the bishop order with a deep cuff. No. 4920, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 27-inch material, with 2 yards contrasting material in the same width. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11647, price of perforated pattern 25 cents.

4862

4707—A chemise that can be used as a corset cover and under petticoat combined is a practical garment. The inverted plait at the center back seam gives greater width to the skirt portion. The garment slips on over the head, and is gathered in at the waist by a ribbon run through a beading or a casing. No. 4707, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 11615, perf. pattern 20 cents; trans. 10 cents.

4920 4981

4981—An attractive model for a lounging robe or wrapper that is simple in construction is shown here. Its distinguishing feature, and a pretty one, are the deep armholes. Such fabrics as eider-down, flannelet, cashmere, challis and lawn are suggested. No. 4981, sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch material, with 1⅛ yard 18-inch contrasting fabric for revers. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery and punch work design No. 11789, price of perforated pattern, 15 cents.

4707

4650—There are few women who are not attracted by dainty lingerie. Fine well-made underwear is not cheap when bought, but if you will take a little time to make it yourself you will be more than repaid by the results. This pretty nightgown design is very easy to make and with the addition of a little hand embroidery will equal the far more expensive ones bought ready made. Nainsook, lawn, batiste and long-cloth make attractive undergarments, the last mentioned is durable and at the same time quite sheer. Cotton crêpe is desirable as it requires no ironing.

No. 4650, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material, 3½ yards edging and ⅛ yard beading. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11808, price of perforated pattern, 20 cents.

4650

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No. 57D100

Women's House Dress, made of splendid quality solid color Chambray in gray, tan or blue. Has a sailor collar and rolling cuffs of embroidered Linene in solid white. The set-in Kimono sleeves are trimmed with a cuff to match collar. Fastens to side of front with pearl buttons. Plain gored skirt, panel back. State color and size. 32 to 44 bust measure.

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This Shirt Waist $1.00
No. 6D101

NEW ROBESPIERRE COLLAR SHIRT WAIST, made of good quality white batiste. One of this season's newest models with wide pleat down front and cluster of tucks on either side. Wide Gibson pleats to the shoulders give the required fullness. The detachable collar and cuffs are made of fine quality satin along the purest Robespierre lines. The large pleated beautiful jabot is of good quality net edged with lace and trimmed with satin covered buttons. The sleeves are three-quarter length and the back of waist is trimmed with clusters of fine tucks. Comes only in plain white, with black or navy blue satin collar and cuffs. Size 32 to 44 bust. State size and color.

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(*Sizes 32 to 44 bust*)

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VD298—You'll be delighted with this becoming **Whipcord** dress, because it is dressy and serviceable, fits perfectly and is correctly tailored. Closes in front with satin buttons and a pleasing effect is found in the chic vest of contrasting satin, velvet Robespierre collar and lace jabots. A $4.75 dress, **$2.97** postage prepaid....
(*Ladies' Sizes, 34 to 44 Bust, and Misses', 14 to 18 years.*)

VD298 $2.97

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NB100—An embroidery-trimmed Princess Slip that will please you with its durable quality, good style and dainty appearance. Accurately proportioned, allowing plenty of fullness and with prettily trimmed "V" front of broad, fine embroidery. A ribboned embroidery beading finishes the bust and lace is appropriately applied at armholes and neck. The deep embroidery flounce at bottom provides an effective finish. A $1.50 value **$1.00** postage prepaid ...
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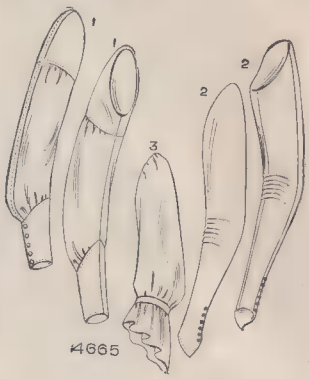
4990—Ecclesiastical surplices are simple in construction, and can be made by the amateur dressmaker who is able to follow the directions given with the pattern. This surplice has an opening at the front, which is secured with ribbon or tape. Linen, long-cloth and French muslin are usually used. Men's and Boys' Surplice or Cotta No. 4990 is in sizes 24, 28, 32, 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches chest measure. Size 24 corresponding with 6 to 8 years; 28 with 9 to 12 years; 32 with 13 to 16 years. Size 28 requires 1¾ yard of material 45 inches wide, and size 36 requires 2⅝ yards in the same width. Price, 15 cents.



4968—There is no reason why these hats, which are simple in construction, should not be made at home. They are frequently made to match the suit or overcoat, and left over scraps that are large enough may be utilized for the purpose. In addition to the regular coatings and suitings, corduroy is recommended for headwear of this kind. If desired, the brim may be notched, and joined with buttons and loops as illustrated, and straps may be added to insert a ribbon. Girls' and Boys' Hats No. 4968, in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires ⅞ yard of 54-inch material for any of the caps, with ½ yard canvas for interlining. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

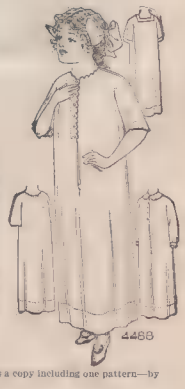
4987—Smartly dressed women are wearing hats of this type, made of the same material as their Mackinaws or long coats. Such headwear is most practical for knockabout wear, for riding or for stormy weather. Besides the regular checked and reversible coatings, cravenetted serge and cheviot, corduroy and velour de laine are suggested. These hats are interlined with tailors' canvas, and are no trouble whatever to make. Ladies' and Misses' Hats No. 4987 are in small, medium and large sizes. The medium size requires ⅞ yard of material 22 or more inches wide for hat A; and ½ yard of material 54 inches in width for hat B or C. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

4665—Of this selection of sleeves design No. 1 is adapted both to tailored and dressy gowns, and being in several sections is suitable for the new vogue of combinations of fabrics. A sleeve of silk or cloth is seen with a cuff of chiffon velvet, or if wash fabrics are used the cuff and frequently the cap is made of all-over embroidery. Sleeve No. 2 is admirable for tailored and semi-tailored dresses, while No. 3 is adapted to soft silks and lingerie fabrics. Dress Sleeves No. 4665, in sizes corresponding with 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1 yard 36-inch material for sleeves 1 and 2; and 1¼ yard in the same width for sleeve 3. Price, 10 cents.

4982—Many mothers are finding combination drawers and underwaists practical for their small daughters. The necessity for bands at the waist is done away with. The garment will be found excellent for warm weather. No. 4982, sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8-year size requires 1¾ yards 27-inch material, with 4½ yards edging. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 11750, perforated pattern, price, 15 cents.

4488—Mothers are usually on the lookout for designs for children's clothes that are easy to make. Nothing could be simpler than this nightgown pattern. The model may be slipped on over the head, or it may be made with a front closing. Scallop design No. 11747, price of perforated or transfer pattern, 15 cents. Nightgown No. 4488, sizes 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 3⅝ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4996—An attractive selection of up-to-date dress accessories is illustrated. The rolling or turn-down effects dominate everything in neckwear. Of special interest is the collar with vest shown on the figure. It is suitable for wear with low-cut coats, as well as with dresses and waists. White satin is in strong vogue for collars of this type, as well as for the Robespierre collar at the upper right. The large collar with revers is excellent as a separate accessory with the cuffs, and may be made of ratiné, or a fabric contrasting with coat or dress. The girdle of ribbon is one of the smartest means of finishing the waistline. Accessories No. 4996, in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires of 27-inch material, ¾ yard for collars 1 and 3; ¼ yard each for collar 2 and for cuff 4; and ⅜ yard of material 18 inches wide for cuff 5. The girdle requires 2¼ yards 8-inch ribbon. Price, 10 cents.



For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

LAUNDERING FINE NEEDLEWORK

By Mary W. Watkins

If it takes the hand of a lady to make a light cake, then just as truly the hand of the skilled needlewoman is the best one to launder fine laces and embroidery.

The most important "don't" in regard to the dainty needlework of the household is, "Don't put it in the regular wash." Most small doilies, embroidered or lace trimmed centerpieces, table and bureau scarfs and what not require individual treatment, and washerwomen are impatient of the amount of time it takes to launder such fancy-work. Therefore it will repay some member of the family to do up these articles herself or else set apart some half day for the laundress to do them separately.

Separate the all-white from the colored pieces. Remove all stains from table linen and doilies before the pieces are put into the suds. Nearly all fruit and berry stains can be removed from cotton and linen by pouring boiling water on the spot, the fabric being stretched over a basin. Small doilies may be swished about in the boiling water until the stains disappear.

Treatment of the More Obstinate Stains

Tea, coffee and claret stains also yield to boiling water; but peach stain, mildew and iron rust are more obstinate. Cover such spots with salt and squeeze lemon juice on them until the salt is saturated; then lay the pieces in the sun. The stains will gradually fade out; but it may be necessary to put lemon and salt on the worst places several times, drying them each time in the sun.

Very large, deep stains and those which have become set may be removed by dipping the spot in a solution consisting of a level teaspoonful of oxalic acid to a pint of hot water. This acid is a strong bleach and must not be allowed to remain in the piece as it will injure the fabric. Dip the stained part in the solution, letting it remain about two minutes. Dip the goods again if the stain is not entirely gone. As soon as the stain disappears rinse the piece to remove the acid, and drop it into warm suds.

While the spots are being removed from the stained pieces the rest of the white articles may be soaking in a tepid suds of white soap and soft water. Soap should not be rubbed directly on the dainty needlework, and it will be found that soaking it as directed will loosen the dirt so that a gentle patting and rubbing with the hands will finish the cleansing. After rinsing the suds out thoroughly put the pieces through another rinsing which has a little bluing in it. Test this water so as not to get it too blue.

As it is a tedious process to pin doilies and fine neckwear to a clothes-line, they may be partially dried in a bath towel while the larger pieces are put on the line. Such articles should be ironed while still damp. Spread out a large bath towel and smooth each piece into shape as it is laid on the towel. Leave enough of the towel uncovered to fold over the pieces near the end. Then roll the towel up firmly, pressing it hard and slapping the roll with the hands so that the towel will absorb the water. If this is allowed to stand half an hour the pieces will be in good condition to iron.

If the quantity of fancy-work to be laundered is not too great the colored pieces may be washed and spread out to dry while the white pieces are drying. First set the colors by dipping the pieces in water in which there is a tablespoonful of white vinegar to each pint of water. (The acids recommended to remove stains from the white articles must not be used on the colored ones as they will take the colors out.) Wash through a tepid suds and rinse the soap out thoroughly. Colored fancy-work should never be soaked nor allowed to lie wet, as the colors will inevitably "bleed" and the piece be spoiled. After rinsing squeeze the pieces gently and pat them between the hands. This will get most of the water out. Dry them as quickly as possible to prevent the colors running, as even those guaranteed are not proof against lying wet. Do not dry them in the sun, for this may fade some of the colors. Spread the pieces out on a bath towel or an old sheet folded and placed where the wind will blow over them. This is better than hanging the pieces up, for if the colors run the least bit they will settle in the lower part of the article. Some expert embroiderers prefer to dry colored fancy-work by spreading the pieces on a bath towel and rolling them up as suggested here for the white needlework. But to dry them laid out flat where a current of air can play over them is quicker and therefore safer for good results.

Iron all colored fancy-work before it is entirely dry. The ironing board should be covered with a double thickness of an old blanket and over that with a piece of plain muslin. Both the blanket and its covering must be stretched smoothly and securely fastened so that they will not wrinkle. If the ironing board is not soft enough a dry bath towel may be pinned over it; but the towel must also be covered with muslin. Otherwise every decided weave or heavy thread will be impressed upon the delicate fabrics. Lay the pieces with the right side down, and the finest ones should have thin muslin or cheesecloth laid over them. The article can be plainly seen through this thin covering, and there will be no danger of scorching. The iron must be well waxed and very hot for ironing the white articles, but not so hot for the colored pieces. Always iron with the thread of the weave, so as to keep the piece perfectly flat. To iron around and around or with a diagonal stroke will give a stretched and distorted surface.

Colored fancy-work and colored embroidery will retain their freshness of tint indefinitely if they are washed and ironed with due regard to these precautions. But neglect of them will surely result in disappointment and the ruin of those dainty bits of needlework which have been so prized.

Ironing Lace Trimmed Articles

When ironing a lace trimmed article, the lace must be ironed first so that it can be pulled and smoothed into shape. Follow this rule also with drawn-work or any kind of open needlework. After the embroidered part of the needlework has been ironed on the wrong side until the needlework stands out distinctly, turn it over and iron the plain part of the linen on the right side to give a smooth finish. Give the embroidery, scallops and hems a final ironing on the wrong side to dry them well.

Embroidered initials or monograms on pillow cases, towels, napkins and table cloths should all be ironed on the wrong side until the letters are brought up in bold relief. The remainder of the piece is of course ironed on the right side. Towels and napkins should be folded so that the initials are outside. Towels are usually folded in three, as initials are in the center just above the hem. Napkins may be folded in three or four according to the location of the letters, which must always be in the center of a square. When they are marked in the corner the folding in four brings the letters to the right place very easily. But when the letters are in the center of the napkin or at one side, measure the hems first to get them divided into three equal parts, fold and press with the iron to keep the folds in place. Then the folded napkin is again folded in three, which will bring the letters in the center of the square and on the outside.

All housekeepers are familiar with the unpleasant way linen has of wearing out in the lines where it is constantly folded. The first fold of napkins and table cloths is the one that does the damage, as this fold is pressed down flat with a hot iron while the succeeding folds are frequently pressed only with the hands. At least they should be pressed without the iron. Furthermore that first fold should not be made in the exact center every time, but two or three inches from it at either side. This relieves the wear on the threads in the same place and lengthens the life of the linen; yet the folded piece need not show the slightest sign of irregular folding. Following the same method with sheets and pillow cases will be found satisfactory.

It is all right to use a very hot iron on small embroidered pieces and doilies, as they are not constantly in the wash. Among the peasants of Ireland and France, where the linen is really spread on the grass to bleach, fine damask table linen is smoothed with an iron which is just warm, the laundress patiently going over and over the surface repeatedly until the figures stand out as if the linen were fresh from the loom. As a consequence such family linen lasts almost like the family silver. But the time required for such ironing does not appeal to the average American laundress.

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NOVEL SANDALS AND SLIPPERS

By Agnes B. Fernbach

Figure F

Figure G

THERE is no season of the year when the comfort slipper is not an often-used and much appreciated adjunct to the wardrobe, whether the possessor be male or female, grown-up or little child. It is a real necessity wherever the bedroom floor is of polished wood and it forestalls many a troublesome cold by simply standing by the bedside for the bare foot to be slipped into at the proper moment.

This bedside slipper is best made in the slab style with a softly padded sole which is confined only at the toe. Into this the foot may be slipped without effort and without stooping, and it may be made very dainty and decorative with little labor.

Two different styles of the slab slipper are illustrated at the top of the page. Illustration F, on the left, is a sandal. All that is necessary to make it is the padded or quilted sole, two elastic bands covered with ribbon and an embroidered buckle. This would make a very cool and comfortable lounging slipper for the summer, and many think it is not a bit too early to begin planning and preparing such things now. It would not require more than one afternoon to make a pair of sandals like these, and the time will surely be considered well spent when the finished work is seen.

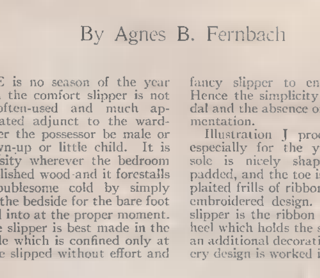

Figure H
Beauty and Comfort Are Combined in This Slipper

A somewhat more elaborate design is shown in Illustration G. It is covered over at the toe, and the wings of a blue bird embroidered in blue and silver encase the sides which slope down to the heel. The feathers of the wings are tipped with a buttonhole stitch, and the outline and long and short stitches are also employed in carrying out the design. Space is left for a monogram or initial which would certainly add a distinctive finishing touch.

Figure I
Shows Bead Work on Velvet

Soft, yielding and cozy is the design pictured in Illustration H. It is made of satin of any desired shade and lined with a contrasting color of silk, cashmere or flannel. Other materials might be employed to just as good advantage and the embroidery design worked in silk floss in colors that blend or contrast prettily. This style of slipper is the one usually employed in the sick-room, for the high back which protects the ankles so effectively in the back makes it very desirable for the convalescent's use. For winter wear flannel and eider-down would be warm and comfortable. A rosette finishes off the toe, but it is not absolutely necessary.

Illustration I shows a modified scarab done in beading on a black velvet background. The effect is very rich. Black satin would also be a suitable material for the slipper and would probably be better for use during the warm weather.

The simplest of all comfort slippers is the sandal shown in Illustration M. The thick padded sole suggests the sabot, and the arrangement of the ribbon straps holds the sandal on securely. In the illustration the straps are made of folded layers of ribbon, though embroidered bands might be used also. The shapeless slab which forms the sole is finished off with a shirred ribbon edging which adds considerably to the daintiness of the design. It was some such shape as this which protected the perfectly shaped feet of the ancient Greeks from contact with the ground. According to the Grecian idea Nature can never be improved upon by art and the human foot in its perfection needs neither embroidered stocking nor fancy slipper to enhance its beauty. Hence the simplicity of the Greek sandal and the absence of unnecessary ornamentation.

Illustration J proclaims itself to be especially for the younger girls. The sole is nicely shaped and smoothly padded, and the toe is made ornate with plaited frills of ribbon and an attractive embroidered design. A feature of this slipper is the ribbon at the back of the heel which holds the slipper on and adds an additional decoration in the bow at the ankle. The embroidery design is worked in satin stitch in the same color as the ribbon plaiting.

In the lower left-hand corner of the page is a butterfly design for a comfort slipper (Illustration K). It is perhaps the most unique of them all and is worked in black and yellow on linen. The linen top should be whipped on by hand so that it may be removed easily and laundered when necessary. The quilted sole is as comfortable as it is attractive, but the plain sole thickly padded would answer the purpose. It is merely a matter of preference, and any of the designs pictured may be finished in either style.

The last design shown (Illustration L) is conservative and beautiful. It may be developed from linen, satin or other material and lined with a contrasting color which shows in the turned-back cuff portion. The line and scroll may be omitted if desired or worked in satin stitch in the same colors as the floral design.

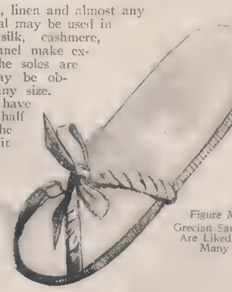

Figure M
Grecian Sandals Are Liked by Many

Felt, velvet, satin, linen and almost any other bodied material may be used in the designs, and silk, cashmere, eider-down and flannel make excellent linings. The soles are inexpensive and may be obtained in almost any size. It is advisable to have the slipper at least a half size larger than the foot, as the loose fit is a part of its qualification as a comfort giver. You could scarcely make a more acceptable gift to an invalid and the making of them would be pleasant employment for a shut-in. The family scrap bag might easily furnish material for several pairs, and the little embroidery touches contribute a finish the distinction and classiness of which are out of all proportion to the effort expended.

These comfort slippers and sandals are so easily made and are so eminently useful that they would be sure to sell well at a church fair or lawn fête. It would be interesting to ascertain just how many pairs a sewing circle or ■ Ladies' Aid Society could finish in an afternoon. The cost of the making should be estimated and a price set on each pair which would allow for a reasonable margin of profit. Then at a "Cap and Slipper" sale, which might be held at almost any time or season, a tidy little sum might be netted for the church or club exchequer.

To whatever use they may be put new designs in hand-made slippers are sure to be appreciated; for the old styles have held undisturbed possession of the fort of popularity for so long that they have almost been relegated to the class of objects not likely to be improved upon.

The perforated pattern of Design F, G, H, I, J, K or L may be had for 10 cents, including stamping preparation. In ordering these designs send direct to The Pictorial Review Co.

Figure J—Young Girl's Lounging Slipper

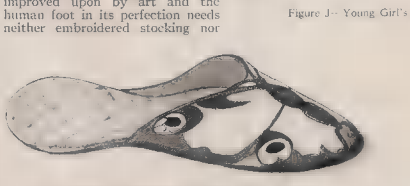

Figure K—Mammoth Butterfly Design on Linen

Figure L
Conservative Design With Optional Features

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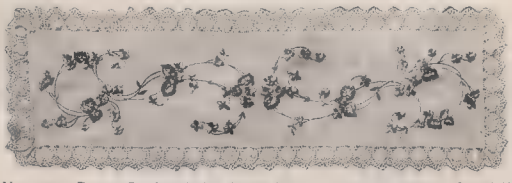
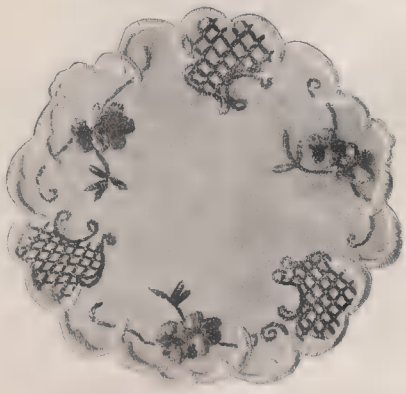
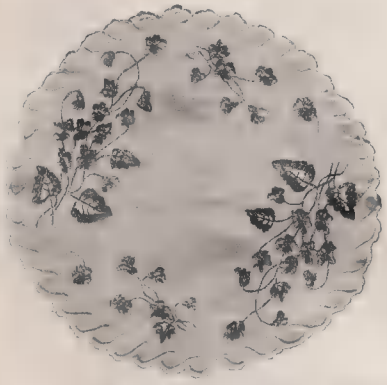
VIOLET EMBROIDERY ON HOUSEHOLD LINEN



No. 11088—Dresser Scarf 40 inches by 8¼ inches. Perforated Pattern (One-Half Pattern Given) With Stamping Preparation, 15 Cents. Stamped on Pure Linen With Silk Floss for Working, 75 Cents



Doily Design No. 11080, 8 inches by 8 inches. Perforated Pattern With Stamping Preparation, or Transfer Pattern, 10 Cents. Stamped on Linen With Silk Floss for Working, 15 Cents



Design for Centerpiece, No. 11081, 21 inches by 21 inches. Perforated Pattern With Stamping Preparation, 20 Cents. Transfer Pattern, 15 Cents. Stamped on Pure Linen With Silk Floss for Working, 50 Cents

Detail of Violets and Leaves in Long and Short Stitch and Outline. The Inner Part of the Leaf Which is Not Embroidered Has the Effect of Shading

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This is the smartest suit, the most becoming suit and the best value we have ever offered for $9.75. It is a regular $13.75 suit. Made exactly as illustrated, of fine all-wool serge. Graceful, semi-fitting cutaway coat with small sailor collar of white Pompadour bengaline silk with dainty floral effect of pink and light blue. Wide revers are trimmed with Hercules braid and small ball buttons covered with the bengaline silk. The back is very new and chic. Made with a belt of Pompadour silk, combined with solid color messaline, finished on each side with an oval smoke pearl buckle. Below the belt, the seams are trimmed with braid and buttons to match the revers. Girdle top skirt cut with points on each side, below which are inverted plaits. These pointed sections continue and form a yoke across the back, below which are stitched plaits. Skirt is trimmed with buttons to match the coat. Coat lined throughout with fine silk. Sizes: 14 years, bust 32 inches, skirt 36 inches; 16 years, bust 34 inches, skirt 37 inches; 18 years, bust 36 inches, skirt 38 inches; 20 years, bust 38 inches, skirt 38 inches; all with basted hems. Colors: navy blue or tan, trimmed with the Pompadour silk and braid to match. Order by number 71P70.

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Our Beautiful Style Book for Spring and Summer 1913

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We guarantee to please you or refund your money

No Connection With Any Other Establishment

We pay the mail express charges

GREENHUT-SIEGEL COOPER Co.

J. B. GREENHUT, Pres.

Send All Orders Here — **New York City** — Send All Orders Here

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Pneu Form
The Pneumatic Dress Form

SIMPLY inflate PNEU FORM inside your fitted waist-lining and before you stands you, every detail of your figure perfect.

The air chamber is strongly constructed of scientifically air-proofed cloth, non-elastic and is made to be pinned to.

PNEU FORM includes the largest part of the hips and the adjustable rod gives skirt length.

With PNEU FORM you can complete the most elaborate gown without a single try-on.

One PNEU FORM will reproduce any number of figures if ordered in a size a little larger than the largest bust measure for which it is to be used.

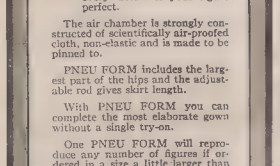
When not in use, it may be deflated and packed away in its own box-base.

Weight complete, 10 pounds.

Write for booklet "B-6," giving full description and prices.

The
Pneumatic Form Co.
557 Fifth Avenue, near 46th Street
NEW YORK

Sold by many first-class stores or direct by us.



DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Do you want to educate your children; support a family; pay off a mortgage; buy a home; dress better than you can now afford?

Then do as thousands of women are doing—**make money selling Fibre-Silk hosiery** and underwear in your home town. No experience is necessary. We show you how.

Fibre-Silk goods cost less, wear better and last longer than any others in the world, made for eighteen years by the **World's Star Knitting Mills**, the largest in the world manufacturing and selling direct to the consumer. You get better value at a lower cost by buying **Fibre-Silk** hosiery or underwear direct by mail or through our special agents, as thousands are doing all over the U. S.

Fibre-Silk stockings for men, women, and children have all the style, charm and comfort of a silk hose and **wear three times as long.** Aristocratic in appearance, perfect in construction and absolutely free from seams. Especially appealing to women is the Pearl Top **exclusive feature** with our hose which insures a perfect fit to root and slip alike and prevents the dropping of stitches often caused by your garter

Send 50 cents for a pair of style No. 295. If not satisfactory, money refunded. It is an extra light weight gauze, with high spliced heel and double sole and extra long pearl top. The ideal stocking for summer wear—adorns and beautifies the foot. Made in black, white, tan, slate, helio, royal blue, wine, pink, and light blue. Size 8 to 10½. Sent postpaid.

Free Catalog containing sample of raw material and showing most advanced styles in hosiery and underwear.

Write us and if we are represented in your locality our agent will call on you, if not represented we fill orders direct.

AGENTS WANTED—In every town in the United States to sell **Fibre-Silk** goods, permanent, pleasant and profitable business. **Fibre-Silk** agent in California made $800.00 last fall. Our sales instructor tells you **how**. Get our free book. Write to-day. Address

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
Dept. 101, Bay City, Mich.

EMBROIDERY FOR SPRING LINGERIE

11808 4617

11864 4707

11865 3720

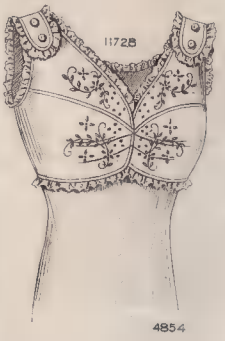
11553 4550

A MARKED preference for handsome embroidered effects in lingerie has made itself keenly felt this season, though not by any means to the detriment of the lace trimmed undergarment. Each has its devotees, but the woman who seeks to combine practical worth with daintiness and charm will choose the former, confident in the knowledge that a longer period of wear, in view of the frequent tubbings in store, will justify her preference.

Too much time and consideration cannot be given to the making or selecting of well-constructed underclothes, for upon their good fit and perfect lines depends the graceful contour of the outergarment. Especially is this true in this day of soft, clinging materials and narrow silhouettes.

The combination undergarment is a boon to womankind, not only acting as a saver of time in adjustment but entirely obliterating that ugly bulkiness at the waistline often caused by the separate corset cover and drawers. No. 4617 is especially good, no fulness being apparent except in the corset cover where a few gathers at the waistline give a soft and becoming touch. Eyelet and solid embroidery are combined in the exquisite design which elaborates this simple model, and the distinction it adds doubly repays you for the time expended on it. The edge of the circular, open drawers can be cut in either straight or rounded outline. The pattern is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, of Embroidery Design No. 11808, 20 cents.

The princess lines appear to excellent advantage in combination No. 4550, consisting of corset cover and open drawers which can be drawn in at the lower edge or left to hang free. This pattern comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. The leaves and flowers of Embroidery Design No. 11553 are to be worked in satin stitch, while the stems should be outlined. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 15 cents; transfer pattern, 10 cents.


11728 4854

Among the materials in common use for underwear are nainsook, muslin, dimity, long-cloth, lawn, batiste, a crinkly, cotton crêpe and the very lovely and fashionable crêpe de Chine which comes in both white and pale colors. This latter fabric is to be commended for its admirable wearing qualities, and the fact that it launders so beautifully will make a strong appeal in its favor. Princess slips, petticoats, bloomers which eliminate the use of petticoats, chemises, nightgowns and negligees find in crêpe de Chine an ideal medium for their development.

The embroidered scalloped edge is a favored finish for chemises and nightgowns. No. 4707 shows a dainty triple scallop pattern which is worked in buttonhole stitch. The cornflower design is in solid and eyelet embroidery. The pattern provides for a combination corset cover and short petticoat, and comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 10 cents. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, of Embroidery Design No. 11864, 20 cents. Stamped on 3¼ yards of fine nainsook with cotton for working, $1.25.

Nightgown No. 3720, with sleeve-caps combined with the body, is to be slipped on over the head. It is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. The scallops are to be buttonhole stitched, and the pretty design No. 11865 which is simple enough for a child to execute is to be worked in eyelet and solid embroidery. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 20 cents. Stamped on 3½ yards of fine nainsook with sufficient cotton for working, $1.25.

The stout as well as slender woman will welcome this unique and practical brassière because of the beautiful, even line it gives from the shoulder to the waist. Strong muslin, linen and often satin are used for these corset accessories which can be made attractive by the addition of lace edging and embroidery. Pattern No. 4854 comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Price, 10 cents. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, of Embroidery Design No. 11728, 15 cents.

A neat, smartly cut corset cover with a shallow peplum is portrayed in No. 3550. Shield sleeves are provided for, and a square or V-shaped neck may be had instead of the round outline. No. 3550 may be had in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery Design No. 11552 is worked in eyelet or solid stitch. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 15 cents. Stamped on fine nainsook with cotton for working, 40 cents.

11552 3550

The princess slip has held a prominent position in the underwear field ever since the high waistline has been in favor, for the smooth, unbroken line is necessary. No. 3726 comes in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery Design No. 11615 is worked in eyelet and solid stitch. Perforated stamping pattern, including stamping preparation, 20 cents. Transfer pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 2½ yards of fine nainsook with cotton for working, 75 cents.

11615 3726

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 10 cents at all agencies, or by mail from The Pictorial Review Company, New York, 15 cents.

The Finest Fifty Gowns From Five Hundred

By mail and cable from Paris, with model gowns on every steamer—from the ateliers of the great modistes in New York—from the hall room of some student of art and design—from many sources—a wealth of fascinating ideas were brought together in our studios in New York, and from them grew a brilliant collection of new gowns. And from these we told our jury to choose, for the season's opening, about fifty, the smartest and most stunning. Every sweeping line—every graceful drape had its advocates. Each had to pass most searching criticisms. And at last the choice is complete, and we can offer in thousands of the best shops for March openings—the finest fifty gowns from five hundred.

Four of the fifty selected designs are shown here. (Details below.) Aren't they the sort of clothes you turn to look at—the kind you go home and tell about after the reception?

The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns

are designed to give you the three things you want your spring clothing to have this year.

Style—strictly the mode, but with ■ appeal to the innate sense of propriety.

Good Fit—not the ready-made kind, but perfect and expressing your personality.

Economy—not cheap, but more than you pay for, because you make the gowns yourself.

Lots of women with a reputation in their set for correct dressing tell us, "I save half of my dress allowance, and still have more clothes and better clothes than before I tried home dressmaking." "And it is so easy," they say. There is no fuss and bother about The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns—no complicated directions to confuse you. Thousands of high-school girls use them. You can't make ■ mistake, whether you have ■ seamstress or whether you do it all by yourself.

These four designs (with working details), and 46 more, are truthfully illustrated in "Good Dressing" for March.

"Good Dressing"

This unique magazine—free to you—is filled from cover to cover and brimming over with authoritative style suggestions. Julia Marlowe picks out three bridal dresses—What to Wear With What—Color Combinations—How Can I Have Beautiful Hair?—House Dresses, Street and Reception Gowns—Ball Costumes—William Faversham Chooses His Own Gowns—a girl in a fashionable school writes about the frocks of her friends.

"Good Dressing" is produced under the direction of the editors of The Ladies' Home Journal. It costs $400,000 a year. Yet your copy will be given to you by your merchant with his compliments, if he sells The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns.

If not, simply write us, mentioning his name, and we will be delighted to mail you your copy of "Good Dressing" without cost.

But, if you wish to be sure to get your copy every month the moment the styles are ready, send ■ 25 cents to cover bare cost of postage, and you shall receive it for ■ whole year.

7505—A charming afternoon dress of ratine, the materials for which, including the contrasting satin, would cost $5.46.

7484-7420.—Smart tailored suit, the materials for which would cost, including the silk lining for the coat, about $9.90.

THE HOME PATTERN COMPANY
619 West Forty-third Street New York City

7494-7495.—The materials for this splendidly designed serge suit would cost, including the silk lining for the coat, about $8.78.

7482.—This afternoon dress of novelty bordered voile would cost for the material, $5.88.

A Serge as Dependable as it is Beautiful

FOR tailored suit or gown, 90–45–71 Serge is unsurpassable. Possessing all the qualities demanded by style creators, it is one of Fashion's chosen fabrics.

Ask to be shown 90–45–71 Serge at your dry goods or department store. Examine the firm, close weave. Hold it up and see how gracefully it drapes. Notice its softness and lustre. Consider that every thread is made from selected, pure, fine wools—its wearing and shape-holding qualities are remarkable.

This and other style fabrics made by the American Woolen Company—**1915 Broadcloth, Washington Crash 500 and Arden Diagonal 700,**—are sold by good stores everywhere. They may be had also in high-grade ready-to-wear garments.

Ask for American Woolen Company's Fabrics.

If you do not find them, please write to us.

American Woolen Company
Wm. M. Wood, President.

SELLING AGENCY: American Woolen Co. of New York
18th to 19th St. on 4th Ave., New York.

The Right Width and All Wool

Peggy's Coup D'État

(*Continued from page 7*)

these times of keen competition you must be original to be successful. I will confess to you now that I do not know Mrs. Van Schuyler and that I knew you and your friends only by having you pointed out to me at the opera. My real name is not Peggy Newlands. However, in memory of my delightful masquerade with you, I subscribe myself

Yours sincerely,

PEGGY.

"By Jove!" gasped Freddy when he had finished reading the letter a second time. "What new problem is this? What can— But the papers!"

He scanned the headlines with eager anticipation, but found nothing therein to enlighten him with regard to Peggy. What could she mean? What— Ah! There on the third page of *The World* was the explanation. In the very center of the page was a screaming, four-column cut, showing himself, with Warren, Bedford, Courtland and the rest, standing in front of the Bachelors' Club. At the top of the page, running from margin to margin, he read the bold, black lines:

DAGMAR'S DIAMONDS
DEFY
DETECTION

The advertisement went on to explain that a new Fifth Avenue shop had been opened for the sale of the most marvelous imitation gems ever known to science—actual crystals treated by a chemical process that made them as brilliant, as durable and almost as hard as genuine diamonds, at only a small fraction of the cost. The caption over the picture of Freddy and his friends called attention to the fact that the leading young club-men of the city were wearing Dagmar's diamonds, and underneath their names were given. It was stated that the kind of scarf-pins they had in their cravats could be purchased for five dollars each. Other pictures, too, there were—of noted stage beauties and society maids and matrons, arrayed in glittering tiaras, necklaces, brooches and other ornaments.

"Used us for a bloomin' advertisement!" muttered Freddy weakly. "Photographed us from the vacant house opposite while we posed in front of the club! So that was her game, eh?"

He turned to the other papers and found the third page of each filled with the same flamboyant announcement. Then he lighted a cigarette and sat back to meditate. After puffing idly for a time his thoughts began to run in this wise:

"I'll be a bally joke about town of course; but what's the difference? The girl did make a fool of me—or did I make a fool of myself? By Jove! She is clever—cleverest little actress I ever saw—and it's mighty seldom you find a woman with brains and nerve enough to put such a scheme through. What should I do about it? By Jove! An idea. I'll go down to this near-diamond shop and ask her to go to lunch—if I can find her."

FREDDY'S resolve was put quickly into execution. He motored down and found a jam of people in and about the attractive little shop.

"Some business," he mused. Then entering he inquired for Mr. Dagmar.

"We have no—er—*Mr.* Dagmar," replied the employee whom he had addressed.

"Well then I'd like to see the proprietor," said Freddy.

"Have you a card?"

Freddy extracted one from his case and presently was ushered into a tiny office at the rear of the store. The door was closed behind him, and he stood, as one petrified, staring into the blue eyes of Peggy.

"Did you come to—to quarrel with me?" she smiled half timidly, extending a shapely, ungloved hand in greeting.

"I should say not," he blurted out. "I came to ask you to mar— have luncheon with me. Are you the proprietor?"

Freddy flushed. His collar choked him and he felt foolish and hot and uncomfortable.

"You dear boy," she murmured, "won't you sit down?"

Freddy awkwardly released her hand, which unconsciously he had been holding in a crushing grip, and accepted a chair at the end of her desk.

(*Continued on page 77*)

WRITE FOR OUR NEW

Hair Book

just off the press—the largest and handsomest book we ever published. Tells how every woman may enhance her own attractiveness without cost. **FREE** Many photographs from life. Describes a hundred aids to beauty and also lists all the newest

PARIS FASHIONS IN HAIR DRESSINGS

at guaranteed lowest prices. Make your selection and let us send you the goods ON APPROVAL. Pay when satisfied — no money in advance. These goods are guaranteed quality, to match any ordinary shade.

STRAIGHT SWITCHES		WAVY SWITCHES	
1¾ oz. 18 in.	$0.85	20 in.	$1.65
2 oz. 20 in.	1.25	22 in.	2.90
2 oz. 22 in.	1.75	24 in.	3.85
2½ oz. 24 in.	2.75	26 in.	5.95
3 oz. 26 in.	4.15	30 in.	7.65

Featherweight Stemless Switch, 22 in. Natural Wavy $4.95
3-Stem (triple) 24 in., Wavy Switch, 2½ oz. 4.95
Coronet Braid 3 1-2 oz., Wavy . 4.95
200 other sizes and grades of Switches . . . . . 50c to $50.00
Wigs, Ladies' and Men's . $5 to $50.00

Send long sample of your hair and describe article you want. We will send prepaid **On Approval.** If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the price. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive; ask for estimate.

Write for our NEW HAIR BOOK TODAY.

PARIS FASHION CO.,
Dept. 143, 209 State St., Chicago

Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World.

For Luck Play

Roodles TRADE MARK

The most elaborately and artistically designed card game ever published. Each card beautifully illustrated in colors. **A new game by the author of Flinch** and said to be better.

Great for two players, Still better for more.

Embodies a combination of luck and skill which delights children and fascinates experts. You'll like Roodles—it's irresistible.

Of your Dealer, or Postpaid from [redacted] 50 cents [redacted] Pack

Write today for sample cards and Rules FREE.

Flinch Card Co., 125 Burdick St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
"Where Good Games Originate."

TEN CENTS WILL PAY

for 35 new, Perfect Stylish, working size, Transfer Patterns, comprising designs for: **1 Centerpiece size 13x13 in., 1 Corset Cover, 1 Waist and collar to match, 1 Baby Cap, 2 Doilies each 6x6 in., 2 Bow Ties, 1 Square Pin Cushion size 5x5 in., 6 Handkerchief Corners, 3 Butterflies for small doilies, 9 Sprays, 1 oblong Cushion size 8x3½ in., 1 Scissors Case, 1 Jabot, 1 Belt, 1 Powder Box Cover, 1 Anchor, 1 Bow, 1 Shield of Tennis Bats.** We send THE HOUSEWIFE on trial for three months and these 35 patterns for only **TEN CENTS.** THE HOUSEWIFE is devoted to Clean, Wholesome Stories, Fashions, Fancywork, Mothers and Babies and will surely please you, or your money returned. A silver dime or five two cent postage stamps will do. Address orders to **THE HOUSEWIFE, 28 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK.**

Ruby FREE

To introduce our **Genuine Maztec Gem** (U. S. Letters Patent)—the **only** satisfactory substitute for the diamond that stands all tests and has *permanent* dazzling brilliancy, we make this *special offer:*

If you will mention this advertisement and send us 5 two-cent stamps for our beautiful Art Catalog "The Story of the Maztec Gem," we will send you *free* with [redacted]talog a *genuine* uncut Navajo Ruby (sells at 50c,) bought by us from Navajo Indians, together with a cost-price offer for cutting and mounting.

Write today: **FRANCIS E. LESTER COMPANY Dept. 52 G, [redacted]a Park, N. Mex.**

A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN

The Cynthia Mills, Boston, want a woman in every town to give all or part of her time to the sale of **LUSTABRITE Crochet Cotton.** An attractive business proposition will be made upon application.

Address **THE CYNTHIA MILLS**
Dept. 2 Boston

I Was Deaf 25 Years

I CAN NOW HEAR

G. P. WAY

Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 3, 1908
No. 902785

with these soft, pliable, artificial ear drums. I wear them in my ears night and day. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them in my ears. Write me and I will tell you a true story,—how I got deaf and how I made myself hear.

ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY
Address GEO. P. WAY, Manager,
10 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes* and *Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 yrs.*

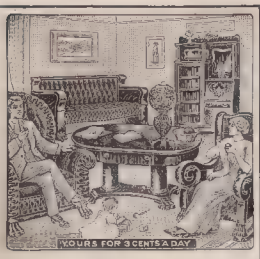
FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. **A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.**

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, *freight prepaid,* anywhere in U. S., *without a cent in advance.* **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and a *marvelous new offer.* A postal brings everything. *Write it now.*

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, and sundries *half usual prices.*

Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C-146 CHICAGO



Best Things in Life

Yours for 3 Cents a Day

A million homes with modest incomes have every home-like comfort. They buy these comforts all from us, on open charge account.

They pay, if convenient, a little each month. We have no rigid rules. Nor do we have collectors. All goods are sent on 30 days' trial, subject to return.

And by selling direct, and buying whole factory outputs, we save them from 30 to 50 per cent. That we guarantee.

New-Style Credit

Our plan is not like others. We ask no contract or mortgage, no red tape or publicity, no interest, no extra price.

We take your word. Then you pay us by saving 2 or 3 cents a day. Pay as you can. We won't hurry or press you.

Think what comforts you can have at these low prices and these easy terms.

4,782 Bargains We Give Year to Pay

Furniture	Silverware
Carpets—Rugs	Chinaware
Linoleums	Sewing Machines
Stoves—Ranges	Kitchen Cabinets
Baby Cabs	Cameras—Guns
Refrigerators	Trunks, etc.

Dollar Book Free

Our mammoth Spring Bargain Book is ready. It pictures 4,782 home things, and many of the pictures are in actual colors. You never saw such an exhibit.

It quotes our prices, tells our plan, shows our order blank. We send it free, though each book mailed costs us just $1.

Write us for it. Let us prove these things to you. Write us now for fear you may forget it. (361)

Spiegel, May, Stern Co

801 W. 35th Street, Chicago

Take This Six Piece Outfit For $1

A magnificent set of six pieces—just as shown here. Positively the very latest 1913 Spring styles. A quality outfit so splendid in value that it simply cannot be compared with any other offer you ever saw before. Write for our big free style book. It has 784 other bargains besides the ones shown here.

Here's the Outfit

SKIRT Latest Fashion Plaited—all-wool Black or Navy Panama,—satin embroidery outline—novel pocket and high-waist effect.

WAIST Made from fine Victoria lawn—front of French Wash Rice, first side panels of exquisite French embroidery, outlined with dice lace—dainty red velvet. How tie and satin buttons on yoke. Sizes 32 to 44.

PETTICOAT Made of Taffeta glace, Deep embroidered flounce. Black. 36 to 44 length.

LACE COLLAR Beautiful Venise lace.

(2) LACE CUFFS Venice lace—10 in. long—5 in. broad. This set of collar and cuffs is a most handsome trimming for any waist, outfit, suit or coat.

Only $1.00 down—that's all—then $1.00 per month—$6.95 in all. Order by No. A550

Beautiful Clothes on Credit

We invite you to open a credit account with us. Let us help you be well-dressed all the time. Don't fail to write today, at once, for the very latest 1913 Style Book and Bargain Catalog. See the beautiful clothes you can get—and you pay for them while you wear them.

Easy Payments Anything in our magnificent catalog of big bargains may be purchased on the easiest monthly payments. A very small first payment down—then, a few cents on the remainder. Get our Catalog and Spring Style Book, and see the magnificent things we have to offer on credit. The Trousseau outfit shown here is but one of 784 big bargains shown in our catalog.

1913 Spring Style Book FREE

All the new 1913 Spring Styles are pictured in our New Fashion Book No. 29 now ready. The very latest ideas in Women's and Children's Wearing Apparel. An authoritative guide for latest styles—shows everything in suits, cloaks, dresses, white goods, millinery, shoes, hair goods, children's apparel, lingerie, waists, etc., etc.

Also Ask for our Big Catalog of Men's Made-to-Measure Clothes, No. 57. Both books free and postpaid. Write today. A postal will do.

If you wish to order the outfit send only $1.00 and your bust, hip and waist measure and skirt length. write for Free Catalogs anyway.

ELMER RICHARDS CO., Desk 2123, 35th St., CHICAGO

(Men) WANTED (Women)

for an article no one ever sold without becoming BETTER OFF.

FREE SAMPLE to anybody who wishes to fall in line. Write

Clerk 9, BETHLEHEM UTILITIES CO., 65 Pine St., N. Y.

Peggy's Coup D'État

(*Continued from page 76*)

"And now I will answer your questions," she said. "Yes, I am the proprietor—Miss Katherine Dagmar, if you please."

"I like Peggy better," he interjected boldly.

Freddy's aplomb was returning, and he felt more at ease. He noted that a faint odor of lavender hung about the tastily furnished little room and that the adorable mistress of the place looked particularly charming in a severe, white shirt-waist and a tailored skirt of blue cloth. He liked her better, too, with her hat off, so that he might enjoy to the fullest the glory of her wonderful, gold bronze hair.

"Then you may call me Peggy," she said. "I like it, too, and I—I owe you something for the trick I played on you."

"You more than canceled the debt by making me one of your victims."

"Really?"

"Otherwise I should not have known you."

"Then by the same token I am glad I did make you one of my—victims. And now as to your kind invitation I am sorry, but I must decline to go to luncheon with you."

"Please come."

"I'd love to, but you know a business woman can't have social engagements in the middle of the day."

"Don't you eat any lunch?"

"Oh yes; I've just had a most satisfactory sandwich, a piece of pie and a glass of milk."

"Barbarous!" exclaimed Freddy. "Well, if you haven't died of starvation before night, I'd like to take you to dinner. May I?"

"I shall be very, very glad to go—to-night."

"And let us start early, so that we may do a show afterward," he added eagerly. "And then we'll have some supper."

"You *must* think I am starving," she laughed. "Well, if you insist, I shall be game for all that. And now, little boy, you must run along home. You see you are interrupting a very busy woman."

"I don't care," retorted Freddy defiantly. "Nevertheless I accept my *congé*—until to-night. But I don't know where to find you."

She wrote her address on a slip of paper and handed it to him.

"Shall I call at six?" he asked.

"That's awfully early; but—well, I'll be ready then."

"Do you know," said Freddy, rising reluctantly, "I am afraid for you to be here all alone? I am afraid that some of those people you fooled may make trouble for you."

"What could they do?"

"Have you arrested, or—"

"That would be just perfectly grand," she interposed. "Think of the columns and columns of free advertising I'd get. If you can persuade any of them to enter suit, I wish you'd do it."

"If any man dares do it, I'll break his head," retorted Freddy.

"*Are* you going?" she demanded with feigned vexation.

"If you will answer just one more question," said Freddy boldly.

"Ask it, Sir Impudence."

"Did you write notes to those—those other fellows?"

"I did—not." She flushed prettily as she made the admission.

"You are the best, the cleverest, the gamest, the dearest little brick in the world!" said Freddy gravely.

Then he turned and fled precipitously, with head high in the skies and feet tripping airily over the resilient clouds beneath. He forgot that his car was waiting for him, walked to his club and had to send a messenger back to tell his chauffeur to follow.

Jim Warren, sour and sullen, met him in the hall at the Bachelors' Club.

"Fine outrage, isn't it?" growled Warren.

"What?" asked Freddy innocently.

"What? Why, that ad in the morning papers. Haven't you seen—"

"Oh, go to the devil," interrupted Freddy lightly. "And by the way I'll pay my bet with you in just one month. I may have a wife I'd like to ring in on that dinner."

And Freddy turned away, whistling blithesomely. That evening he appeared in the most fashionable restaurant of the city and afterward in the most conspicuous theater box he could engage, wearing the fake diamond scarf-pin but with a "pearl" at his side.

Illustration Copyright 1913

Whether you seek luxurious ease or eager activity, you will enjoy graceful beauty and constant comfort when you wear a Spirella Corset adapted to your individual needs, and fitted to your individual figure. This is done in your own home by our expert Corsetière. She takes your measure and orders for you the Spirella model which will lengthen your lines, reduce too prominent hips and otherwise persuade your figure into comely proportions.

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are boned with the flexible Spirella Stay, which can be had in no other corset. It is light in weight, ventilative and elastic, yields with equal facility in all directions, and clings snugly to the body. Hence, the Spirella Corset sustains without irritation, while it produces flowing lines of beauty, gives comfort and promotes health—features that no woman can afford to ignore. Spirella Stays are also guaranteed not to rust nor break. If one stay in your corset should rust or break within a year's wear, we will give you a new corset.

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Fill out the coupon—mail it to us at Meadville—and we will send you the beautiful Spirella Booklet, showing the newest styles in Spirella Corsets, and give you the name of the Corsetière nearest you.

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Rugged Children

Of a Hundred Nations Are Now Fed on Quaker Oats

Every mother, of almost every race, knows something of the value of oatmeal.

She knows that children thrive on it, if she doesn't know just how.

And to "feel one's oats," in every language, indicates vitality.

Science knows the reason.

Science finds that oatmeal is rich in lecithin and phosphorus, builder of brains and nerves.

Science finds that oatmeal builds up the thyroid.

And the thyroid gland is now believed to control the brain development.

So the leading nations, in this year 1913, agree on oatmeal diet.

Quaker Oats

The Favorite Oat Food More Than Half the World Over

Among the highly intelligent, oatmeal is now an almost universal food.

But one brand of oatmeal far outsells all the others, because of its flavor and richness.

This is so in America—so half the world over. We ship it for thousands of miles.

Every year a thousand million dishes are consumed.

This Is the Reason

Quaker Oats is made from the cream of the oats. The finest oats that grow are sifted 62 times to pick out the grains for Quaker.

We get only ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel—just the rich, plump, luscious grains.

The result is a flavor that is never forgotten. And our process keeps that flavor intact.

Once eat Quaker Oats, and lesser oatmeal seems flat and commonplace.

Yet this finest of oat foods, with all small grains discarded, costs but one-half cent per dish.

Thus, for 25 years, the fame has spread and spread. Quaker Oats is now "The World's Breakfast." It is supper, too, for millions.

Regular Size Package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

Don't serve to your folks any lesser grade of oatmeal. This food is too important.

Except in Far West and South

Look for the Quaker Trademark — Every Package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

(289)

Tribulations of City Housewives

(*Continued from page 8*)

"Now I leave it to you, Amelia Graves, would any hired man here in Sprucevale dare talk to you or me like that? Well, I drew myself up dignified, though it did no good, him being four flights below, and I says, 'I sent it down because I've no place to keep it in this four-by-six kitchen.'

"'Well,' says he, 'then keep it in the parlor, but don't you break the rules of this here house again! No garbage or trash is allowed on the elevator except when called for.'

"With this he slammed the door, leaving me no chance to put him in his place. After that it seemed as if everything I wanted had to come by way of the janitor. The iceman got impudent and I wanted to trade with another one; but John said that the janitor wouldn't stand for our making the change. He didn't like different men coming at different hours. All the tenants were served by one ice dealer—to make things easier for the janitor. Likewise John said this particular dealer probably paid him a little piece of money for the entire trade from the house. He was a great hand at getting pieces of money was that janitor. If John didn't hand him a quarter now and then he said we'd be missing bolts from the baby buggy which stood in the basement in the janitor's charge. Heaven knows there wasn't half an inch of room for it in the flat.

"By this time I was out and out homesick for a trusting face. The Italian that shined John's shoes always wanted me to throw down the dime before he'd send the shoes up on the dumb-waiter. The washwoman was afraid to put the baby's best dresses and Helen's embroidered centerpieces and my best China crêpe shirt-waist on the roof for fear the other help in the house would take their pick. From eight to ten washings were dried on that roof every Monday, and nearly every Tuesday you'd hear the help or even their mistresses wrangling up and down the dumb-waiter shaft about little things that had been taken 'by mistake.'

"If one of us didn't hurry to the dumb-waiter when the milkman rang the bell like as not our jar of cream would be slipped off by one of our neighbors, quick as a cat. John said there was no use making a fuss. The thing to do was to get there first.

"Well, 'long about the end of the fourth week I understood why Helen had nervous prostration. Steam heat and hot and cold running water are certainly convenient things to have in a house; but I'd want my Nathan and not a janitor turning them on and off. I get sort of provoked when Nathan hurries off stormy mornings to the store and forgets to sweep paths under my clothes-line, but I'd rather sweep aside a little snow than to think my neighbors will climb over my fence and take the pick of my things when my back is turned. A boy in a wine colored uniform may be a fine front door decoration; but every time he touches his cap to you he's boring through your purse at a nickel or a dime.

"Base burners, lamps and pumps may have their drawbacks, Amelia, but we Sprucevale women have one satisfaction—we're mistresses of our own homes, from potato cellar to attic rafters, in celebration of which you and me will now proceed to have a pitcher of cider and those crullers Mrs. Austin sent over, thinking I might be too tired to do much baking the first few days. And another thing, Amelia, while steam radiators and dumb-waiters are all very well in their way, they don't take the place of real neighbors. They may ease your back, but they're hard on your temper when they have a janitor attached, while neighbors are human and soothing."

What California's Women Did With Their Ballots

(*Continued from page 5*)

willing to give out some anti-race-track dodgers, won't you?" And with a smile she crushed a handful of them into his grasp.

Some distance farther on we came upon a woman Bull Moose worker and immediately gave her some anti-race-track dodgers.

"I'm afraid that everybody in this district that intends to vote has already done so," she said. "Won't you please ask Mr. Bancroft (Mr. Philip Bancroft was one of the Election day managers of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign) to send up the registry books so that we workers can go to the different homes and get out the dilatory voters?" And Mrs. Black, who was a Wilson woman, promised that she would do so.

All day long we rode in the automobile. We visited Nob Hill, the fashionable residence district of the town. We traversed the Richmond district which has grown up since the fire. We penetrated the Mission section where the poorer classes live, and we drove down to the Barbary Coast which is the vilest part of San Francisco. And here took place one of the finest things of the day, an occurrence typical of the spirit of western womanhood. On a corner near a voting booth was congregated a crowd of the toughest looking, hardest faced negroes you could find in a day's travel. They were as big and burly as they were ugly. They were evidently doing campaign work, too. Without a second's hesitation Mrs. Dean was out of the car and right among them.

"Are you working against the race-track bill?" she asked.

"Indeed we're not," replied one big negro. "We're working for it. We made our livin' that way for fifteen years. We couldn't vote against it."

"But you don't need to earn your living that way," was Mrs. Dean's quick and tactful response. "You are too capable to need to." And without pausing for a reply she continued, "I'm going to put up an anti-race-track dodger here." She tried vainly to fasten the bill to a telegraph post.

"Here's a tack, lady," said one of the negroes, as he produced a tiny staple from his vest pocket.

Mrs. Dean fastened the dodger to the telegraph pole.

"Please don't tear it down," she said.

"Indeed we'll not hurt it," was the response in chorus. And Mrs. Dean climbed back into the automobile, having by her tact and good nature won the heart if not the vote of every man in the group.

Another dramatic incident, though one perhaps less striking to the passers-by, was the accidental meeting of Mrs. Catt and Mrs. Austin Sperry. The latter, one of San Francisco's wealthy and prominent women, campaigned with Mrs. Catt for equal suffrage some sixteen years ago. We were approaching an election booth when we saw a tall, white haired woman of eighty years electioneering. She was standing in the middle of the street talking to a man. As we learned later she had already been there for some hours and intended to stay for some hours longer. Despite her four-score years she was as active and enthusiastic as most women half her age. "Why, that's Mrs. Sperry," said Mrs. Catt. And in an instant she was out of the car and the two women were shaking hands with each other in the warmest fashion. After a few reminiscent remarks Mrs. Sperry led Mrs. Catt to the door of the polling place and explained to her the Californian system of printing registers of all voters.

While the two were examining the district registration book that hung at the door the rest of us entered the tent and watched the voting. The first electors to present themselves were a young couple with a five-year-old child between them. They came down the street just as they might have gone to church, and they entered the voting tent in the matter-of-course fashion that they would have turned into a grocery store. To this family voting was apparently all in the day's work. The father stepped aside while the mother sat down at the table and entered her name upon the registry book. She handed him the pen as she

(*Continued on page 79*)

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(Trade Mark)

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They are made in the close-fitting styles, in many of the latest colorings and fancy effects. They look and feel like silk, drape and conform to the figure like silk, and are as well-made as the most expensive petticoats.

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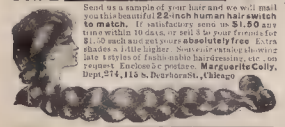

Send us a sample of your hair and we will mail you this beautiful **22-inch human hair switch to match.** If satisfactory send us **$1.50** any time within 10 days, or sell 4 to your friends for $1.50 each and get yours **absolutely free.** Extra shades a little higher. Send for catalog showing 12 styles of fashionable hairdressing, etc., on request. Enclose 2c postage. **Marguerite Colly,** Dept. S14, 115 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

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Most obstinate, painful and distressing bunions have been relieved or removed by my treatment. Wear your regular size shoes. No more cutting holes necessary. These thin skin-like plasters avoid all unnecessary pressure upon the joint. Write at once.

FOOT REMEDY COMPANY
3555 W. 26th St. Chicago, Ill.

What California's Women Did With Their Ballots

(Continued from page 78)

got up and he signed his name to the roll. They were given ballots. They entered separate booths and came out a moment later to deposit their ballots. Meantime their young child was learning of both parents a lesson in citizenship.

By mid-afternoon voting practically ceased, as a heavy rain was falling. But up to that time men and women were constantly entering the polls, for the 101,201 ballots cast represented the largest vote ever recorded in San Francisco. Men and women came to the polls, singly or together, and very many women took their children with them to vote. Indeed it was no uncommon sight to see baby coaches standing at the door of a voting tent, though on account of the raw weather many babies were left at home who perhaps might have had an airing when their mothers went to vote.

When the vote was tabulated it was found that in San Francisco the race-track bill was beaten by a majority of more than 5,000 votes, that State Senator Wolfe had been retired to private life, and that the free text-books amendment had carried almost two to one. Judge Lawlor, though receiving the smallest vote of any one of the four judges chosen, was sent back to the bench. He received 55,074 votes. There were 45,665 women registered, and any one who understands political conditions in San Francisco will tell you that Judge Lawlor got practically the entire woman vote. Had it not been for these supporters the man "who refused to buy his reelection by signing Abe Ruef's parole" would have lost his judgeship. No wonder "the bosses" are afraid of equal suffrage! The vote for the national ticket in San Francisco stood 49,021 for Mr. Wilson as against 38,624 for Mr. Roosevelt. Perhaps nothing about the entire vote is more interesting than this fact, for Mr. Wilson has never declared for suffrage, whereas Mr. Roosevelt and the Bull Moose party were the avowed champions of equal suffrage. It looks as though the women were truthful when they say that they will vote for no man or party merely out of gratitude for assistance, that they vote on an altogether higher principle. As San Francisco went so practically went the state, showing that the vote of the San Francisco women may fairly be considered typical of the vote of the women of California. The free text-books amendment carried largely. The race-track bill was defeated decisively, and at this writing—immediately after the election—it is not definitely known whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Wilson carried the state, though the indications are that the former is the winner.

Equal suffrage in San Francisco, as exemplified at the recent election, seemed to an onlooker just as natural and normal a function as equal church going or equal marketing. There was absolutely nothing about the process of voting that could in the slightest degree be considered degrading or as having a tendency to make any woman less womanly. It is doubtful indeed if in her contact with the butcher, the baker, the iceman and the huckster woman would fare as well as she did at the polls, where she was uniformly greeted with courtesy and an entire absence of profanity. Whether you believe in equal suffrage or not, you could not see the voting in San Francisco without feeling that in this particular case the women of the city will be the better for the interest they have taken in civic affairs and the city will be the gainer by the intelligent efforts they have put forth to try to make that city, just like their own homes—a clean, decent, pleasant place to live in.

Just how the women of other places have taken the ballot we cannot say without investigation; but in San Francisco the women have taken the vote much as they have taken their marriage vows. Their attitude cannot better be expressed than by quoting one of these workers, a young married woman who spent herself freely to defeat the race-track bill. "I never had hydrophobia over equal suffrage," she said. "I was indifferent about the whole thing, though I believed in the principle of equal rights. Now that we have the vote it is up to us to live up to our beliefs. Women have been clamoring for liberty. We got it, and what does it mean? Why, liberty to work and nothing else—liberty to work and vote for civic betterment. Having gotten our liberty, we are morally bound to make use of it."

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The STANDARD AMERICAN DRESS GINGHAM

Bates Seersucker Gingham established a reputation for durability and fast colors in the days when all goods were made for service.

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For style, durability, and permanency of color it is unequalled.

The original Nurses Stripes in Bates Seersucker Gingham is the standard in all hospitals for nurses' uniforms.

There are many substitutes on the market. Insist upon Bates Seersucker Ginghams.

Bates Crown Bed Spreads are made in white crochet and in white and colored satin effects, in correct sizes to fit all beds, with plain hemmed, fringed or scalloped edges; also with corners cut. We also make white satin effects with floral designs in natural colors to match room decoration.

Ask for Bates Crown Crochet Spreads.
Bates Crown Satin Spreads.
Bates Crown Colored Satin Spreads.
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Bates Colored Table Damask has the same standing among colored damasks that Bates Seersucker occupies among ginghams. Ask for *Bates* Damask.

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No. 809—The dress illustrated will give you an idea of what can be done by a concern with the tremendous buying facilities that we have. It is of white pique, modeled on excellent lines. The waist is patterned in smart front effect, with natty lay-down collar and set-in sleeves, finished with turn-back cuffs; collar, cuffs and pipings are of either blue or lavender pique, which forms a pleasing contrast; plain-gored, well fitting skirt with slightly raised waistline; sizes 14, 16 and 18 years for misses and 34 to 44 bust measure for women. Postage prepaid, $1.85.

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and obtain that exquisite cleanliness which comes only from a perfect shampoo. Canthrox cleans the hair and scalp thoroughly, completely and satisfactorily. There is nothing like it for creating plenty of fine, rich lather that will remove every atom of dust, dandruff and excess oil, making a clean, healthy scalp, from which beautiful hair will grow.

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Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready—a shampoo that is a natural tonic and cleanser, pure in its ingredients and constructive in its action. After a Canthrox shampoo the hair dries quickly and evenly, and will be ever so soft, fluffy and easy to do up.

Trial Offer: For your name and address and a 2-cent stamp, we will send sufficient Canthrox for a shampoo, so that you can try it at our expense.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., 404 Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Canthrox Shampoos are given in first-class Hairdressing Parlors.

Chief Chadsey of Cleveland

(*Continued from page 9*)

minutes. When the secretary read the result he found that Miss Chadsey thought a Chief of a Bureau of Sanitation ought to have a "knowledge of the sociological and economic conditions which create the need of such a bureau; a thorough understanding of the existing laws governing sanitation; the latest and most progressive legislation everywhere concerning the same; a knowledge of the most improved methods of house construction, fire escapes, modern plumbing—"

The secretary smiled as he looked over the list.

"I guess she'll pass," he said, "but of course I shall not dare to submit her own questions. I'll have to have expert advice."

JUST how the examination was formulated is not known; but Miss Chadsey passed and took her post as the first Chief of a Cleveland Bureau of Sanitation. She had a stenographer and a desk as her working force, and she saw little prospect of accomplishing much until she considered the Sanitary Police Force. It seemed to her that those men belonged to her department; so she asked the Board of Health to give them to her. The Board of Health complied, and Chief Chadsey got to work. The ordinary, every-day work of the new Bureau was in itself no mean task. If a man was offended by the proximity of his neighbor's chicken house or by the condition of his garbage pail he notified Miss Chadsey. If a cat died and was not buried, or the weeds grew tall on a vacant lot and mosquitoes became active some one asked Miss Chadsey to find a remedy and that right promptly. Tenants dissatisfied with the condition of their dwellings, and landlords irritated by the careless use of their property by tenants both sought Miss Chadsey. Hers was the Bureau of Complaints, and she found her hands full attending 15,000 cases a year. She detailed two of her men, saw them mounted on motor cycles and divided the city in half. These two men investigate the complaints and see that the evil is remedied. But complaints and their remedies were in the nature of patchwork. Miss Chadsey wanted to be able to forestall them. For convenience she divided the city into fifteen districts and sent one of her men to every district. Daily and continually these men inspect every house, street and alley, reporting on the types of buildings, the plumbing, ventilation, condition with regard to disease, indeed, every possible fact necessary to a sanitary survey. The men issue orders as they go, report results and have worked so well that at the end of her first year in office their Chief knows every house, lane and garbage pail in the city and is starting upon the constructive legislation necessary for bettering conditions.

The left-over men of her force Miss Chadsey uses for special work. One of the first things they were sent to do was to look over the Cleveland bake shops. They found three or four in such an awful condition that they promptly exercised their police authority and took out and dumped the contents. This shut up the shops, and the newspaper publicity ensuing effectively prevented them from resuming business. The Consumer's League entered into this work with a will, publishing white lists of the best shops; and the Baker's Union, both masters and journeymen, asked for more stringent resolutions for their own protection. Miss Chadsey promptly delved into her library of scientific cures and complied. She has evolved a code that is now a part of the Board of Health regulations and which finally and effectively determines that Cleveland bake shops shall be clean.

Then she started her men on the restaurants of Cleveland. Three hundred and fifty of these were investigated and cleaned up. Following the restaurants came an inspection of city barns. In the city of Cleveland, the sixth in size in the United States, there are still six thousand barns. As the city grows these places have become a distinct menace to public health and comfort. Miss Chadsey arranged with the Board of Public Works to make a free collection of manure where it was desired to have it removed, and the thrifty city officials readily agreed to haul the stuff to the City Farm and utilize it there.

One of Miss Chadsey's pet projects

(*Continued on page 81*)

Why Not Order A *Domestic* Right Now?

Why not order a Domestic Vacuum Cleaner right now—today, and join the crusade against dusty, unsanitary, unhealthful carpets and rugs. More than 100,000 housewives are using Domestic Vacuum Cleaners and are keeping their carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture, etc., as dustless, sanitary and germ-free as their table linen and as bright and fresh as new.

No more taking up of carpets, no more Spring and Fall housecleaning days, because your carpets, your rugs, your upholstered furniture — your entire house including your floors under your carpets are thoroughly clean 365 days in the year.

The Domestic is different from other vacuum cleaners. It has a wonderfully strong suction, removing every particle of dust, dirt and microbes from the texture of your carpets.

Full ball bearings make it very easy running.

The exclusive Domestic ball bearing roller which supports the nozzle does not permit it to drag and wear the carpets as others do. It is built of thoroughly seasoned three ply wood, by skilled artisans, in the largest and best equipped vacuum cleaner factory in the world. You will have a genuine Domestic eventually. Why not now? Don't accept imitations. The original and only perfect sweeper type cleaner is the Domestic. Made in three models. WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET.

See that ball-bearing roller. It is an exclusive Domestic feature. It rolls over the carpet and does not permit the nozzle to drag and wear the nap of the carpet as others do.

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THIS PLUME (25 in. wide, 23 in. long) SOLD TO YOU AT THIS PRICE $5.95 (Express Prepaid)

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This is only one of many exceptional values offered to you by the largest exclusive feather house in the country. We can give these wonderful values because there is only one profit, from the producer to you. We control the output of several large ostrich farms, and do our own bleaching, dyeing and curling.

We will send you any one of our beautiful plumes on approval. All we ask is that, to show good faith, you enclose 25c. with your order. Examine it to your heart's content—without any obligation. If, after examination you find our plumes are not the finest, handsomest—with longer, more beautiful fibres—return to us, at our expense, and we will refund your money. Send for one now.

IMPORTED FRENCH OSTRICH PLUMES

Length (extra broad drooping Heads)		Worth	Our price
18"	Excelsior Brand	$5.00	$2.95
19"	Superior "	7.50	4.95
20"	E[illegible] "	12.50	6.95

WILLOW PLUMES

Width.	Length.	Worth.	Our Price.	Width.	Length.	Worth.	Our Price.
20"	19"	$9.50	$4.50	28"	27"	$18.50	$9.95
25"	24"	10.00	6.95	30"	28"	20.00	11.95
27"	25"	15.00	7.95	30"	30"	25.00	13.95

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Chief Chadsey of Cleveland

(*Continued from page 80*)

is to reduce the congestion in Cleveland's slum districts. She has found out how Cleveland's poor are housed, what the earning capacity of every family is and how much sickness it suffers. And she has been able to prove conclusively that the laborer living on the outskirts of a town actually makes money by his transfer, since he makes better wages the year round through losing less time on account of illness. This is where the "particularly enlightened social vision" of the city has helped her.

"Why I went to one meeting," she says, "to talk over this matter of bad housing, and when I had finished a fashionably dressed woman came to me and said, 'It occurs to me that I have a number of old houses like that and I should be glad to know how to fix them.' She did own enough to give her an income of fifteen thousand a year, and some of the houses had ten to fifteen dark rooms; but she kept her word and now every one has been carefully remodeled."

But Miss Chadsey admits that it is not always clear sailing. Occasionally some one objects strenuously, to put it mildly, and she has to work hard to gain her ends. But a majority of Cleveland residents, including the Mayor and the Chamber of Commerce, are anxious to wipe out slum districts there, and the new building code, which is about to become a city ordinance, will forever put an end to slum increase.

Miss Chadsey had a finger in the framing of the code. It was another scientific cure with which she was acquainted. Quietly, unobtrusively, with no attempt at sensationalism, this little woman has been a factor in accomplishing a great deal in three short years. Cleveland has not been nationally conspicuous since the time of the late Tom L. Johnson; but Johnson did not work alone, and since his death his coworkers have continued to steadily progress.

Miss Chadsey and Cleveland represent a new combination in city affairs. Given a patient eager to be healed and an adviser who knows the remedy, and quick results follow. Cleveland with its particular breadth of enlightened social vision promises developments that will bear watching.

The Waiting Man

(*Continued from page 11*)

Elam nodded slowly and understandingly.

"If she don't want it," the man went on, "I'll ask her what I done to make her go away and leave me, and whatever the reason is, whether it's somethin' I really done, or just somethin' she imagines or has had told to her, I'll do my best to explain it and make her feel that it won't happen ag'in."

"And if she won't come, no matter what you say?"

"Then," the man said with a break in his voice, "I'll say to her, 'Susy, you know best what you're a-doin'. If you think it's right I ain't got no complaint.' Then I'd say, 'Good-by, Susy. I'm goin' home to wait. I'll keep the place the best I can for you to come back to when you git ready. As long as I live it'll be there for you, and I'll be waitin'—waitin'—.'"

"Yes," said Elam, "that's what you'll be doin'—jest waitin', and she'll come. Some day she'll come."

The woman appeared in the door, her hand pressed to her mouth, her cheeks pale, her limbs trembling; but in her eyes was a light—not a glitter now but a glisten—the shining of a softened hardness.

The man saw her and leaned forward eagerly, but silently.

"You—you needn't do no waitin', George," she said softly. "I'm goin' to set in that extry seat. He's right," she said pointing to Elam. "I ain't bad, only mistaken."

Her husband supported her down the walk and assisted her with tenderness into the carriage. Neither spoke to the other; there was no need. Neither did they speak to Elam. He smiled, and his smile grew in contentment as they disappeared up the burning road—homeward bound, and he returned to the porch.

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The Silent Battle

(*Continued from page 17*)

Gallatin had risen and was pacing the floor before her.

"This gossip must be stopped," he said scowling at the rug. "If [redacted] can't stop it in one way, I can in another—"

"No, you can't. It wouldn't do the least bit of good, either. There's only one thing left for you to do, my friend—"

"What?"

"Marry me!"

Phil Gallatin stopped pacing the floor and faced her, frowning.

"You still insist on that joke?"

"I do. And it's no joke. It seems to be the least thing that you can do under the circumstances."

"Oh, is it?"

"Of course. You wouldn't leave things as they are, would you? Think of my shrinking susceptibilities—the atrocious significance of your negligence! Really, Phil, I don't see how you can refuse me!"

Gallatin laughed. He understood her now.

"I'm immensely flattered. I'll marry you with great pleasure—"

"Oh, thanks—"

"If I ever decide to marry any one."

"Phil!"

She glanced past him out of the window, smiling. "And you're not going to marry—any one?"

"No."

"I was afraid you might be." She rose and took up her silver bric-à-brac which clanked cheerfully. She had learned what she came for.

"Oh, well, I won't despair. I'm not half bad you know. Think it over. Some day perhaps—"

"It would be charming, I'm sure," he said politely.

She laughed again as she went out, and he followed her to the door of the outer office where Miss Crenshaw and Miss Gillespie scrutinized her perfectly appointed costume and then tossed their heads the fraction of an inch, adjusted their sidecombs and went on with their work.

NINA JAFFRAY'S visit to Phil Gallatin's office had agreeably surprised her, for Phil had made it perfectly clear that his estrangement from Jane still existed. But to make the matter doubly sure, Nina had decided to play [redacted] card she had been holding in reserve. In other words, more smoke was needed and Nina was prepared to provide the fuel. She lunched alone, then dressed for the afternoon and ordered her machine. She had made no mistake in presupposing that Jane Loring's curiosity would outweigh her prejudices. In their talk over the telephone there had been a slight hesitation on Jane's part, after which she had expressed herself as delighted at the opportunity of seeing Nina at the Loring house.

Miss Jaffray entered the portals of the vast establishment, her slender figure lost in the great drawing-room as she moved restlessly from one object of art to another awaiting her hostess.

"Nina dear!" said Jane effusively as she entered. "*So* sweet of you! I haven't really had a chance to have a talk with you for *ages*."

"How wonderfully pretty you look, Jane. I'm simply wild with envy of you!"

It was the feminine convention. Each pecked the other just below the eye and each wished that the other had never been born. Jane led the way into the library where they sat side by side on the big divan.

"You're really the success of the season, Jane. And you know when a back number like me admits a thing like that about a débutante it's pretty apt to be true. But the thing I can't understand is why you want to end it all and marry."

"Marry—whom?"

"Coley."

"Oh, you have some private source of information on the subject?" Jane asked pleasantly.

"None but your own actions," Nina replied coolly. "It's funny, too, because I've had an idea ever since that dryad story that you were rather keen on Phil Gallatin."

Nina was forced to admiration of the carelessness of Jane's parry.

"Mr. Gallatin!" she said, her eyes wide with wonder. "What in the world made you think of him? If I was ever grateful to the man for his kindness up there in the woods, every instinct in me revolted at the memory of what people said of us. Do you think I could care for a man who would let a thing like that be told?" She hesitated [redacted] moment and then added, "Besides there are other reasons why Mr. Gallatin and I could never be friends."

"Oh, I see," Nina said slowly, her gaze on the fire. "You know I'm very fond of Phil, and though you may not approve of him he's really one of the best fellows in the world."

"Well, why don't you marry him?" said Jane carelessly.

"I've never thought of Phil as a marrying man," Nina answered slowly. "The thing is impossible and I'd very much rather have him as he is. But it does seem a pity about him because he has so many virtues—and he—he really makes love like an angel."

"Does he?" asked Jane, yawning politely. "But then so many men do that."

"Yes, I suppose so; but Phil is different somehow."

Jane laughed.

"Yes, I gathered that—at the 'Pot and Kettle.'"

Nina glanced up and away.

"You *did* see? It's a pity. I'm sorry. Quite imprudent of me, wasn't it? I suppose I ought to be horribly mortified, but I'm not. I've reached a point where I'm quite hardened to people's opinions—even to yours, Jane. But I confess [redacted] *was* bothered a little about that. I *am* glad you don't care for Phil because it would have been awkward and it might have made a difference in our friendship. You'd have been sorry, wouldn't you?"

Jane swallowed.

"O—of course I would."

"But it doesn't matter now whether you saw or not because I'm sure that you and Coley understand."

"I'm not sure that I do understand," said Jane with a smile toward the fern at the window. "As [redacted] form of diversion I can't say that kissing has ever appealed to me."

"But then you know, Jane, you're very young—may [redacted] say verdant? It's an innocent amusement if considered so. The harm of it is in considering it harmful. You're [redacted] hopeless little Puritan. I can't see how you and I have got along so well. I suppose it's because we're so different."

"Yes, perhaps that's it. But I'm sure we wouldn't be nearly so friendly if we ever interfered with each other."

"I'm glad we haven't, Jane darling. I've really gotten into the way of depending on your friendship. You don't think I've strained it a little to-day by my—er—modern view of old conventions?"

"Not at all. For a Puritan I'm surprisingly liberal. I don't care at all whom my friends kiss—or why. It's none of my affair. I'd hardly make it so unless I was asked to."

Nina laid her fingers on Jane's arm.

You're so sensible, Jane, and tolerant. I'm almost too much of a free thinker for most people, and they're ready to believe almost anything of me. But you don't care what they say, do you, Jane?"

"No, I don't, Nina. It wouldn't make the slightest difference to me what people said of you."

And this was the truth, perhaps the first truth in fact or by inference which either of them had uttered.

Nina was leaning forward, her chin in her hand, her gaze on the rug.

"You've heard, I suppose, this story people are telling about Phil and me?" she said in a lower tone.

"No," said Jane in tones of curiosity. "Is it something very dreadful?"

"I'm afraid it is. At least people seem to think it so. It began with an accident to my motor and ended at [redacted] parlor heater."

"A parlor heater! Do go on, Nina. I'm immensely interested."

"Phil and I, [redacted] the way home from Egerton's party, started off in my motor. We ran out of oil and had to put up for the night where we could. Unfortunate, wasn't it? We were miles from nowhere and not [redacted] gallon of gasoline in sight. The farmer seemed to think we were suspicious characters, but he let us in at last to sit beside his stove until morning. I'm sure he was peeping over the balustrade most of the time to be sure we didn't make off with the family Bible. Phil was very sweet about it all. He was so afraid of compromising me, poor fellow. I really felt very sorry for him. The farmer wouldn't volunteer to help us: so Phil wanted to trudge the five miles through the snow to get the oil.

(*Continued on page* 83)

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The Silent Battle

(*Continued from page 82*)

But I wouldn't let him. I *couldn't*, Jane. It was frightfully lonely there. The chauffeur was drunk and I was afraid."

"Y—you were quite right," said Jane in a suppressed tone.

Nina glanced at her and went on.

"We sat all night huddled in our furs on opposite sides of that dreadful parlor stove. I don't think I can ever forget it. I've never been so miserable in my life—never! We spoke to each other in monosyllables for a while and at last—er—I went to sleep in disgust. I woke up with a frightful pain in my back from that dreadful chair. What a night! And to think that Phil and I have been talked about! It's maddening, Jane. If we had only given them a little flame—just a tiny one—for all this smoke! Poor Phil! He was terribly provoked about it this morning. I haven't dared tell Father. I don't know what *he* would do about it. I'm afraid—"

Jane Loring had risen and was looking out of the window into the gathering dusk.

"What's the use, Nina?" she asked quietly.

"The use of what?"

"Telling me all this. I understand I think."

"I hope you do," said Nina quickly. "I wanted you to. That's why I told you."

She got up and took a few rapid paces forward.

"Jane," she cried suddenly, "what do you mean? That I—*you* believe— Oh, how could you?"

She stood a moment, her face hidden in her hands, as though the horror of it all had just come to her.

Jane Loring turned around calmly, her face grave.

"What difference does it make what I believe?" she asked.

Nina looked at her a long while, then dropped her gaze, turned away and picked up her accessories. Her mission here was ended.

"I'm sorry. I seem to have misjudged you—your friendship."

"Yes," said Jane, "I think perhaps you have."

Nina moved toward the door, and Jane, motionless, watched her. She did not speak again, nor did Jane. And in a moment the door closed between them—for the last time.

Nina was smiling when she entered her machine; but Jane climbed the stairs wearily.

(*To be continued.*)

We Gregory Twins

(*Continued from page 18*)

man who has a collection of letters and who has been known to pay as much as two thousand dollars for a single letter provided it was needed to make his collection complete. This old gentleman wrote that although he had letters from famous generals, kings, queens and artists in all crafts, he had none that would be prized more than the one from the little girls. He offered one thousand dollars for our letter.

Sometime I am going to tell you some more about that old gentleman; for we wrote to thank him, and then he wrote to us and before we knew it we got to calling him "our dear old gentleman." He always began his letters, "My dear little girls." We have kept right on knowing him. Old people, when they are nice and friendly, are heaps more interesting than children. They are like interesting old ruins; only instead of exploring the old rooms, you explore their experiences. Children are so sort of new and fresh—just like Mr. Burkhart's cottage where we stayed for a while after the fire. It was clean and sweet but very uninteresting. It did not even have a garret.

But "to return to our story," as it always says in books, I am not going to tell you all about Father's birthday surprise, for Motherkins says that some things are too sacred to write in books. But we all laughed and cried, and when we had counted every check and every penny we found that we had earned three thousand five hundred and two dollars and thirty-nine cents, and our dear father would not have to live in penury because twins were such an expensive luxury.

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Increased the Weight of as many more—all this by strengthening the nerves, heart, circulation, lungs and vital organs so as to regulate the assimilation of food.

I want to help every woman to realize that her health lies, to a degree, in her own hands, and that she can reach her ideal in figure and poise.

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THE COSTLY JOYS OF LIVING

(*Continued from page* 13)

"*Adorata mia*, I am indeed glad to see you," he said. "Those flowers in your hand—they were doubtless presented?"

"Well?" Fritzi bit her lip.

"You will be good enough to allow me to put them where they belong!"

He seized the bouquet from her relaxing grasp and carefully, deliberately, dropped it out of the open window.

"It was Mr. Fanciulli—" began Fritzi.

"What does it make? You shall receive flowers from no one but myself."

Fritzi darted at him round the table.

"Carlo, if you have the front to slip me any more of that Dago dope you'll have to swap me for a pale little mouse with a flyaway chin and a taste for crochet. I tell you I'm not built to stand for it."

"And I say that you will do as you are told," returned Carlo angrily. His wife rested her palms on her muscular hips and squared her muscular shoulders.

"You're away in dreamland again," she said, not without a certain tremor in her voice as she faced his pale anger. "What's going to make me?"

"Force!" Carlo's black eyes suddenly snapped fire. "It is the oldest idea in the world, *carissima*, and it will outlive very many of your new ones. You got the wrong breed. You forget that a Dago will fight for the things he cares about. If necessary—"

He stepped suddenly forward with clenched fists, so that Fritzi was fain to give way before him.

"If necessary," repeated Carlo in cold, even tones, "a Dago will even kill!"

For one interminable moment the matrimonial fortunes of Carlo Migliorетti hung in the balance. In the next Fritzi's magnificent arms were about his neck, and her red, discrepant lips sought his. Even when he deposited her on the sofa she continued to cling to him, thrilling with delicious terror.

"Boy, you're just gorgeous!" she gasped. "There isn't another man on earth could make me afraid."

❧

IT was not without trepidation that Fritzi awaited Carlo's return from his teaching next day before setting out for the Gargoyle Restaurant. Victory in two encounters made it by no means certain that she would be successful in a third, and she had an instinctive conviction that the next discussion of the subject would be final. How far she was prepared to go in defense of her right to work or indeed to do in every respect what seemed good to her she did not clearly know, except that it would be a very long way indeed. Lifelong independence had taught her to regard liberty as a matter of personal honor, to be surrendered only with disgrace.

She armed herself by making an elaborate and quite fascinating toilette. But Carlo did not appear. She waited, wandering aimlessly and with increasing wonder from one room to another, until it was almost too late to present herself at Untermeyer's. When she finally tore herself away and boarded a passing car it was with a disconcerting sense of some new and unforeseen element in the situation.

Her instinct was justified. As she arranged her hair in the dressing-room at the Gargoyle Restaurant there floated to her ears familiar strains—strains more penetrant than the nasal strumming of the banjos, more pervading than the beat of the trap drummer, more haunting even than "That Ridiculous Rag." Stricken motionless, she listened and held her breath, her hands on her golden hair, her big, blue eyes wide with dismay. It was the "Song of the Soul."

"Well! What do you know about that?" she whispered to her startled reflection in the mirror as a burst of applause drowned the final note.

In a moment the music struck up again, but with a difference. This time it was "That Devastating Dago Dance," and high above the voices of the singers rose the faultless notes of a violin. Creeping to the door, Fritzi drew aside the heavy curtains and peeped out into the crowded restaurant, and the first glance drew a startled little cry. Far down there in the middle aisle, advancing toward her with slow and measured steps, his brilliant, ecstatic smile flashing out over his beloved violin, his delicate bow drawing out the notes of that ineffable composition in pure harmonics, she saw the trim, elegant figure of her artist husband. And behind him, chanting in unison with their hands on each other's shoulders and the inevitable rhythmic, paralytic jerk in their knees, there marched in Indian file the coon shouters' quartette.

Up and down between the rose-lit tables they marched, Carlo's black eyes shining with enthusiasm, the quartette smiling expansively as they sang. Passing the door where Fritzi stood, rooted in horror, Carlo deliberately winked. In his heart of course he should have been sick with shame. But what man can be ashamed with the plaudits of a well-dressed crowd in his ears? For there was no doubt of his success. The charm of his magnetic southern personality made the thing he played of little account, and such diverting tricks of syncopation, such marvelous double-fingering the guests of Max Untermeyer had never known. With one voice they refused to let him rest.

Dishes grew cold, unnoticed, and waiters raptly inattentive without complaint, while Carlo stood on the orchestra platform and played with a boundless energy and dexterity a cynical mélange of classical snatches with popular airs, merging one into the other with astonishing trills and shakes. When at last he finished Fritzi crept to her place near the platform through a perfect storm of applause. At an adjacent table, violin in hand, Carlo was talking to Max Untermeyer.

"Good boy! Go ahead," she heard the great man say. "Play it some more already."

And Carlo went ahead. Behind him the orchestra labored away with beads of perspiration on their brows. Before him the people at the tables listened spellbound, the women in undisguised admiration, the men with delighted grins.

At Untermeyer's table little Bart Fanciulli was bobbing in his chair like a jack-in-the-box.

"Bravissimo!" he repeated. "What I tell you? Great scheme—'way up! The finest rag-time artist in the world! Magnif'!"

"True!" said Max Untermeyer judicially. "I guess I make him sign some agreements yet."

"You'd better, before the vaudeville bunch gets wise," replied Bart. "It is worth another fifty just for this!"

He pointed to Carlo, who had seized a chair, placed his violin between his knees and was playing it like a cello so that it wailed with a voice grotesquely human.

Throughout the evening Carlo's violin was permitted little rest. At one moment he was encouraging the guests to whistle, echoing their notes on one string with marvelous fidelity. At another, recalling his Parisian days, he wandered smiling amid the tables, playing sweet, forgotten melodies into the ears of Max Untermeyer's patrons, who plucked at his coat as he passed and besought him for more.

"Many high-brows come here," said Max Untermeyer. "They cannot live on nothing but rags. I let him play joost what he please. It is lucky that he is married, or the girls would give him der big head."

"Then it is settled?" asked Bart Fanciulli, as Carlo returned flushed and weary to his seat at their table.

Carlo looked once at the green eyed gargoyle, and again across the tables to the corner where Fritzi, wide eyed with wonder and admiration, sat with the other singers.

"Yes, it is settled," he said gravely.

It was a very excited and questioning Fritzi that Carlo drove home that night in the novel luxury of a taxi-cab.

"What does it mean?" he said, leaning back in utter fatigue. "It means that I am musical director for Untermeyer. It means that we are rich. It means that I am your employer. It means that I have given the old gargoyle a pain in his nose. He can no longer take you away from me!"

"But," said Fritzi, "it was wicked to want money like I wanted it! *Tesoro mio*, are you not unhappy?"

"But why? Have I not won?"

"Are you going to fire me?" pleaded Fritzi.

"Again, why? Behold me also, when all is said, a servant of the gargoyle!"

"Give me a kiss," said Fritzi. "I knew you would be great some day."

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Mistress: **"Why, Lizette, isn't that my Pompeian?"**

Maid **(in confusion): "Y-e-s—but I-I-I just couldn't help trying it. You-you praised it to Mrs. Miller, and you praised it to Mrs. Johnson and to Mrs. Brown, and to every woman who came to the house—and-and then I did so want a nice complexion like yours."**

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